

NO YANG, NO YIN

I recognize your light, your strength,
the principles involved.
But in twenty-five years with you,
I, the female principle,
the one for whom you're husband and haven,
have never been the dark side. Mine are not
negative surfaces, warmless in winter,
wanting only validation,
a blind matching of forms without reasons.

Maybe I love you because you know this.
Maybe I love you seeing me in snow light
without shadows, yours or mine,
and recognizing why I gravitate to you
in smooth silence
like snow to earth, shining.

Not because I have to or because you insist,
but because you are my chosen home
and the truth of you makes a circle,
the center not divided as night or day.
And because your most subtle planes
shape me willing to their plans.
And for all your ancient sovereignty,
we hold only together, a pliant wholeness
without margins, assertions or dark seasons
or any cold space between.