

TO MYSELF

I first loved you
Second to
Your gentleness

Like the blind who
Divide their lives into
Dark and dark I
Have you and your gentleness

As a detail in a painting frames that painting
In the often
Memory, your face
Is surrounded by your eyes
Unafraid
Of the greys of gentleness

But better than your gentleness
I love your harshness

The harshness
When you talk about that prison capitalism
When you vow never to stop fighting

Never

Until each woman and man is free

Until each woman and man is in the custody

Of their gentleness