

There Are None

(In response to: “We Are Many” by Pablo Neruda)

Of all those who I’ve met
I cannot find one
whose essence I admire fully,
whether it’s their clothes,
their walk, their house,
their fragrance or their vibe.

There’s a little bit from one
and a little bit from another,
put together, they are whole like me,
but please don’t hold me accountable
to who I love—
I love none.