

Today I broke the sugar bowl.
It was the gray and blue pottery bowl.
A gift from our wedding,
Relic of a quarter century marriage.

It slipped from my hand as I was cleaning it.
I almost cried, then got out the glue.
Carefully I coated the jagged edges,
Fit the pieces back together and started
To clean off the excess glue.

That's when it burst asunder,
There in my hand,
A wreck.

And so I began again.
I had been here before and
Always I had persevered.

But then I stopped.

This bowl will never look the same
I thought. No matter how carefully
I worked the cracks would show
And the weakness would remain –
A bowl damaged and fragile.

Then I thought about you and how
This bowl was like our marriage –
A thing of grace and beauty that now
Is only broken shards of memory.

How much I'd like to take up the pieces
And put it back together.
How much I know that could not work.

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