



*My grandmother's psychotic bitterness and hatred for me sculpted and defined my childhood. Now, in adulthood, it's a sepia veil thrown over every memory, emptying my will and bleaching the color from even the happiest of occasions. Like Kintsugi, the Japanese art of repairing broken things, healing can only rejoin pieces that are no longer one. It's sometimes said our scars are what make us beautiful; I say they reveal our true brokenness by exposing our shame.*