

However Worn

Maria McKee

This infirmity of seeing far too much
Has caused in me such an affinity
I fear that I have crossed a line of trust
And who am I that you should trust me
In any way you do not know me
And this inordinance of care
Bears witness to the ways you have disarmed me

It would appear you are enveloped
By a coterie of women
Strong and protective
Noble, caring and committed
It makes me feel that I can somehow
Maybe trust you to the fates
And they will be there to keep you fed and rested
Stable, loved and safe

And please believe me when I tell you
This I want for you and nothing more
I would release my weary soul out to protect you
Blanket upon you, however worn
I will be your brother I will cover you
And keep you out of sight
Of grasping hands
Of grasping hands
Including mine
Including mine

And I have tried to get a sense
Of how distinctly complicated you are
As I gather bits of light and prose and shadow from afar
And I see so much of myself in you
That now I cannot help but to assimilate impressions
As I tend this vivid phantom

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And as I close you in between the pages
Of this most peculiar passage
Know that all of my age and wisdom
Held the challenge of this reverie
And, oh, how it has so
Bewilderingly changed me
And it will remain forever
Such a poignant part of me

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