

Cracks and Veins

I remember when I was little my mother owned a beautiful
porcelain vase.

It sat delicately on our hallway table but had cracks like veins that
ran across its smooth body like a map.

I remember I asked her how it had got to be that way;

*"I dropped it and it smashed into tiny pieces, but with a bit of time and
patience I was able to glue all the little parts back together,"* she replied.

I thought to myself how astonishing it was that something so
beautiful could be glued back together even when it was shattered
to pieces.