Mamá used to buy porcelain plates.
At five years old I slipped, separating her
smooth porcelain into several strong, sharp, stabbing
daggers. I watched as slowly, painstakingly,
Mamá took the super strength glue
and stuck the porcelain back together.
At eight years old I dropped the shiny, pride-
producing porcelain, creating shiny pitter-patters
of pain-producing remains of porcelain.
I watched as slowly, painstakingly, Mamá took the super strength glue
and stuck the porcelain back together. At thirteen years old I broke the patched, still shiny,
pride-producing porcelain into strong, sharp stabbing remains of what once were daggers.
I watched as slowly, painfully,

Mamá took the dustpan and
tearfully swept the porcelain in
and away.
Mamá bought plastic plates.
They're just as shiny, to the point they mirror.
Mirror showing reflections of what truly broke
Mamá's porcelain.
Plastic is a cheaper investment.
But plastic doesn't break.