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Blight

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Blight

Strength is different now,
After pain caught hold of
Sinews to braid with bone,
Tendrils spiraled tight,
 Inseparable.
You said it made you stronger
Because braids are always stronger.
But unraveling is what
You could not bear, the uncoiled
Spreading measurement of you.

Unity is different now,
After a tree that held branches
To its great trunk,
 Inseparable,
Toppled to the ground.
You sprawled, sinew-side-up,
Splintered and exposed.
You said you were not like the next
Mangled limb
Because you could not bear the
Resemblance.

Wisdom is different now,
After ancient sayings
Pushed on nerves, and
Words and worlds collided, fused,
 Inseparable.
You said there is no use in
Bearing the harms of the past
Because they are buried and gone.
But there is nowhere left
In the ground,
Not even to plant a seed.

Comfort is different now,
After sea and sky blended
To solitary expanse,
 Inseparable.
You said you value stillness,
But you could not bear to think of
Barren earth, of
Life both shifting
And on loop like
Bobbing waves, your vessel
Far from land and horizon.

Healing is different now,
After traumas swirled together as
Blood in a watering can,
 Inseparable.
You said you are moving on
Because you could not bear
Dwelling on affliction.
But memories drip into potted soil, and
Pain perpetuates pain to
Spread the same disease.

I saw it all and could not say a word,
Strangled in the strands of a braid.