

TRAUMA

by Adam Sifre

Everybody breaks.

Everything splinters.

The world is whirlwind.

We are debris, swept up in a mundane maelstrom.

Held together by unseen currents, we move forward in familiar circles.

Until we break. Until we splinter.

Then, flung away, torn from it all.

The maelstrom a memory, an illusion.

The needful and the givers

broken shards, both.

We stand apart, deprived of our ordinary life in a mundane world.

We are other.

Holy sparks.

Finding each other in the darkest places,

we share our secret light.

Sealing the dark cracks and broken places

With unspoken gifts and small, priceless gestures.

We are bound. Healed but transformed. Never the same.

Less and greater.

Broken and whole.

Scarred and reborn.

