

You Did

I did not hold you up to a microscope or
examine the minutia until the mystery was gone.
I did not project my image of the ideal woman on you
only to find you wanting.
I did not build a mountain from a molehill,
shoveling earth with each circulation of thought
until there was no surpassing the barrier without words and angst
like axe and anchor
until exhaustion set in and
there was nothing left to do but
head home to rest the weariness of cold and bone.

I did not expect you to be anything other than what you are.

I did not eradicate your solidity
because you are easily ungrounded.
I did not discount your wisdom
because you sometimes find yourself confused in a cyclone of
thoughts and feelings that
buffet the insides about like rag doll
while leaving your body rigid in stillness
and your eyes looking out from way behind.

I did not cut you up into pieces,
categorizing you into good parts and bad parts
until you lost the essential combination that made you you.
I did not ever lose sight of you as a whole person,
nor erase your beauty with your imperfections.

You say you sought the quietness in me;
I say it is the quietness in you that you seek.

I am the quiet of the stillness following storm
But also
I am the storm.
I am the breathtaking vibrant of fuchsia and chartreuse with a splash of red,
the restfulness of peach and pink and baby blue,
and the depthfulness of sea green and aquamarine,
But
I am anything but beige.

I did want for you to stifle your colors or
tone them down to suite my tastes.

I did not come barreling full force only to
side-step at the last moment
again, and again.

I did not let you reveal yourself
tender and vulnerable
then tell you that I don't know who you are.
I did not create the confusion.

Instead,
I chose sanity,
picked up my belongings
and with the quiet you claim to not find in me
calmly walked away.

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