Permission

have a tear

you may wear it as an earring

and though, as a man

my tears are not public,

this time I’ll make

an exception

without winter

(a season of finality)

this tear would change

into whatever it isn’t

a gas, a river, a cell in a tree

you must guard it as it is

perhaps in summer

I will come to you

clothed in certainty

offer then to replace

my tear

with the taste of love

I expect you to say no

that one cannot replace the other

that you will wear instead

the sweetness of my kiss

iridescent on the unprotected

skin of your throat

knowing

that I will do as I say

has never stopped me before

and all that I can offer

that is neither tear nor love

is permission