

Broken pieces

The waves move in and out
Dropping treasures on the sandy shores
Some have lived a thousand lives
And only now found broken on the shore.

The broken oft discarded
Left behind to soften, breaking.
Not seeing the whole as it once was
But merely pieces left behind.

How like these broken pieces we are
That we do not see what lies within.
The life we live may chip and break,
But true beauty lies within.

BEK

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