

This World, That World

maybe i wont grow old and grey with her

but at least we met
at least she loves my poems
(i'm not sure she'll ever see this one)
at least i got to know her
and her me
at least she let me love her
at least i let her love me
and from that love
blossomed something the stars had only seen
very few times in their astronomical lifetimes

maybe i won't hold her hand
maybe she wont kiss me once, twice
maybe we wont share adventures together
maybe i wont build her a home
maybe our roadtrips we dream of
perhaps we will share those with someone else
maybe she wont see my full transition
and maybe i wont attend her graduation

but we did love.
oh, how we loved.

maybe i wont grow old and grey with her.
but at least we loved.

(in another world we hadn't even met)
(and in that world--i feel sorry for ourselves)

- Lake Morris

