

Kintsukuroi

by Adam Sifre

The scared woman hides her flaws from the world.

She becomes the faux pearl.

Perfect. Smooth.

My words flow past her,

finding no purchase, they move on.

First, smoke and platitude.

Then nothing.

The scarred woman, she reveals.

Pretense falls away, with the beauty of silk sliding from shoulders.

A silent confession. Naked and broken.

My words wash over her

seep into her moonlit-kissed skin.

We are gilded fusion of shared mysteries.

Forever bonded.

Both of us stronger, healed and broken.

