

Dear One

Mary Lambert

Where did you come from bright star?
What heaven did you leap from dear love?
How can I spell your name without the sound of autumn underneath
my tongue?

Without acknowledging the levers who bent me in half Bless them
for bringing me to you
How can I say your name without also breathing the words, "My God
I found you"?

How can I ever speak again with this mouth when it has found where
it belongs?

When you touch me, I'm a bed of callilllys
I will make a house for you and fill it with evergreens
I will paint sunsets on every wall so you can only see beautiful
things

How can I say love without wanting to fold myself into you like
a thousand paper cranes?

Dear one,
I was halved the moment I was born
Either piece of me is inside your mouth
And I was found whole the moment you spoke.