

Valentine's Day

Orange tulips, purple irises—
These are the choices he makes for me,
Though I almost beg him to say
He loves me
All I know is his hand on my shoulder
When I call out “No!” in a dream,
His arm pulling me close,
His gentle voice.
He never hits me, never belittles me.
Though I beg him to tell me
He loves me
All I know is his stable presence
His eyes of kindness
The trickster who makes me laugh.
Though I pester him to hear
I want you, I love you — any words that confirm
He values me
All I know is that he knows me,
Sees me, feels me, listens,
Smiles when I come home,
Holds my hand.
I want to hear words, but instead I hear
His steady breathing
And feel the rise and fall of his chest
As I rest my head against his body,
The slow rhythm lulling me to sleep.