

*with gratitude to Jude Jordan Kalush and Joi Sharp*

And here I thought the path of love  
would look like love. Like kindness.  
Like generosity. Like gentleness.

Instead it looks like me being bothered  
by the sound of loud chewing. Me  
wanting praise. Me needing to feel

loved. Hello me. How elegantly love  
has arranged for me to meet  
all the parts of me that would stand

in love's way. How easily  
it shows me I've thought of love  
as a destination. But here is love

with no expectation. Here is love  
with no name, no locus. Here  
is love with no face, no shape, no

promise, no vow, no hope.  
Here is love as itself, surging  
and flowing, love as itself insisting

on love, love as itself eroding  
all those layers of me that still  
think they know something about love

(and love holds me while I rail  
and love throws me back in the stream  
and love is what is still here when I am not).