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The Beginning

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Once upon a time, there was a girl caught up in rhyme
caught up in the moment,
caught up with the obvious,
caught up in the severely unimportant.
And then one day there came a boy –
and he was something, he was no toy.
He was cute, he was divine; he was unmercifully sublime.
He was not hers, but all was fine.
No boy, that's okay.
No divinity, but hey –
she had her mind, she had herself.
And she was fine.

In the beginning, things were simpler.
She would stop, she would stare –
maybe twirl a frizzy strand of hair –
then walk away and be content;
no complications, no laments.
But then he had to muddle it all, telling her his secrets,
making her fall.

Suddenly she wasn't alone, she was tethered.
They were connected, but what could she do?
Sever the cord? Remove the stitches?
Her hip would bear the scars for eternity.
So with this tether came the fear –
constant and crippling –
of loss,
in one cruel way or another.
In the beginning, things were simpler;
there was no attachment,
no string that if snipped would end not one life, but two.
There was no fear, no trepidation,
no crippling hesitation.
And yet, simpler was not better.
Because now, with the tether came a closeness she had never known,
a person to share everything she was with.
Her person.
She still had her mind, she still had herself,
and now so did he.
And there was connection and closeness
and fear and heartbreak
and hesitation and light and happiness
all combined in this tether that kept them close
even when they were far apart.
It was simultaneously beautiful,
difficult,
terrifying,
complicated,
and right.