

dear

for my mother

I sat to write you a story
and proceeded to think of it twice
I closed the window
I smiled to myself

and opened up a new blank page

staring at this black screen, it's tough to say
well
anything really

because I mean for this to say a lot
I suppose that's the problem
but how could I not?

It's been quite a landscape,
life

It has all the mountains you could ask for,
Mariana's trenches galore
Sometimes it feels
like it's hard to get your footing
and you wish one could show you the door

But of course, on we go,
life being what it is
and through all the things that we face
we start to see
it's not them, but it's me
at least that usually
seems the case

so now, here I am
and there you are
in different cities once more

It's funny how love
can be felt so many ways
the core of the earth
or to soar up above
such is the breadth of the experience
of love

I won't say I'm sorry
I hope you don't either
But rather to say thank you
in its place

because now I know
that's how we grow
all of the pain
but a gift of grace

I see you are watering
yourself more and more
and others are watering you too
the seeds in the soil
are for you to decide
and I'll say
to this day
I love the ones
that have pushed their way through

i love you
life is long
that is the gift