

Broken Beginnings

If the answer you received
After exposing your truths
Before someone you love
Was a broad and delicate silence,

If you've spent an afternoon
Sweeping shards of porcelain
Into tidy, pale piles
To scrub the ringing from your mind,

If your voice has ever cracked
Like antique asphalt,
But you couldn't find the effort
To avoid tripping over it.

If the blood flow in your ears
Has ever painted over your senses
Like the black and white noise
Of TVs you're too tired to turn off,

If you can't remember
The last time you listened
To the songbirds sing
the sky alive,

Then you know the sound
Of a heart's broken beginning.

Don't stop yourself now.