

## Love Poem II

I am not  
fond of  
love  
for love  
it seems  
is meant  
to change  
disfigure  
stunt  
the Self  
God made  
into a  
Self  
some  
Other  
finds  
acceptable.

And as I  
write  
the thought  
occurs  
that I  
reject  
the love  
of God  
as firmly  
and with  
as much  
intent  
as any  
love from  
human source.

Yet I  
have  
written  
there  
above  
"the Self  
God made,"  
which means,  
I take it,  
I believe,  
that God  
desires  
the Self  
God made  
to be  
set free  
of stunting  
change,  
to grow,  
to bloom,  
to root,  
to settle  
into a  
Self  
that fits  
and thrives,  
grows deep,  
is intricately  
carved  
by  
mutuality  
of hand  
and purpose,

God  
and I  
together  
work  
to make  
my Self  
the truest  
Me  
that can  
be found  
be shaped  
be known  
be loved  
before  
God's face  
and in the  
face of  
all I  
know,  
have known,  
will know.

This knowledge  
should bring  
joy, but  
when that  
Voice,  
booming,  
whispers, "do  
you know  
that I  
love you"  
I respond,  
as always,  
"No"  
and once  
again "No,"  
for to  
accept your  
love is  
to accept  
my death."

And so  
I pray  
and say  
"God,  
help me,  
teach me,  
show me,  
open me,  
spare me,  
rescue me  
from my  
own, old  
unalterable  
conviction  
that to be  
loved is  
death of  
Self  
and life  
of some  
Other whom  
I do not  
know  
and AM  
not."