For you

this thing. A secret.

Only by love we’re measured. Not by deed or status or adherence to convention.

We’re measured by the weight of the love we give away wildly, crazily, irrationally

with sweeping declarations and clanging, loud gestures, hot checks from our hearts.

And conversely,

perversely,

we’re measured by the love we keep clenched tightly in our bitter fist

like a miser hoards a coin. Saving it for someone we judge worthy.

That love in waiting is heavy

and small

and it’s all we’ll ever have.

Can we please

all choose reckless instead,

wanton,
throwing love around like candy in a parade with no thought to where it lands,
into any open heart?
Can we please keep giving it still when the broken bits of us are held together with tape
and string
and spit;
when things within us are coming apart, together
or undone?
If bravely,
you and me
or we can do this,
just this one thing,
then we’re heroes,
soldiers,
shepherds of hearts.