

There are many ways I love you

Such as every time you're late, a little more
and when that smile creeps up the edges of your face again

Moments we both throw our heads back and laugh, we probably
even forget exactly what self-consciousness is

I am cracked open, like an egg / like a geode / like a book
gilded edges shining in the silence

There are almost no words
but I speak anyways, metaphors pouring from my lips

My fear is so loud and yet
you listen anyways, the fence to my sparrow

A landing place
a profound invisible string reaching out between us

It's been almost 10 years we've been together
and my love does not flutter. It is calm & I reach out

From the inside to sing that this love is more stubborn
than the hummingbird's love of the flower,
the hammer's fondness for the nail,
and even the night's tenderness towards the dark