

kintsugi

I read about disorders and stars trailing wabi sabi and sniffing at my fingers, which
underneath chipping paint and the remains of lubricant, smell of clementines: bought
cheap, hoarded in a printed bag, ferried across Dufferin and King. Trying hard to
recreate what I consider beautiful, feeling lost and flashing a piece of broken Ontario
lake mirror across the expanse of your throat, that clicking well of wasp nests
huddled around the old masonry of an unforgettable voice. Kid, you survived the
holocaust of your head and became the crumbling ship speeding to and from
madness. Filled with the rotten flesh of your ancestors and modern medicine, your
arms tighten and shake as you pull up sour cups of water from within, and spill
yourself over many lips. This is no cry of forgiveness,
but you lay a little round prayer on each tongue.
Slowly, you begin your transformation into a spider, mending the endless hours you
fill by wrapping yourself in a cotton candy world that I will try to recreate on my
paper walls with the overstretched joints of my hands, hanging over windows,
waving in the direction of the sunset over the tinfoil roofs smelling the heated
clay of a modern architectural miracle. I Recall, how you infuse graphene into your
web. How you tell me stories of your mother as you knit a bullet proof scarf and hat,
weaving gold dust into and between — the blueness of your arm. Somehow
there is no order to your web. No clearness beyond shutting your eyes tight and
sniffing at the junctures of those quirky molecules that you play with.
What a world we live in; where butterflies must grow fangs
to chew off their own wings. This story of you begins with an old bowl.
Passed down from hand to hand to hand. Your old mother's wrinkled wrist is
kissed over and over. You are in love with your own story,
you tell her, sniffing at the absorbed wax of flower petals. There is no other way to trail
brokenness, she sighs, but with your tongue pushing at the gold filling in the cracks of
your favourite teacup.

Her fingers flex under your lips and scratch lightly at your throat.
“*You are the golden joinery*”, she tells you to keep kissing.
Repeating your stories back at you, she forgives.