THE UNBROKEN KINTSUGI BOWL

POETRY

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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