

I Don't Know Your Face

I don't know your face.

I know the shape of it. The curves, the lines, the beautiful contours.

I know the idea of it.

But I don't know your face.

It is hidden to me.

Not always.

Not forever.

Just today. Right now. In this moment of strife.

I said words that were beneath me. Words that made less of you. Painful words.

Words ill-fitting and ugly. Unworthy words.

I said them. I meant them. I hate them. I hate myself for saying them.

You are no angel.

Your imperfections are beautiful and heartbreaking.

You are mine. I am yours. We take turns hurting, biting, maiming.

That is not who you are. It is not who I am.

It is who we are together.

Not always.

Not forever.

Just today. Right now. In this moment of rancor.

You said injurious words. You raged and quaked and yelled.

Your words have broken my heart. They made me feel small.

Insignificant. Impotent.

You said them. You meant them. You hate them. You hate

yourself for saying them.

I love the all of you that I know.

Some parts are hidden. I have kept things hidden as well.

We share those hesitantly. With fear and trembling.

We hold back. It protects us from shame. From rejection. From loneliness.

Together, we reject that shame. We know this.

Always.

Forever.

Today. Right now. In this moment of healing.

We made promises before. Promises for then and forever.

We are one. Bodies, spirit, hearts. Knitted together by holy words. A holy vow.

We said them. We meant them. We love them. We love each other for saying them.