

## *Clay*

You put your hands around me and squeezed  
You weren't gentle  
You wanted me to lose my shape

But I was clay back then  
I moved when you moved  
So I was shaped into a bowl to carry the weight

You threw me inside of the kiln and shut the door  
You set the temperature  
You waited for hours while I burnt

I came out with cracks  
I was chipped  
I wasn't pretty because you didn't paint me

You hated how I felt in your hands even though you made me  
You hid me out of sight  
You made art that you glazed and forced to come out perfect

I just wanted to be held by you  
I didn't want to be ugly  
I wanted to change myself into something you wanted

Just when I gave up everything, you picked me up  
You wanted to see how I looked in your china cabinet  
But you dropped me on the way there

I remain shattered  
Some of me is still hiding in your house  
Most of me was swept up and thrown away

But there's a big piece of me you kept  
You liked the memory  
So you will forever be selfish enough to have some of me

But I, I'm okay with being shattered and keeping the rest of me  
I hope that you're happy  
I no longer feel the need to be beautiful for you