# You

were in your young skin, that all-over shimmer:
dew breath
roseate  tabula rasa
for we needed to begin.
Old friends
didn't like it, fearing
a confidante’s loss, *"Hold back, hold back"*:
All the whispers of judgment reserved, I knew,
for when I'd be a self-made true.
Still it was
kicking a habit:
years of playing the earnest listener,
eccentric mascot hangdog
for that slowly painfully drifting apart set of
hearts. Your heart was an island
map for a new clan & I rowed,
had to grope & eventually tread water
because arms are rarely long enough unless our own want to grow
& can.
So reach & we will teach each other the lesson of expansion,
that the breath of our skin may one day belong in the touch
of somebody else &
that the somebody else is a shelter we give, gave, got
in you in you in you.