

Even So, It Would Be Nice

I repeat the pattern with you of
projections and imaginations,
creating a potential future that does not yet exist.
Possibilities bloom like hope until
I am already slightly attached to the person I have not yet
seen, smelt, touched, tasted.

Even so, I do know
somewhere in the crevices of my deeper wisdom that
words shared are just seeds on desert ground and
it takes more than language to bring seed to root and flower.

Even so,
I am craving root
and flower
and the repeated cycles of grow, bloom, reroor, hibernation, regeneration, grow, bloom,
reroor..

It would be nice, I think,
to root in you.

© Sabrina Santa Clara, 2012