

Kintsukuroi

Marcella Remund

for Alison

When it all breaks apart—like
your young daughter, whose breast cancer

transforms her into a Picasso
of hollows, misplaced & missing parts,

this face's angles less sharp above
her husband & children in foreground,

that face pulled into a tender, finite point
so close we feel it needling our skin—

you begin to know there is no
real mending of fragile things,

not your teacup nor your daughter,
not your heart nor this broken life.

There is only the constant
filling of cracks with molten gold

(gathering family, well-meaning friends,
the rank perfume of flowers,

another casserole, another day), until
the golden seams make the cup

both delicate and stronger, until your cup
holds water again for a moment, until

you see, maybe only
for a split second,

something shiny there,
something worth saving.