A definition of love

you are so small

i could hold you in my hand

yet live inside you

paint the walls of your interior

with the colours that suit me

and with the pen of imagination

write the borders of my world

farther and wider

‘til opposites meet.

the great mistake of science

is knowing that up is not down

and left is not right

that one edge of the universe

is not the other

for in the reconciliation

of the impossible

is the only explanation

for the space within:

how i may hold you in my hand

in the core of the active

yet sleep

in the soft bed

of my you.