

broken dreams

Amanda Karch

to watch a dream
fall,
crushed into smithereens,
shards of glass,
tattered papers floating on the wind
with not a care in the world
that it was
yours,

ink smears on the paper,
dirty handprints on the glass,
tarnishing
a pure slate

a place for
rebirth, for
finding yourself,
pushing your limits,
exploring the world with an open mind and a
blank canvas,

now dirty,
smeared,

never to be the same again:

that's heartbreak