Defining Metaphor

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I’m as cobbled as these streets and I am broken. I am nothing that begins with something so definitive as I am.

A bottle is broken on these streets, and it is shining. Someone emptied it of its reverie and found a bit of themselves as they never wanted to be or, not to see themselves. I held a part of that past when I picked a piece from the ground. I held it and listened to its din of light. I thought of church buildings and their stained glass. I thought of people being able to hear people smiling through a telephone. I thought about déjà vu and about déjà vu.

I am a piece of colored glass on these streets, I am an unpromising ocean. I am in need of something rushing through me. I am in want of illumination.

— Sally Johnson