

When you walked down that hallway, a shell of your former self of only a week past, I recognized you immediately—your lagging gait; your wilted shoulders; your sparkling, downcast eyes. I could feel the pain pulsing out from you with every beat of your broken, betrayed heart. You almost made it. When you collapsed against the wall, clutching your shivering sides for support, that is when I saw it—your inner fire, fighting to stay lit amongst the torrential downpour inside you.

That is when I knew that I was there for a reason. You did not raise your head nor notice my approach, but you felt it. As I came closer, your shaking ebbed, your breath calmed, and your self-constricting grasp unclenched. As I knelt down beside you and wrapped you in my warm embrace, you lifted your head at last like a sunflower towards its celestial guide and the stars trickled down your face, carrying away with them the impassioned weight of your suffering. As you allowed my primordial flame to stoke yours, you could at last perceive the plans I have for you, illuminated once again by the brilliance of your soul.

A steady breath, inhaling the universe; a sloping glance forward, recognizing your path; a firm push onto the floor, propelling yourself upwards with the building force of a rocket. You grasped onto that moment of lucidity and arose still a shell, but gracefully occupied and, with each willful step you took forward, that grace allowed each fissure to become filled with gold. You stepped out of your past and into both your present and your future a walking piece of kintsugi and, as I watched you go forth like a proud Father, the priceless gold within my own crevices sparkled in your light.

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