

Genesis

By Jasmine Ecer

If it suits your conscience,
then call your regret redemption,
the sacred balms for all your wrongs.
Hide the wound beneath false altars,
swear it does not bleed
though I remember how it wept at the edges,
waiting for your love to take heed.

(...)

But if it crowns you a hero,
then salvage the broken pieces.
Cling to the remains,
though they will never be whole again,
because you are not God,
you do not get to claim your own salvation,
nor a fresh start to love's creation.