between us

‘it was already broken’ we used to joke
when i dropped crockery
‘you could put a plant in it’ we chanted
when cups got damaged

you sent me a plate, green large and weighty
it survived the post across each county
a card in your hand with our private joke
‘how long will it last?’
because we both know
my butter fingers, my lapses and spells

i used it a long time, it surprised us both
until the day when
it escaped my hands

but the plate understood
and snapped clean in half
gave me two half moons
to display plants on

Gaëlle Chassery

Day 9 ‘Everything Needs Fixing… or Does it?’ – Facilitator: Karen Macfarlane