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Subject: Leaden

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Sadness seems to seep out of my pores tonight  
Nothing is right in my world  
Everything jitters with loss  
Stutters in the pain

For my world is askew  
Shards  
Of a painting  
On broken glass

I try piecing together again  
Bleeding from attempt after attempt  
Not willing to accept  
It will never be the same

To rebuild my life  
I must find a way  
To form what is left  
Into something resembling...

Leaded glass:  
To solder into cohesiveness  
Taking time, patience, will.

I will always know  
What was broken  
What is missing

Yet the reworked pane  
Still brings in the light  
Has it's own beauty