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Am I Quaint Or Am I Brittle

Am I quaint?
Or am I brittle?

Such words said
But ones, not so simple

Words that we pray
Trifles that we play

Knelt, as we stand
A table, sits beneath
Small, and simple

What covers also holds
Onto the ever loving fast

Longing for the love
Love which did not last

I am quaint
I am brittle
I am the one that writes these riddles

I write to those who pray
Under a table, too small, too simple.

Broken Glass

See me through this broken glass
Small fragile hands, unable to grasp
Together, we walked down the crooked and beaten path.
I wait now, eyes open.. Unable to grasp!

Our bare feet once ran freely.
We felt nothing as we walked upon this broken glass.

Yet one small day, no more is our reflection!
I selfishly chose not to see.. the growing imperfections

A borrowed face, lips lying,
What is it to feel that which threatens you?
Does this not astound you?!

The battles we wore proudly.
Yet never won.
Lines, you wrote, spoke loudly
The day drifts slowly, into the setting sun

Do you still see me through the broken glass?
The spindle turns loudly!
The fine sand turns slowly
Aging lines & tempered glass.

Pride falls heavy, blinded. I did not see.
With swollen eyes, yours always shielded me

Too late. Aged fate.
Why doth your love now elude me?

I reach for which now I envy
Fragile hands ask: "What lies are left?"
"Nothing," it replied, played in a note off key.

Hands now old, finally, do they ask?
If you still see me. through this old, and broken glass.