

Mosaic - Beauty from Brokenness

Shattered
Into tiny fragments
My vessel
No longer feeling whole

Parched
Because it has lost the sustenance
That was once contained within it

Broken
from too many people and circumstances
seeing it as their vessel
to drink from, eat off
or adorn on their shelf

Life circumstances
The final breeze or gust that
has toppled the vessel over
left in pieces
No-one picking them up

These pieces cannot reglue themselves
to form that same whole again
nor will they ever seek to

For that brokenness
moulds and reshapes the form of the vessel
in a new way
piece by piece
crafted into a masterpiece
a
beautiful
mosaic