

for a long time i lived in the broken.
and realized it should be put back together
but i did not realize the newer broken
was the old broken put back
together with fewer
pieces
and to make up for the loss
new broken
were added.

without knowing it
i expected the old broken to admire the new one
and look even more favorably
on the old pieces
i had kept
in my human scrapbook
and tissues of lineage flesh
that kept
the family
together for the holidays
especially for the one celebrating salvation

each time there was a new broken
there was a new name.
instincts
reflexes
muscle memory
unconsciousness
consciousness
infinity
awareness
transcendence

then the real consciousness of being
and its meaning of existence...
becomes its belief
that it is god.

the bargain that reality makes
with the soul to have a soul
is not to worry about being god
when you are not broken.

the broken.
wf.h.
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