

Stained-Glass Windows

Time heals all wounds (they say)

As if the scars produced by the setting suns are
invincible,

and all pain (or pleasure) is nothing more than
chalk on a sidewalk...weak enough to be washed away
or diluted by a soft summer storm.

But this seems wrong, unintuitive.

Our most significant experiences are not pastel in feel
or fortitude.

They are bold and raw and unadulterated.
They are fiery, red cavernous warriors
who have within them the constitution to allow no storm
to shake them from their strongholds...
nor suppress or water them down enough to
prohibit them from seeping authoritatively through the cracks.

If this is true,

then this means that time can do nothing to actually
heal a broken heart

(or even bring happiness for that matter).

It can only offer us perspective...

A different lens by which to view the ever-evolving
murals that we are.

And an opportunity

to re-solder the pane(s) accordingly.