

How tragic  
that we lack the prudence  
to see how this will end.  
That we delude ourselves  
into believing  
that once we get through these challenging times  
a tranquil meadow awaits us on the other side,  
ataraxia we *deserve*  
after the turbulence we've created  
for each other.

You are the dove  
I tenderly cradle  
in the palm of my hand,  
a grace  
carried  
by radiant light.

You are the dove  
I raze  
with two gloved fists  
when I regress.

*"regress"*