

## Vessel

By Aigerim Bibol – Sidwell Friends School

i remember / echoes of a legacy  
bound by blood / we are the wilting petals  
listen closely and you might hear  
whispers in the wind / empty spaces echoing with  
unspoken words / this discord of our kin  
you smashed your mother's china set / cut your hand  
on the tile / periwinkle-blue flowers dotted with red  
i glimpse my reflection in the fractured  
teacups / these porcelain vessels, reduced to  
fragments of a fragile bond / shadows  
inherited from my father from his father /  
we are not broken / just shards of a whole  
you told me to forge my own path / take  
these scraps and piece my life into a mosaic / so  
i searched for meaning in tea leaves / found  
ghosts in the attic, tethered to the past / heirlooms,  
tarnished by the weight / of bitter reminiscence  
a frayed tapestry, woven with threads of sorrow /  
a sepia-toned photograph, weathered through time /  
a box of memories, unopened