

I Wish Someone Told Me

I wish someone told me
that I would be alone at this stage of my life.
If I had known that, I would have ordered love.
I want the kind of love that snaps into place like Legos
Not the kind that calls me on a Monday
for a Friday night dinner date and movie, not out of love,
but because it seems like the right thing to do.
I want the kind where park swings call to flirt;
a swimming pool becomes a mattress.
I want the kind of love that
topples mountains, conquers fears, arrests pain
as my heart sings serenades with its own orchestra.

Not the kind of love that anchors me to home,
checks on my schedule, and interrogates me
like a courtroom scene in a black and white movie,
but a love that swings on every word I say,
rocking like a baby to provide comfort.

Not like fake loves only together
for money, security, fun, or to relieve boredom.

I want real love, true love, unconditional love,
and I'll dish it back
like scoops of ice cream
melting into each other's mouths.

I want a love that nourishes me,
holds me, rotates me in circles—a dervish of dreams
winding together like spinning wheel yarn,
a gentle tie for two.

I wish someone told me
that I would be alone at this stage of my life.
I could have stayed out west and married,
but adventure and career beckoned, and I followed.

No regrets yet.
I just wish someone told me. I just wish I knew.