

## Love Is the Eye

*Here. & do not ever say again / that you don't know what it is  
to stay / or to be stayed with, that you don't get love / & maybe  
couldn't do it, not like that, / when, in fact, that's all you've ever  
known.*

*—Aracelis Girmay, "Here"*

Grace is the sequined string that binds  
anything to Love to give it a new name.  
The question of deservedness flung into an open field  
and abandoned over and over and over again.

If yesterday my feet trampled the perfect  
necks of a dozen azaleas; if yesterday  
patience filled the brim of a cup that fell  
from my hands, if yesterday your name was crushed  
beneath my insufferable tongue

you would be Love, whose brilliance is the  
willingness to turn its head toward my  
smudged face and keep looking at me, so densely human.

If today you recited the names of your enemies;  
if today you knotted the stem of the truth  
in your mouth; if today you sang me  
the story of the crooked road that delivered you to me—  
I would be Love, choosing to bless  
the breath you curse with and call it the wind.

Look. Here is the big magic: there is  
no blindness in Love. Love is the eye gazing into us,  
as we heave with the sweat of error, and saying  
"I see you. I see you. I see it. All. And I will stay."