

KINTSUGI – A PRIDE POEM

by Jamie Haynes

1

They say God doesn't
make mistakes but me
I was never sure

With a body out of sync
from the person buried within
the prayers that went unanswered
felt like silent judgement

There's a barrier
blocking out the heavens
and its colour is rainbow

2

In the studio, the creator sits at their wheel
clay spinning, soft and smooth
Concentrating, they shape it carefully
caressing the clay into its new form
into the shape buried within
Beside them finished jars warm
on the windowsill, displayed
for the world, colourful and proud.

Smiling, they take another from the kiln
This one is different, a new creation
angular and small, yet the creator
places it with the others. They turn away
as a child passes by, sees this strange shape
and revulsion sours his face. A stone flies
shattering the new jar. Jagged shards
of pottery litter the stone, formless
and functionless, but the creator gathers them

A melting pot sits in the corner, and into it
they drop a bar of gold, priceless metal
gleaming
with sudden sunlight. They form the shards
into their old shape with a delicate hand
Gently, slowly, they gild the cracks
shining veins running through the ceramics
Broken and healed, beautiful and shining
it is replaced by the window. The sunlight
catches the metal, and in the glare

it gleams. So this is Heaven. Not something
made perfect
but something renewed and reborn, with love
and care



3

I wish someone had told me
sometimes angels don't descend from on high
there's no burning bush, just a burning truth
my rainbow was no barrier, but a bridge
to a God so vast and unfathomable
we can never see their whole face

Nothing is perfect; imperfections shine
like stained glass, not beautiful in a sheet
but in fragments
like a candle failing to light
a song out of tune sung with full voice
a prayer whose words are muddled

We are neither sin nor mistake
not a curse but a blessing, and anyone
who loves with the eyes of the Lord can see it

4

You were denied entry
doors barred before you.
Thou art blessed.

You were mocked and belittled,
beaten down and broken and bruised.
Thou art radiant.

You were told there was no place for you,
to hide or be alone forever.
Thou art Divine.

5

I praise you, for you are fearfully
and wonderfully made, and remade
and remade again until you are
who you shall be

There is gold dust in your veins
and radiance in your heart
No matter your path
I will walk beside you
pick you up when you fall
and share your path

For the gold that glimmers inside
lights the way for all who see

6

They say God doesn't
make mistakes but me
I was never sure

I cast my eyes to the heavens
and forgot to look beside me
for the One who was there all along

Their hands with ours
as we heal the hurting
Their voice with ours
as we speak out together
Their love with ours
for whoever we choose

In the works of our hands
the passion of our words
the love of our hearts
the love of each other
and the love of ourselves