

## The Questions in My Heart

### Why

Why do I love you? A ridiculous question,  
certainly not one I expected to answer  
in the very moment I confessed to you in the first place.

It's not because you're perfect,  
and I would hate for you to think you need to be.

It's because  
this is the scariest thing I have ever done  
but looking into your eyes,  
even as I fear your answer,  
makes everything all right.

It's because  
my heart beats a little faster when you're around  
and stops when you say certain things-  
it plays according to your arrangement,  
so please be careful what you write.

It's because  
I can picture you  
in every area of my life,  
and it shines brighter when you touch it.

It's because  
I shine brighter too,  
knowing you believe in me-  
so hard that I start to believe it too.

It's because  
nothing seems real  
until I tell you about it  
and get your laugh  
and the smile I know is coming  
and all the surprises too.

It's because  
I can tell you my stupid things,  
and you would never think to call me less than brilliant.

To you, I am a gem,  
the sun, but you are mine  
and you had no idea.

It's because  
you had no idea  
and are the only one  
who thinks *I* am out of *your* league.

## The Questions in My Heart

It's because  
it has been three months since I told you so-  
even if I couldn't defend it then-  
and I am still listing the reasons.

## The Questions in My Heart

### Let Us All Be Weathermen

You know when a storm is coming.

The huddle of clouds is blue one moment, menacing the next.

You can tell individuals from the mass, but only just

Then the air changes; you brace yourself for the onslaught.

It starts slowly,

with crackling thunder that sounds like

the collapse of a whole forest at once

and lightning you'd miss with a blink.

It's a thrill, and you're smiling as you shiver.

The darkness doesn't bother you,

and you might even push your luck—

surely I have enough time to go check the mail—

and then it explodes.

Rain in sheets from a gale that swallows you whole,

you would be running to shelter if only you could see,

and suddenly you're not smiling anymore.

Slightly shaken, you only have yourself to blame;

harsh though the storm, it gave you plenty of warning.

If only people came with such obvious signs.

Flashing light when it got to be too much,

a low rumble growing louder as the breakdown neared,

maybe even an announcement on the weather report...

But these do come with signs, clear as nature's storm,

if only we would listen.

## The Questions in My Heart

### I'll Never Know You.

I'm not sure what to mourn  
as I register your absence  
days after learning of your existence.  
I never even knew your name  
or what makes you laugh  
and I don't know what your favorite color  
would have been  
if you had gotten the chance to see.  
Had they opened,  
would your eyes be brown or bright blue?  
Would your laugh be loud and high  
with excitement as you bounced like your mother,  
or quieter, calmer,  
but more of an achievement,  
communicating as much love as your father's did?  
I would have loved you,  
this perfect combination of their life together,  
would have been so proud of everything you did  
and delighted in everything you said  
and adored your tiny smile.  
I already do.  
But you will never join us out in the world,  
you will never be born and celebrated,  
never have the life we anticipated.  
I won't get to meet your perfection,  
I will never know what you would have been like,  
their first child, who never materialized,  
but gosh, you were  
beautiful in the abstract.