

you

Jessica Hille

they say love is blind
yet only now am I able to see
a look at myself in the mirror
that is: you
did I know love before?
or was I blindfolded

they say love is pain
yet past wounds seem forgotten
a new, blank piece of paper
empty lines waiting for ink
allowing for a new kind of vulnerability
all this room for a pain yet unknown

they say love will save your soul
how could it not?
its pieces I seemed to have lost
found, recognized, known by you
put them back together, not realizing
they're all yours

I don't know the truth about love
I know we'll find our own
love, to me,
is you
has always been
you