

Shattered on a grimy floor

She was not fragile,
she was already broken.
Shattered, drained and exhausted.
Like shards of glass on a grimy floor.
Someone tried to mend pieces of her back together,
only she stopped being careful.
Thinking it would not matter,
she was already broken anyway.
Realizing far too late,
the one who touches broken glass with bare hands,
would get hurt too.

Fuel

Hope is a strange thing if you ask me.
A beautiful something,
but baffling.

Hope is like holding on to an invisible rope.
Somehow you keep floating.
Hope can move you forward.
It is like fuel to your soul.
It keeps the fire burning,
It never stops at all.

Tough fragility

I am strong because I know I am fragile.

I am soft and that makes me tough.

My heart is soft,

yet my skin is tough.

This place is my home.

I have a lock on my door,
guard dogs and a river full of crocodiles.

And I decide when I let you in.