

A soul to redeem

A white ceramic bowl is placed

Holding promise, laughter, memories, and dreams

As the knife slices through

The porous, uneven, thick skin of the fruit

The slices balance on the worn wooden board

My hands grasp the sword

I am served my beating heart

I have held myself from the start

Warm water greets the morning light

The sun will no longer burn my eyes

Through my eyes I see it through

The quiet lies behind my hue

At night, I tried to find

The warmth you left behind

There's soul in me to embrace

A pile of blood, yet no mark leaves a trace

Nothing too strong

Nothing too long

Light as a dove, I am love.