

Broken but Whole

“You live here?” I asked. “Downstairs,” he replied, nervously knocking a Guinness over the balcony. The bottle shattered, but the label remained intact. Amazed, he grabbed his camera and snapped a picture. I felt like the bottle, broken from childhood sexual abuse. Over a six-year stretch, we surfed in frigid waters, hiked up Angels Landing and cruised America’s heartland on a Harley. Patiently, he helped melt the ice that encased my body. I still have the picture from our initial encounter. Some see a splintered bottle of Guinness. I see how falling in love helped me piece myself back together. — *Amy Paturel*



The picture he took when we first met.