

“Do I contradict myself?  
Very well then I contradict myself.”

Opening Leaves of Grass I find a note  
Graphic and alone  
Instructing me with out to open only when I really, really need it.

So I do.

It is a love note, and its content  
Is not familiar to me.  
Instantly I wonder if I squandered it in  
Needless curiosity. Instantly I wonder  
Who the author might have been, and what  
Song of themselves they would now sing.

Perhaps I have read it before, and simply slipped it  
Into leaves of grass  
For Mother Nature’s safekeeping.  
Either I have forgotten the reading of it  
Or I have forgotten the sending.

All this on an altogether inconsequential morning,  
Made profound by accident and lost love.  
I am a romantic again.  
I am an adult at last.

Very well then, I contradict myself.