

Chels And The Glass

So as I walked in silence
thought about this.

I notices a broken glass,
break myself."

And it speaks!
about it?"

"What is wrong?"

I asked.

"Why do we break the
things we love?"

It said.

I shrugged.

"Why do you leave
yourself to be broken?"

The broken glass

"It never occurred that I

"So what will you do

I asked.

"I will remain as I am
and hope for someone
to piece me together."

Poor...poor glass...

—*Robert Johnson*