WHAT’S BROKEN

The slate black sky. The middle step of the back porch. And long ago

my mother’s necklace, the beads rolling north and south. Broken

the rose stem, water into drops, glass knobs on the bedroom door. Last summer’s

pot of parsley and mint, white roots shooting like streamers through the cracks.

Years ago the cat’s tail, the bird bath, the car hood’s rusted latch. Broken

little finger on my right hand at birth—I was pulled out too fast. What hasn’t

been rent, divided, split? Broken the days into nights, the night sky

into stars, the stars into patterns I make up as I trace them

with a broken-off blade of grass. Possible, unthinkable,

the cricket’s tiny back as I lie on the lawn in the dark, my heart

a blue cup fallen from someone’s hands.