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## To Myself [5]

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TO MYSELF

I first loved you  
Second to  
Your gentleness

Like the blind who  
Divide their lives into  
Dark and dark I  
Have you and your gentleness

As a detail in a painting frames that painting  
In the often  
Memory, your face  
Is surrounded by your eyes  
Unafraid  
Of the greys of gentleness

But better than your gentleness  
I love your harshness

The harshness  
When you talk about that prison capitalism  
When you vow never to stop fighting

Never

Until each woman and man is free

Until each woman and man is in the custody

Of their gentleness