

My Story

When things turned sour
between my mate and I
on self-direction I relied.
I slept with books
which told the truth
between their fragrant pages.
One took me back to childhood
when esteem eluded self.
They never met
until it seemed
Esteem was in the mate.
And so when self-esteem
was found, the mate
was just a prop.
O wondrous fate
to have ordained
that mates should weave
a tale. My tapestry is one
of selfhood yet becoming,
I wonder when the knot
I've made, will ever start
unravelling.

Fe N. Reyes