Kintsugi

Distressed lines, I thought it was my fault
somehow I was born a cracked egg
a little broken from the beginning
& those fissures made earthquakes
of the structure I was hoping to create.

Me a disaster, as natural as volcanic eruptions
hidden in warning signs & caution tape
holding me together, waiting to topple apart.
Trying to repair damage through aftershocks
knowing any day could be the big one.

I have to give myself a fighting chance
even as my world crumbles to rubble.
These reckless thoughts scatter pieces of me
like Legos in a petulant toddler's hands.
I'm still learning to be gentle with myself.

Never wanted to be anyone's burden
but I realized survival takes a team
access to healthcare, therapy & treatments
a network of help & support opportunities
loved one & people believing in me.

Searching through the wreck, dust & debris
I inherited a rocky foundation but can renew
given proper tools to dig the golden out my tissue.
Construct my mind to make gems of my messy
I'm not alone, no matter how isolated I feel.

It's okay to take moments to heal fractures &
I'm still screaming to hold on, to life, to hope.
Tragedy doesn't have to be the end of my story
rather, a chapter, the monster I slay or mountain I climb
one step at a time, until I'm once again made whole.

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James Coats

James Coats is an author, poet and spoken word artist from Southern California. With a passion for all things creative he strives to capture authentic self-expression through his work. He believes that poetry has the ability to bring diverse groups together, offering a way to connect through our shared challenges, achievements and experiences. You can find him attending open mic throughout California and now on Zoom or sharing his work through his Instagram @MrLovingWords.