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Stained Glass

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Aged Angles

Lisa K. Dorman

Stained Glass

Mikaela T. Sims

I would sometimes see us sitting in our cathedral
That we built with our heart and painted with our soul
With grand windowed walls broken but not shattered
Each pane carefully thought out with images of our past
Pieced together with every color, a perfect symphony
But what shone the brightest was an adolescent blue
A blue so lonely but beautiful on its own
A blue so lonely but loved to be alone
I love that we would contemplate our perfection
I loathe that we would hide our cracks behind metal and reflection
But now that you're gone why am I the only part left of us?
Is this what it means to be in your own limbo?
With my life standing before me never flashing
With my life of stained glass, everlasting.