



Kintsugi

by Lucy Grace

The crows gathered when your heart cracked. They pecked up your sadnesses, folded your fears and tucked your tears beneath their wings. You watched, comforted.

There will be a time, soon, although you cannot foresee it, when light will flood your heart, exchange your emptiness for hope. Your cracks will remain as witch-marks; scraped and filled with gold to be noticed by someone who will care.

It is almost time. Today you saw a crow on the roof of the house. It nodded to you, and left a single soft, black feather as it lifted to the sky.