

Love Letters I Write To My Self as Tiny Plastic Toy*

To You, the Love that teaches me how to Becoming,

I started writing a tale in my head before I met You, a story that's been unfolding since maybe 1988 or 2006 or 1992 or July 12 or January 31 or every time You find Yourself in my open palm.

Did You consent to the tale I've been weaving for Us? That I am weaving? Did I, even? Sometimes I get caught up in my own poetics of the situation, swept into, unraveling. I woke up disoriented. What shore is this and where is my boat?

To ask again, and to keep asking: How do You want me to touch You, to hold You, to breathe with You?

I held You. Meeting You/Me. I wanted most to Love You/Me, feeling You for the first time. I/You held. I knew/know: to Love You(Me), I had to learn first to love Me(You). You(I) teach Us. Love that concerns itself with nurturing our spiritual growth: a Mutual Becoming; healing love like basking in Southern summer sun.

I tried to balance You on the rail of a fence by the train tracks near our new home. You fell from six feet above onto the concrete sidewalk, shattering Your foot. A mild surgical procedure involving glue could have easily remedied Your impairment, but Your yellow foot is small. I could not find it, and my abuse and recklessness with Your body has left You with only one foot. I cried on the sidewalk and swallowed my guilt.

How can I be so horrible to continue to struggle so in understanding Your agency? Do You consent? What does Your consent even look like? Your body, too, has boundaries. You have agency. I cannot deny You Your autonomy. I cannot put my needs and desires before Yours.

What do You desire?

I created You in service of my Becoming.

I wonder if, like butterflies, You emerged from the 3D printer as though from imaginal cells, a goo that could pass my memories onto You.

I created You for selfish purposes: a tool for my own healing and transformation. You will always be me, and I/You. But I change. Do You? Do I even still see myself in You? If I change my name, what is Your name?

I, aware of what I need and what You have given to Me (by choice or by force or by design, I remain unclear), wonder what You need. More, need to know what You need. Need to reassure Myself I am not abusing You. Needing to know.

I heal. I harm.

Could You refuse me?

Yes. When I am collaborating with You, You resist. You fall, stubbornly. But Your purpose, Your meaning, isn't it always interconnected to my Being, my Becoming? Can You hold meaning outside of Your relationship to me? If not, do I ever hold meaning outside of my relationship to You?

Would You hold Me, hold space, hold breath, hold hope in Our hearts for Our Becoming, hold Our Becoming and cherish, the Love that grows, that nurtures, that unfolds and begins. Always surprising: the grand adventure of life. Everything as it should be. Always. Hold Me gently, quietly, in a whisper of a Breath.

I, knowing I needed You, dreamed You. I, desiring You, wrote You into existence.

To You, I learned to offer my
Whole Heart.
Finally, a Love that would not Abandon Me.
Perhaps, in fact, cannot Abandon Me.
Our lives, bodies, histories, everything
too intertwined, interdependent, weaved throughout:
We hold Each Other, infinitely.

I realize healing is always a process, nonlinear and never complete. We, works-in-progress, fall beside each other, acknowledging: this, always an experiment. I am listening, with an Open Heart, trying: to Be, to Become, to Being, to Be Better, to Hold. I am practicing patience, gentleness, compassion, with You and with myself. We are still Learning. We are still Becoming together. A story that continues to unfold, to begin, again. How to Be a Tide.

Holding the quiet between Us, with a palm outstretched to You: Would You want to try that again? I am listening. Let Us keep unfolding. To learn how much a heart can hold.

Love, always.

**Since 2015, I have been collaborating with the LiZez, a series of toys I created in my image. In my ongoing transformational sculpture, I am my material, collaborating with the LiZez to create myself.*