

Broken Tiles

smash

something crashes onto the kitchen tiles

hard, sudden, predictable

Most days it lies quiet

parallel tracks

a rhythm i can trust

but the glass tilts

and questions turn to traps

every word a shard beneath my feet

laughter once familiar becomes sharp, unrecognisable, feared

a child in grown skin

storming at shadows i never cast.

by morning the tiles are swept clean

as if nothing ever broke

yet i still carry the cuts, i still bare the bruises

and if i dare limp

it's always my fault for stumbling

i trip over pieces

only i can see

hidden reminders of last night's glass

catching at my steps

reminding me that the floor

was never really safe