

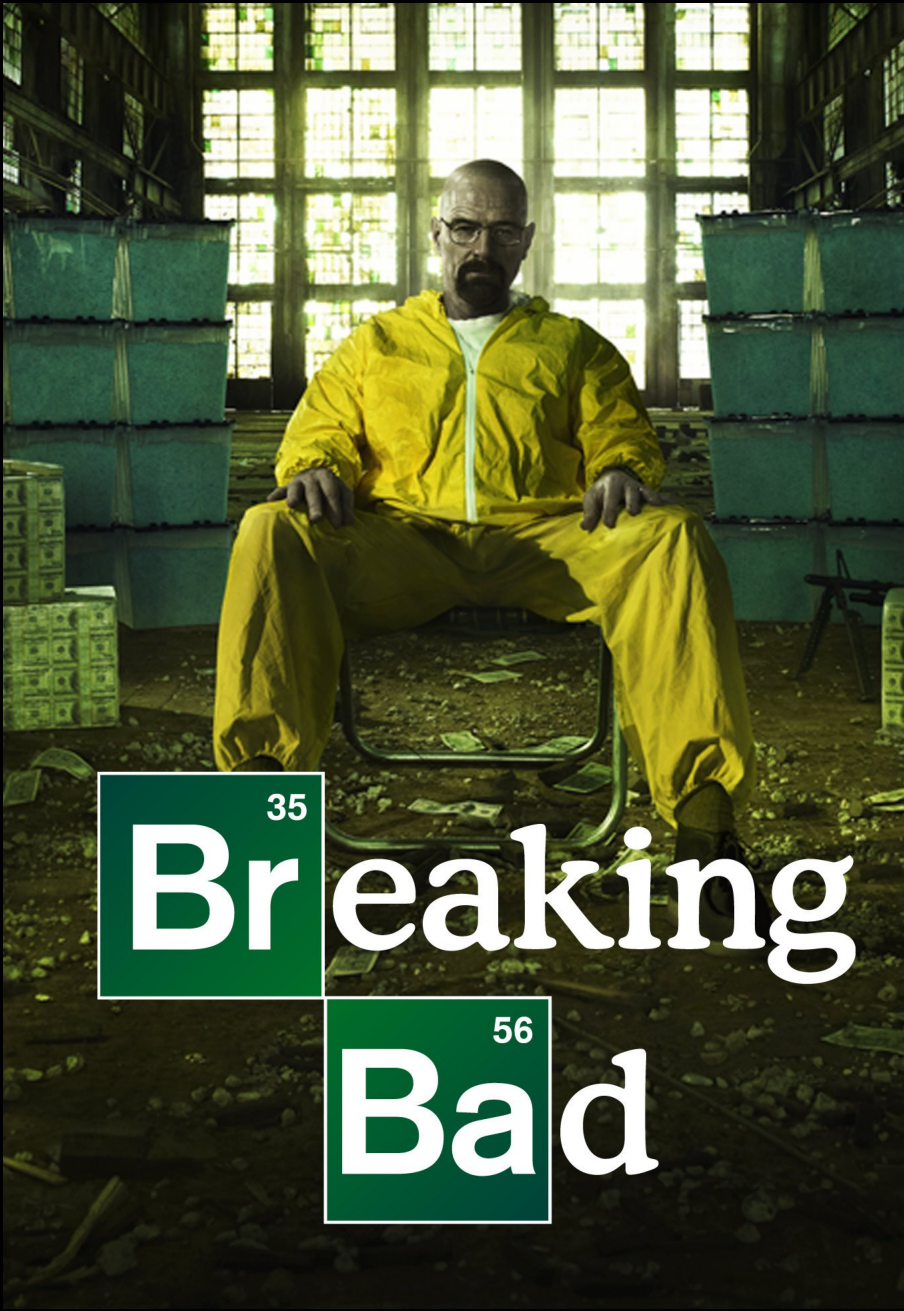
**GOD**

**CREATION**

**CRACKED  
EIKON**

**GOD**

**CREATION**



<sup>35</sup>  
**Br**eaking  
<sup>56</sup>  
**Ba**d





When we were children, we traced our knees,  
shins, and elbows for the slightest hint of wound,  
searched them for any sad red-blue scab marking us  
both victim and survivor.

All this before we knew that some wounds can't heal,  
before we knew the jagged scars of Great-Grandmother's  
amputated legs, the way a rock can split a man's head  
open to its red syrup, like a watermelon, the way a brother  
can pick at his skin for snakes and spiders only he can see.

Maybe you have grown out of yours-  
maybe you no longer haul those wounds with you  
onto every bus, through the side streets of a new town,  
maybe you have never set them rocking in the lamplight  
on a nightstand beside a stranger's bed, carrying your hurts  
like two cracked pomegranates, because you haven't learned  
to see the beauty of a busted fruit, the bright stain it will leave  
on your lips, the way it will make people want to kiss you.

*The Beauty of Busted Fruit, Natalie Diaz*

