

# THE UNBROKEN KINTSUGI BOWL

POETRY

*Sanyukta Shiv Kumar*

It's a gold, golden line  
It runs as slow as that tortoise  
Across the rivers of cracks  
It turns left and left some more  
Then it goes straight and in circles  
And sometimes like the branches of trees  
Or the flakes of dry skin  
Or the scars on my torso, the small of my back  
The line soothes the hurt  
Where the bowl broke its spine  
Its spine, its body, my sharp body  
I bend  
The gold draping like the drip drip drip of paint  
Through the crevices of an apron  
My skin feels. It rages  
The paint is quiet, a messy shadow of my past  
Run, it runs as fast as that hare  
Hopping and thumping through the scars of  
The unbroken bowl