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The tale of our disfigured love

I reviled my scars to you,
my loneliness and humiliation
and you embraced me
not out of pity or consolation
but because you understood.
You had learned through life
that darkness can mold your soul
into deformity
which stands out
from the surrounding symmetry of the cosmos
and creates a rare kind of beauty
which can only be seen
in how one's shadow falls on the ground,
without touching it
or how one's spine is bent by the wind,
and yet remains unbroken
With your embrace
you hooked our deformed souls together
like pieces of a puzzle.

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