

Mosaic

by Tabatha Stirling

MOSAIC

Your eyes coal-rimmed, busted,
burned by betrayal.

You and I, knee to knuckle,
skinny with disorders and
blurred around our edges.

Challenged by our experience
and the ash of past-love
dusting the grate, the state, the grace
of our rose-chipped future
in place
like mosaic.

