

China

by Pete Domican

Your words broke me
Like a china vase dropped to the floor
And though the pieces were recovered
Stuck together with love and compassion
The cracks are there for those who look
I was happy to be there, content in that place
You wanting to be somewhere else
Never telling me where you needed to be
Or how I could take you there
Scared of repeating the past
Running away from him and me

