

For Naomi February 24, 2026

* Shared with my beloved's permission

This won't be one of those teary eyed confessionals
like the dozen songs I'm simultaneously hearing right now
so I've ignored them all to start again.
It's been awhile since my last sappy ode
no worse conceived than cinema soda commercials
encapsulating the best of youthful summer into 2 minutes of sugary triteness.
Still this is mine for you seeing how we've both come through
to arrive at this familiar moment unlike any other.

Here it is your very own to pet and feed, hold and grow
a virtual chia pet with no worry of maintenance except for eternal data backup.
I can feel you with me in the grocery several aisles over or even across continents.
Time and space have no relevance even marking how we've grown
or my often buried words left running now unguided.
More could follow but why bother I hope you still understand.

We've both been sad and mad, perhaps not enough glad
Too often scared, running through a feelings chart I want to throw away.
Whether effusive or elusive I lay it all out like a wardrobe to pack and maybe wear
if I can find it someday but I'd rather just don a shared smile with you.

You might find yourself blushing, others gushing at how you've pulled me out of me.
It's not about the roles we've played, the shows watched, even mistakes made.
I marvel at our meeting and every single day knowing despite the odds or fickle fate
there's ways in which we meld together like putty on furniture that forms a neat pattern.
Whether we compliment or complete it's all the same. Who gave? Who took?
Who recorded everything in a ledger? Was it you or me, not trying to keep score?

This last stanza was the first as only fitting when my thoughts are pushed
Further down an assembly line, separated for consideration, sewn back together.
I can picture you looking at me as if in a sitcom or a public scene,
You frown a little turn your head in a stare part confused yet curious.
It's as if I am always tossing shredded cheddar at the moon
Because there's not enough though it be futile.
I throw underhanded like rolling when rarely attempting bowling
trying to keep the ball straight down the lane slow not necessarily sure.
So I throw out these thoughts with more purpose than lunar appeasement
because like our parents we were young once but no one should forget
joy has no age and that's what I feel with you.