

Flowers in Broken Vases

by Rosita Power

In my world, sympathy rules
You scatter your feelings around me
I pick them up
Each one slicing my fingers
But my pain is just a papercut
Compared to the stabs in your back
My pain is far away
Yours is chasing you
Getting closer, closer, closer
That I why I feel pity for you
That is why sympathy rules
And bathes in darkness
In my world, if empathy ruled under the stars
Castles would be made by the tears of billions
No one could help us out of the hole we dug together
Sometimes sympathy feels like empathy
Feelings so strong being dumped upon me
Like rain
Rushing, soaking, drowning
Then the storm stops
Silence
Then sun
You say I cleared the clouds
But that is not true
Every night has its day
It is unavoidable
The shards from your perfect vase
Transform, disappear
And what is left
Are the flowers that your vase once held
Now blooming
I can no longer only sympathize
I can now empathize
I feel your feelings
Like I earned them
I am as happy for you as you are for yourself
There is no excuse not to look for happiness beyond broken vases
Happy is simple, familiar, kind
Like empathy
So together let our flowers bloom