

navigating spaces (a poem)

it's the people who confess they are broken who are truly whole
are the most welcoming/ the most caring
who give
who give the most hugs and cherish days
cherish these days better or well
look back only to see how far they've distanced themselves from...

some back from trying to bring closure to pain
some only thinking of navigating those darkest spaces tunneling the mind

alice walker says *i will keep broken things**
sets them apart as cherished

we
we profess to be broken
are supposed throwaways of a society who lies to themselves everyday
to keep going

we
tell the truth to set our minds free
to regain the inner space so
rudely taken

alice walker says *i will keep broken things*

i won't pretend i'm not angry for the time
i was separated from but i am not broken
just navigating a different space

and all about us are the hollow spaces
the spaces tragically defined
by conformity with a vengeance and
designer wings that don't fly

and we navigate these spaces
hovering above in a holding pattern
waiting
for a sign

and alice walker says *i will keep broken things*/
in japan artists restore broken pottery with illumination
preserving history/salving jagged edges with powdered gold silver platinum

yet
all about us
are hollow spaces
indifferent faces with
glazed over eyes and cynical tongues

we navigate these spaces hovering in a holding pattern waiting for a sign.

* I will keep Broken Things ©2010 by Alice Walker.

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