

## What does love make of me?

You keep me so warm  
I can't believe it's not love

But is it not love when I bear the fruits of  
your effort?

when I broke it all,  
you let me fix it.  
like really fix it.

we tore down the walls and stabilized the foundation  
well

you tried.  
i've never known how to build a house, yet From  
atop my high horse I dropped a sledgehammer on the floor  
and now there is a hole that i am  
desperately  
trying to cover

so that you will not feel a draft  
in this house  
that we built.

I can believe it's not love  
I hope you believe me too

## **What does love make of me?**

I hate that there is no before.

Before what?

The me now is the only me to exist

Before—we met?

Before—we parted?

That—middle space where things were great.

before I knew myself?

before I was okay with you knowing me?

when I only told you secrets it was bc you asked.

How can one know another from q & a?

21 questions seems too little to express the desire to be known and to know Perhaps that is what love is. Knowing and continuing to know

I hate

What i do not

Know

## **What does love make of me?**

if i could take all the burden  
and lift it off of my mother's shoulders  
i would not.

my mother is not the weight of her burden  
she is not better for it either.  
if i had it my way she would be cherished.

which is why i cannot shoulder her burden  
i love her entirely too much  
to make her watch

as i struggle in ways she cannot fix

## What does love make of me?

I can feel the ghost of a smile on my face,

When i think of you i think of laughter

I imagine you, proud at making me exhale, as if i've thrown my head back and roared All day  
gripping the phone as i await your text back

When I think of you i think of a laugh

To echo in the silence of my head

All *day* I grasp the phone as i await your text back

What do i do to get my joy to move as freely as you flow through my mind

To echo in the silence of my head

I can feel the ghost of a smile on my face

What do i do to get my joy to move as freely as you flow through my mind I imagine you, proud  
at making me exhale, as if i've thrown my head back and roared

## **What does love make of me?**

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