

**Bourne**  
**toWrite...**  
creative writing  
workshops

## Broken

by Fran Duffield

I cannot be mended,  
cannot be lashed together  
by some long-stretched strands  
of apology

All my careful outer carapace  
is in jagged splinters  
sharp enough to pierce  
even your dense hide

My inner core, my heart  
my gift, is wasted now  
ruined and fractured invisibly  
it should have glided above  
the blank paper, willing  
and ready to create

You only destroy, it's of no consequence  
if you were a finicking artist,  
honing me fine to your will, making me  
say things I would never have said,  
or a broad-handed artisan  
wearing me down to an ugly stump  
in drudgery, marking the place  
with illiterate crosses

You could not get your way,  
and in your childish fury  
you  
broke me