

The knife misses the target.

The step is ripped out of place.

The chandelier falls from above.

The stove is left on.

To bleed,

To bruise,

To crumble,

To burn.

You open up.

Your ribs exposed.

Your bones damaged.

Yet all you can do is smile.

The joy mends the cuts,

repeals the blemish,

repairs the mold,

cleanses the cracked.

The fear no longer remains.

The sun relinquishes your fears,

and an unknown god holds you close.