

## Cracked Glass

Waves of sadness wash over me  
as their love breaks  
like a crystal vase into a million pieces.

What once seemed unbreakable  
shatters.

The mistakes irreversible  
like cracked glass.

When I try to pick up the pieces,  
they prick my sore fingers.

A few shards of glass on the ground  
pierce the open wounds of my soul.

Though scars suggest healing over time,

I still bleed

for a few shards will always lie

embedded deep

within.

*By Erin Nishimura  
7<sup>th</sup> grade, Iolani School*