

Acceptance

When shadows hit, name them. Greet them.

Standing, feet on the floor, a hand on the chest.

“This is love, not the night.”

— the doom, named and turned

“We missed a sync — not against each other.”

— the happening, named and right-sized

One real sigh — audible, all the way out.

“We are — and the weather does what nature allows.

I am here, free to move, tendrils met.

I am here, free to move, tendrils in touch.

I am here, free to move, tendrils touching.

I can always settle independently — unleft, loved.”

“We settle.”



Take what the moment needs — the sigh closes it either way. The knowing deepens with the work; it does not install by magic.