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Kitsugi, the Dish, and Me

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Kintsugi, the Dish, and Me

An incident, ill-timed, the careless sweep of an arm.
A porcelain dish, priceless in form flies from its perch in a flash.
Impossible to catch, though the falling seems slow,
The piece hits the ground with a crash.

Countless shards
 quickly
 scatter
 across
the floor.

They finally stop sliding.
The damage is done.
The dish?
Priceless no more.

From person-to-person blame-bubbles bounce,
Bursting in the air.
Strangers tread over tiniest pieces
Too ignorant to care.

The Maker picks up the shards,
Puts them back into place,
Lining each seam with gold.
And the dish is worth more for having been broken
Than when it was whole before.

