Milk & Honey

rupi kaur

* For the arms that hold me
* My heart woke me crying last night *how can I help* I begged my heart said *write the book*

The Hurting

The Loving

The Breaking

The Healing

**The Hurting (5-6 EACH)**

1. *How is it so easy for you to be kind to people* he asked, milk and honey dripped from my lips as I answered, cause people have not been kind to me (11)
2. He was supposed to be, the first male love of your life, you still search for him everywhere –*father (16)*
3. You were so afraid, of my voice, I decided to be, afraid of it too (17)
4. *I’ve had sex* she said, but I don’t know, what making love, feels like (20)
5. If I knew what, safety looked like, I would have spent, less time falling into, arms that were not (21)
6. The idea that we are, so capable of love, but still choose, to be toxic (23)
7. You have sadness, living in places, sadness shouldn’t live (27)
8. You tell me to quiet down cause, my opinions make me less beautiful, but I was made with a fire in my belly, so I could be put out, I was not made with a lightness on my tongue, so I could be easy to swallow, I was made heavy half blade and half silk, difficult to forget and not easy, for the mind to follow (30)
9. He guts her, with his fingers, like he’s scraping, the inside of a, cantaloupe clean (31)
10. Father. You always call to say nothing in particular. You ask what I’m doing or where I am and when the silence stretches like a lifetime between us I scramble to find questions to keep the conversation going. What I long to say most is. I understand this world broke you. It has been so hard on your feet. I don’t blame you for not knowing how to remain soft with me. Sometimes I stay up thinking of all the places you are hurting which you’’ never cate to mention. I come from the same aching blood. From the same bone so desperate for attention I collapse in on myself. I am your daughter. I know the small talk is the only way you know how to tell me you love me. Cause it is the only way I know how to tell you. (37)
11. The thing about having, an alcoholic parent, is an alcoholic parent, does not exist, simply an alcoholic who could not stay sober, long enough to raise their kids (39)

**The Loving (6)**

1. I struggle so deeply, to understand, how someone can, pour their entire soul, blood and energy, into someone, without wanting, anything in, return – *will have to wait till I’m a mother (46)*
2. No, it won’t, be love at, first sight when, we meet it’ll be love, at first remembrance cause, I’ve seen you in my mother’s eyes, when she tells me to marry the type, of man I’d want to raise my son to be like. (47)
3. My favourite thing about you is your smell, you smell like, earth, herbs, gardens, a little more, human than the rest of us (50)
4. I know I, should crumble, for better reasons, but have you seen, that boy he brings, the sun to its, knees every night. (51)
5. You are the faint line, between faith and, blindly waiting – *letter to my future lover (52)*
6. Nothing is safer, than the sound of you, reading out loud to me – *the perfect date(53)*
7. He placed his hands on my mind before reaching for my waist, my hips, or my lips, he didn’t call me, beautiful first, he called me, exquisite – *how he touches me* (54)
8. I am learning, how to love him, by loving myself (55)
9. He says, *I am sorry I am not an easy person to want*, I look at him surprised, *who said I wanted easy, I don’t crave easy, I crave goddamn difficult (*56)
10. I am ready for you, I have always, been, ready for you – the first time (58)
11. I do not want to have you, to fill the empty parts of me, I want to be full on my own, I want to be so complete, I could light a whole city, and then, I want to have you, cause the two of us combined, could set it on fire (59)
12. I’d be lying if I said, you make me speechless, the truth is you make my, tongue so weak it forgets, what langue to speak in (61)
13. You might not have been my first love, but you were the love that made, all the other loves, irrelevant (63)
14. Your name is, the strongest, positive and negative, connotation in any language, it either lights me up or, leaves me aching for days (67)
15. It’s your voice, that undresses me (69)
16. I want your hands, to hold, not my hands, your lips, to kiss, not my lips, but other places. (73)

**The Breaking**

1. I always, get myself, into this mess, I always let him, tell me I am beautiful, and half believe it, I always jump thinking, he will catch me, at the fall, I am hopelessly, a lover and, a dreamer and, that will be the death of me (81)
2. You were so distant, I forgot you were there at all (83)
3. Don’t mistake, salt for sugar, if he wants to, be with you, he will, it’s that simple (85)
4. You were temptingly beautiful, but stung when I got close (87)
5. More than anything, I want to save you, from myself (90)
6. You whisper, *I love you,* what you mean is, *I don’t want you to leave (*92)
7. That’s the, thing about love, it marinates your lips, till the only word your mouth remembers, is his name (93)
8. It must hurt to know, I am your most, beautiful regret (94)
9. Did you think I was a city, big enough for a weekend getaway, I am the town surrounding it, the one you’ve never heard of, but always pass through, there are no neon lights here, no skyscrapers or statues, but there is thunder, for I make bridges tremble, I am not street meat I am homemade jam, thick enough to cut the sweetest, thing your lips will touch, I am not police sirens, I am the crackle of a fireplace, I’d burn you and you still, couldn’t take your eyes off me, cause I’d look so beautiful doing it, you’d blush, I am not a hotel room I am home, I am not the whiskey you want, I am the water you need, don’t come here with expectations, and try to make a vacation out of me. (97) suitcase fallen, jam etc..
10. If, he can’t help but, degrade other women, when they’re not looking, if toxicity is central, to his language, he could hold you, in his lap and be soft, honey, that man could feed you sugar and, douse you in rose water, but that still could not, make sweet – *if you want to know the type of man he is* (99)
11. I am a museum full of art, but you had your eyes shut (100)
12. You must have known, you were wrong, when your fingers, were dipped inside me, searching for honey that, would not come for you (101)
13. When you are broken, and he has left you, do not question, whether you were, enough, the problem was, you were so enough, he was not able to carry it (103)
14. I had to leave, I was tired of, allowing you to, make me feel, anything less, than whole (107)
15. You were the most beautiful thing I’d ever felt till now. And I was convinced you’d remain the most beautiful thing I’d ever feel. Do you know how limiting that is. To think at such a ripe young age, I’d experience the most exhilarating person I’d ever meet. How I’d spend the rest of my life just settling. To think I’d tasted the rawest form of honey and everything else would be refined and synthetic. That nothing beyond this point would add up. That the years beyond me could not combine themselves to be sweeter than you. (108)
16. I don’t know what living a balanced life feels like, when I am sad, I don’t cry I pour, when I am sad, I don’t cry I pour, when I am happy, I don’t smile I glow, when I am angry, I don’t yell I burn, the good thing about feeling in extremes is, when I love I give them wings, but perhaps that isn’t such a good thing cause, they always tend to leave, and you should see me, when my heart is broken, I don’t grieve, I shatter. (109)
17. It wasn’t you I was kissing, – don’t be mistaken, it was him on my mind, your lips were just convenient. (113) (kiss with tears?)
18. I was music, but you had your ears cut off (115)
19. Neither of us is happy, but neither of us wants to leave, so we keep breaking one another, and calling it love (122)
20. We began, with honesty, let us end, in it too (123)
21. I don’t know why, I split myself open, for others knowing, sewing myself ip, hurts this much, afterward (124)
22. **Love is not cruel, we are cruel, love is not a game, we have made a game, out of love (127) (p1, p2, love)**
23. Even after the hurt, the loss, the pain, the breaking, your body is still, the only one, I want to be, undressed under (129)
24. I don’t want to be friends, I want all of you –more (134) (TEXT MeSSAGE, in a bubble, dots..)
25. You cannot leave, and have me too, I cannot exist in, two place at one – when you ask if we can still be friends (136)
26. I am water soft enough, to offer life, tough enough, to drown it away (137)
27. What I miss most is how you loved me. But what I didn’t know was how you loved me had so much to do with the person I was. It was a reflection of everything I gave to you. Coming back to me. How did I not see that. How. Did I sit here soaking in the idea that no one else would love me that way. When it was I that taught you. When it was I that showed you how to fill. The way I needed to be filled. How cruel I was to myself. Giving you credit for warmth simply because you had felt it. Thinking it was you who gave me strength. Wit. Beauty. Simply because you recognized it. As if I it was already not these things before I met you. If I did not remain all these once you left. (138)
28. You leave but you don’t stay gone, why do you do that, why do you, abandon the thing you want to keep, why do you linger, in a place you do not want to stay, why do you think it’s okay to do both, go and return all at once (139) – ghost returning with flowers.
29. The way they, leave, tells you, everything (143)

**The Healing**

1. Perhaps, I don’t deserve, nice things, cause I am paying, for sins I don’t, remember (147)
2. Accept that you deserve more, than painful love, life is moving, the healthiest thing, for your heart is, to move with it (151)
3. If you were born with, the weakness to fall, you were born with, the strength to rise (156)
4. Perhaps the saddest of all, are those who live waiting, for someone they’re not, sure exists – 7 billion people (157)
5. Stay strong through your pain, grow flowers from it, you have helped me, grow flowers out of mine so, bloom beautifully, dangerously, loudly, bloom softly, however you need, just bloom – to the reader (158)
6. Fall, in love, with your solitude (161)
7. Sometimes, the apology, never comes, when it is wanted, and when it comes, it is neither wanted, nor needed – you are too late (163)
8. You tell me, I am not like most girls, and learn to kiss me with your eyes closed, something about the phrase —something about, how i have to be unlike the women, i call sisters in order to be wanted, makes me want to spit your tongue out, like I’m supposed to be proud you picked me, as if I should be relieved you think, i am better than them. (164)
9. The next time he, points out the, hair on your legs, is growing back remind, that boy your body, is not his home, he is a guest, warn him to , never outstep, his welcome, again (165)
10. I know it’s hard, believe me, I know it feels like, tomorrow will never come, and today will be the most, difficult day to get through, but I swear you will get through, the hurt will pass, as it always does, if you give it time and, let it so let it, go, slowly, like a broken promise, let it go. (168)
11. I like the way the stretch marks, on my thighs look human and, that we’re so soft yet, rough and jungle wild, when we need to be, I love that about us, how capable we are of felling, how unafraid we are of breaking, and tend to our wounds with grace, just being a woman, calling myself, a woman, makes me utterly whole, and complete. (169)
12. Our backs, tell stories, no books have, the spine to, carry – women of color (171)
13. Accept yourself, as you wer designed (172)
14. Your body, is a museum, of natural disasters, can you grasp how, stunning that is (173)
15. Removing all the hair, off your body is okay, if that’s what you want to do, just as much as keeping all the hair, on your body is okay, if that’s what you want to do –*you belong only to yourself* (176)
16. You were a dragon long before, he came around and said, you could fly, you will remain a dragon, long after he’s left (178)
17. How you love yourself is, how you teach others, to love you (186)
18. My heart aches for sisters more than anything, it aches for women helping women, like flowers ache for spring (187)
19. The goddess between your legs, makes mouths water (188)
20. You, are your own, soul mate (189)
21. Hair, if it was not supposed to be there, would not be growing, on our bodies in the first place –*we are at war with what comes most naturally to us* (193)
22. Most importantly love, like it’s the only thing you know how, at the end of the day all this , means nothing, this page, where you’re sitting, your degree, your job, the money, nothing even matters, except love and human connection, who you loved, and how deeply you loved them, how you touched the people around you, and how much you gave them (194)
23. I want them to remain so, rooted to the ground these tears, these hands, these feet, sink in – grounded (195)
24. You must, want to spend, the rest of your life, with yourself, first (198)

**Epilogue**

You have made it to the end. With my heart in your hands. Thank you. For arriving here safely. For being tender with the most delicate part of me. Sit down. Breathe. You must be tired. Let me kiss your hands. Your eyes. They must be wanting of something sweet. I am sending you all my sugar. I would be nowhere and nothing if it were not for you. You’ve helped me become the woman I wanted to be. But was too afraid to be. Do you have any idea how much of a miracle you are. How lovely it’s been. And how lovely it will always be. I am kneeling before you. Saying thank you. I am sending my love to your eyes. May they always see goodness in people. And may you always practice kindness. May we see each other as one,. May one we be nothing short of in love with everything the universe has to offer. And may we always stay grounded. Rooted. Our feet planted firmly onto the earth. – a love letter from me to you