

26.

Broken Prompt

In your poem today, speak of brokenness and mending.

The Great Goddess

She keeps mending and mending,
bent over her broken darning egg,
an end of thread between her lips.
Day and night she keeps mending.
Ever new ladders, new holes.

Sometimes she nods off,
just for a moment,
for a century.
With a jerk she wakes up
and keeps mending and mending.

How small she has become,
small, blind and wrinkled!
With her thimble she gropes
for the holes of the world
and keeps mending and mending.

Hans Magnus Enzenberger
translated from the German by Reinhold Grimm
in *Lighter Than Air: Moral*

How It Is

Over and over we break
open, we break and
we break and we open.
For a while, we try to fix
the vessel—as if
to be broken is bad.
As if with glue and tape
and a steady hand we
might bring things to perfect
again. As if they were ever
perfect. As if to be broken is not
also perfect. As if to be open

is not the path toward joy.

The vase that's been shattered
and cracked will never
hold water. Eventually
it will leak. And at some
point, perhaps, we decide
that we're done with picking
our flowers anyway, and no
longer need a place to contain them.
We watch them grow just
as wildflowers do—unfenced,
unmanaged, blossoming only
when they're ready— and my God,
how beautiful they are amidst
the mounting pile of shards.

Rosemerry Wahtola Trommer
in *Naked for Tea*

The world is broken,
yet I can be whole —

With broken body,
whole inside.

With a broken heart,
shuffle toward wholeness.

To be whole, we simply
let the healing forces
of grace and gratitude
wash through us
like rainwater

And pour as love
out through
the broken world.

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All of It

Broken,
bare-hearted
naked in the catastrophe,
I smell it,
the sweet perfume
of apricot blossoms
wafting across
the leafless world.

Rosemerry Wahtola Trommer
on-line daily poems 5/16/2023

The Unbroken

The walls I thought
would shelter me?
Blown down
by merciless wind.
And I'm too spent
to erect them again.
I can't stand it, I shout,
my voice nothing
in the gusts.
I can't stand it,
I whimper.
Yet I am still here.
What is it
that keeps us alive?
Whatever it is,
it's harder now
to see myself
as separate from it.
When I am broken,
it is what is not broken.
When I cannot stand,
it takes on my shape
and carries me.

Rosemerry Wahtola Trommer
her on-line daily poems 3/5/2024