

Do I Love Myself?

This is a hard one

Yes and no

No and yes

My soul is not robust

It shrivels too easily

Still, there are some wonderful things about me

too difficult to name

When I look for them

they hide themselves or flee

I cannot give them words

Sometimes there is beauty

and, yes, something more

and there is intelligence and perceptivity

even profundity

More often

I find myself

an abortion

a pitiful joke

what I was taught I was

and came to believe

and live

pondering my existence

like Bertrand Russell's sausage machine

wanting to be saved

by lottery jackpots

transfiguration

or death

Do I love myself?

No and yes

And then there are the moments

of radical acceptance

when I know I am nothing

and everything