

I am love.
I am loved,
I choose love -
In the way my mother brings me tea in the morning,
knowing I will forget it and it will run cold.
Lying in the lap of my partner as they read to me,
knowing I have fallen asleep.
Loving those who are cruel,
knowing they are hurt.
Wanting to believe in something,
knowing what I do not know.

Is being love enough?
Is the labyrinth of identity escapable, is it meant to be?
I am the daughter who has two moms, but was still frightened to come out.
I am the sister who has the most beautiful blended family,
and family gatherings that confuse my friends.
I am an artist who believes most things are art.

I am a storyteller.
Who could not read or write confidently until I was 10.
I have a rich inner life, sharing worlds I am creating on the spot,
with anyone who will listen.
I have a brain that I do not fully understand,
but that I know is wonderful.

I am someone who refuses to hide letters behind contractions.
I am a writer who detests adding periods, for I am not sure if I am done yet
and I will not be using anymore
because I will never be done

In every space I inhabit I am all of me, preparing myself to face the world,
draping myself in the fabric of my being
being who I am doesn't allow for singularity
because who I am is love