

Red String of Fate

An invisible thread connects those who are destined to meet, regardless of time, place, or circumstance. The thread may stretch or tangle, but it will never break. –Ancient Chinese Belief

I cannot cut this thread—It's been attached to me for ages.
It's been dragged through the mud
And pulled behind me for decades.
The bright red has faded to a pale pink,
Yet it is still intact; still connects me to you.

Yet, lately there is something new and powerful awakening inside of me.
I can feel it; perhaps you can too
And that is why you
Are so hesitant to explore...

You may know me better than anyone
Yet, there are parts of me that you still haven't seen.
Places where you have only begun to scratch the surface.
Perhaps you fear that if you dig too deep, you may cause
a tear, and what has been bubbling up
Will come bursting out like hot lava,
And you certainly don't want there to be another Pompeii.

I am too much.
I always want more.
I love too hard,
and I cannot be contained.

You can lid me like a pot
But there is no turning down the heat.

Like Icarus, I want to touch the sun.
You are the spray from the ocean
Weighing down my wings,
Protecting me from my own desires
Keeping the sun from melting my wings of wax...
I keep you from drowning.

You are the little star weight at the end of my balloon.
Together we dance between water and sky.
The string that connects us holds the secret to perfect balance.
Perhaps we are still figuring out
How to fly.