

My life is a crazy quilt.
Its mismatched ragged edges are
Sewn together into

No
Particular
Design

Crazy

Brilliant joy mixed with
Life-shattering sadness.
Peace and misery sewn into a conglomeration of color and noise.

Pieces forced into shapes they don't belong.
I'm forced into places I don't belong.

I am a crazy quilt.

Embroidered to cover up what doesn't work.
Lazy-Daisied and cross-stitched until you can't see my frayed heart.

Broken. Cracked. Isolated.

But.

Quilts have beauty.
Quilts show—
That even the most crumpled, ragged, and torn pieces can belong.

Quilts are hope.

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