

April 2019 // Magic Pop-Up

I Have Broken
By Geoff Kanick

I have broken my left arm once and my right arm twice.
I have torn the ligament in my thumb falling down stairs.
I have burnt my lips and part of my face learning to breathe fire.
I have burnt my tongue very badly sipping tea that was too hot.
I have done this an embarrassing amount of times.
But I've never had stitches.

When I was little, the first job I wanted was to be a stuntman.
When we went to see movies in the movie theaters
I would wait at the end
To watch the credits
To count the number of stunt performer's names that were listed.

I have broken promises
I have dropped and broken glasses

I have broken down.
I have broken up.

I have asked myself the question, "Am I broken?"
Not the cheeriest question, but one that I have honestly asked.
More than once.

Maybe it's connected to the question of, "Am I normal?"
Because life is really difficult, and at times
I question if I have a defect or a part wrong,
Because looking around everyone else seems to be
Only
every
on
a
beach
at
sunset.

Broken is in direct relationship with Unbroken.
And Unbroken can have many meanings.
One is a record or streak that is ongoing.

record

record

record

Everyday the sun has risen,
Since the creation of the Earth.
Sometimes it happens behind clouds.
Sometimes it hovers just above the horizon.
Regardless, the sun has a perfect record.

At the end of today, today will end.
And tomorrow the sun will rise.

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