

Love Under The Lean-To

I try to keep love under the lean-to;
give it just enough light so that it does not wither, but
not quite enough to fully bloom because
you
are not
an entirely safe person to love.

I know, though, despite the shading and
scrambling attempts to relocate covering with the sun's progression
I will, inevitably,
fail.

And love,
like the biological impulse of any living creature,
will reach towards the light,
grow through cracks in sidewalks and
seams where pavement meets curb.
It will, in all likelihood, flourish and disregard my
very best attempts to
keep it contained.

How can it not when you are
who you are?
When I, in my Life Force,
am so drawn to your light?

Still,
because the light that illuminates me
possible,
likely
and perhaps even probably
will also be the source of my scorching...
still,
in spite of the despites,
it seems my duty is to scramble in the covering
following the sun's progression
and attempt, for the time being
to keep love under the lean-to.