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Beauty in My Broken Places

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It is as ardent as a ruby
And nonpareil as a gold,
Decked with keloids like pearls
It is a pure treasure trove,
Of bloodstained esteem to behold.
It is as byzantine as an art,
Spilling notions of forgotten seasons,
Frescoing the final caged tumultuous echoes,
That had once ripped and rushed
From this heart within.

What is it?

It is nothing but the pains and pleasures
Of that blood clotted scar
On the pinkened flesh of mine
Tasting peace and making me remind
Of those historic embalmment
Of my conquests and of vanquished released.
I am just drifted through
And addicted by the beauty
In my broken places
Across, beyond and beneath.