

Please love me through transition

When I move through the rooms of the house,
you'll hear a little bell. That's my old voice.

None of me leaves me. If you like me now,
there's still more and more of me. Little self
within the big self. And another confession.
Bottomless admissions. As in, what do I love:

you, or the chance to say it? You, or getting down
on my knees? Being with you, or the smooth
solitude of waking to wrinkled sheets, your hair on
the pillow?