

It Is Becoming Real

It is becoming real
now that you have seen the first shadow
when grief ungrounded and left skin too tender for
lighthearted banter.
When the snap back of reflexes like hand to heat too hot
ricocheted the burn
so that you too felt the rawness of tender skin.

If we do this,
we will wound each other, you and I.
We will make mistakes and miss the mark.

If we are mindful, we may do this well.

We are also certain to do it imperfectly.

But perfection is an illusion anyway,
And I would chose real over perfect any day.

As Nikki Giovanni says,
I would not reject your light
though your wrinkles are also illuminated.

Know this :
If
If I love you,
I will love you until your fur becomes shabbier and shabbier,
until your tail becomes unsewn,
and all the pink rubs off your nose from where I have kissed you.

And if you love me,
love me good and well,
until the hairs on my tail are pulled into string bead necklaces'
until the seams underneath show on the surface,
and until my brown fur coat becomes bald in patches where you have caressed me.

If we do this,
if we love until we know the pain of too much tenderness,
if we bleed willingly and joyfully,
and are willing to become shabby and unsewn in the fullness of loving,
we may just become real
and fall to sleep with gratitude and a song of joy upon our lips.