Somewhere,
we have already met.
There,
you know my small eyes
and large heart.
I dusted off my shame,
and you held it,
softly,
in the light.

Somewhere,
I know the feel of your
fingers,
how your hair sticks in
the morning,
and the ways your voice
rasps
my name.

Somewhere
we had our first fight: I
cried and you
left.
We returned with
apologies:
your tongue on my
skin,
my hands gentle on
your heart.
Somewhere
you know never to say
forever
but promise me tomorrow
ev
ey e.
Somewhere
I’ve held you when your
father passed
and you understand why I
struggle
to visit my mother.

Somewhere, we are
better
because our hands
interlace.
Somewhere
all this has passed.
But we are not
there
...
yet.