

## I THINK OF YOU

I think of You  
Not as source to fill a depleted surface.  
Not as an elixir to quench a desert state.  
Not as a supply to feed a selfish demand.

I think of You  
with satisfaction,  
unwavering in your war  
fighting to keep  
what makes Your life Yours.

And perhaps one day,  
a moment will find, Us  
Us.  
The spirit that is neither You nor Me.

Us, born from a moment's seed  
that we watered and grew  
with patience and gratitude.

An Us that lives,  
runs  
falls  
bends  
breaks  
and mends.  
A spirit with rights  
to experiences of its own.

On that day  
we will see Us  
with pride and hope  
to see it again someday.

And if we are so lucky,  
To see that day once,  
May the overflow permeate  
over You  
over Me  
that we may change individually  
from Us's delivery.

But if that day never comes  
I sit in solitude, satisfied still.  
With relief that You are happy and free.  
Wishing this rarity for You,  
independent of Me.