I'm like one of those Japanese bowls, That were made long ago I have some cracks in me, They have been filled with gold That's what they used back then, When they had a bowl to mend It did not hide the cracks, It made them shine instead So now every old scar shows, from every time I broke And anyone's eyes can see, I'm not what I used to be But in a collector's mind, All of these jagged lines Make me more beautiful, And worth a higher price I'm like one of those Japanese bowls, I was made long ago I have some cracks you can see, See how they shine of gold.

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