

“How do I love thee?” Elizabeth Barrett once wrote;  
It was a poem my grandpa would often quote.

I thought of it when you and I were together;  
Convinced that every storm we would weather.

I would count the ways;  
Happy in our days.

You were my loverboy, I was your bubbles;  
But now the only thing we have... are troubles.

Yet, the poem comes to mind;  
The past will not stay behind.

It sneaks up and haunts me:  
“How do I love... thee?”

The list that I believed—is no more;  
But from my heart love still pours.

Brilliant, romantic, charitable, funny,  
All these were you, when love was sunny.

Clouds have taken over; your qualities are gone.  
But my love remains even amid our monsoons.

Then it hit me, your qualities are traits.  
Yes, I liked them, but they are not what made me take your bait.

I loved you for you.  
There was nothing you could do.

This is why I am tormented even after you left,  
To think! I thought my lingering feelings were deft.

As you destroyed every quality that I thought was you.  
You provided the opportunity to prove that my love was true.

Thank you, my ex! I know now more about me.  
My heart is strong, and completely free.

I chose to love you for better and worse.  
I learned how not to put me first.

Sacrifice, patience and tears were the price I paid,  
I now have characteristics that will not fade.

I will always be the best me and love well.  
Slow to judge and with perseverance, rarely give hell.

Loving you has developed the good.  
Just as in the beginning, I knew it would!

Dear ex, how do I love thee?  
With all that is beautiful in me.