

# you, in words

We became found through words -  
    in mouths, on screens, on pages -  
a knotting of language, just as vines creep up  
to bear the buds of flowers.

This canopy that has grown  
    is powerful, nurturing shade  
and the words we spoke that night,  
made it bloom.

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*I wish I'd known you forever,  
and I want to keep meeting you  
    for the first time.*

All at once,  
you have sat on every side of me -  
    your smiles, your hands, your eyes -  
tilted in love and pointed to truth.

How simple it is -  
    a thing formless, new and shared,  
that we both know to be.  
You point it out to me - our heads touching -  
and I see it coalesce, in its eternity.

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*I like knowing that you're in a room,  
even if it's one without me in it;  
    as long as we're next to each other,  
in one of time or space.*

...next to each other, in multiple ways -  
    between morning and night,  
within fluctuating temperatures,  
speaking across a hand,  
    softened by breath.

We proliferate -  
    and scatter frames of being,  
like traces,  
somewhere among memory and promise.

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*I feel you like a gentle shadow,  
mirroring my movements  
    and animating my walls,  
with a flickering light.*

In all your positions, you are one colour,  
and it is blue -  
    the blue of smooth stones and of book spines -  
I can paint that shade on everything and smile,  
knowing you cannot fade.

Between permanence and fragility,  
lies the meaning we can offer up,  
    as a gift.

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*I never want to be apart from you,  
but we will always occupy the same world now.*

The words we speak have formed  
a new place to be -  
    a room to sit in  
    an evening to dwell in  
    a sea, in which,  
        to swim.