

# I Am Broken – Only To Be Reintegrated Anew

*BY HAROLD STEARLEY*

I am broken.

Not in a bad way.

Not in a way that needs to be “fixed”.

Mangled, crushed, fragmented, contorted, pulverized,  
disintegrated,

But only to be reintegrated anew.

It has happened before.

So many times no memory can capture.

I do not wish to lose what is unique and pure,

The spark.

There are parts of light and wisdom I wish to regain,

Once held.

Having slipped away,

Under the continual weight of the illusion surrounding us.

Stripped away by those that try to consume us,

To break our hearts,

To kill our spirits.

No one is coming to rescue us.

No clichés with meaning can solve any problems.

No platitudes of value provide any answers.

No therapist can fix such fractures.

But there is within us a type of magick that can be reached,  
If we can find it.

To break out, cut free, re-form, start again,

With clarity of vision,

Led by heart and soul.

And not waste a second but,  
Instead,  
Living every moment here and now...

*For more self-study, [The Urban Howl](#) recommends [Love Yourself Like Your Life Depends On It](#) .*

***Sip a little more:***

***Writing's A Bitch – So Is Soul Searching***

***Found Your Arrowhead? Seek This Counsel In The  
Natural World***

"Strength is more about how you pick yourself up after the moment of destruction than it is about never falling down in the first place."

SHANNON CROSSMAN

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