

Letters to Virginia

“Shopping Carts and Watermelons”

I jokingly say, “Okay, okay. I’ll grab the shopping carts and pick the watermelons if you put the groceries away.”

In that moment it dawned on me: marriage and children are easy to fantasize, but can you romanticize trips to the grocery store?

One day, when we our bodies are old and frail and the adventures have run out, I will hold your hand on the drive to the grocery store and we will still find love in this.

“Whole Heartedly”

I would never love you despite your flaws. I would love you as a whole human being-every speck of you. There are a million little pieces that make you a complete soul, and if I only pick a few things I like, then I’ll never get to enjoy the entirety of you. And... I want all of you. The thought of someone else coming along and adoring a part of you that I over looked... Oh god. No. Never! All of you will belong to all of me.

“The Chase is for Keeps”

They say I love the Chase,
but I have lived the Want.
I’ve woke to the Have.
And let me tell you...
You’re a damned fool if you think the temporary thrill
of adrenaline pumping and death defying wanting
is sweeter than the permanency
of late night nose-to-nose conversations
triggered by the weight of having.
The Chase is futile if you cannot fathom the Keep.

“Parts Thereof”

If I give twice as much,
would it be half as good
as the love she took from you?
will what’s left of me
be enough to make us a whole?

“Milk and Honey”

Swallow my pride
with bits of your soul
and suddenly who I was
is not as bitter
as I recall.