

Lovely Gilded Scars

by Emily Sparkles

All I knew of love was how
it came entwined with hurting but
my heart knew how to find the
golden thread

I wove and wove stitches through
everybody's wounds, crafting golden
trails and tales of beauty; lovely
gilded scars

It made me too good at repair to see
love doesn't have to coexist with wounding.
Even as you hurt me I am more
concerned about
your pain

Eventually, I will run out of thread
golden or otherwise
despite the well-worn neural pathways jerking
my fingers into action as they
tug
stitch
by
stitch,
I will curl my claws
into
a
fist

No longer idolizing
the hurting

