

Paula David

SWAN SONG

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I am used to heartbreak:

Flying fragments

Descending on my skin;

Embedding themselves.

I am used to heartbreak:

Love shattering

Into minute,

Uncountable pieces.

I am used to

Sweeping together scattered remnants:

Piling them up

Out of harm's way;

Stepping on the one

Small,

Sharp

Splinter

I hadn't noticed.

I am used to

Marveling at the beauty of the object:

Even in its state of destruction;

Marveling at your inability

To see what I see.

Do I have

X-ray vision,

Or is this a degenerative

Disease of the mind

Which causes me to hallucinate?

I am used to,

“Baby we can put it back together

I have some crazy glue”.

I am used to

Crazy glue

Cementing my skin,

Immobilizing my fingers

As I work

Frantically,

Fanatically,

Fancifully,

Alone;

After you've made the delivery.

I am used to heartbreak.