

The Cost of You By Andrew Sharpe

*Last night, I told you that I loved you
For a moment, I saw the truth in your eyes,
And knew that you loved me too.
You looked surprised though,
as if my love was not yours to take,
and not for the first time,
I wondered at the cost of being you,
And why you must pay it alone.*

*I told you that I loved you,
I thought you might see the meaning of my words.
My love is not possessive, it does not require vulnerability, or physicality.
My love for you, my light, my guide, is enduring and unconditional.*

*It will not burn; it will not harm or bind.
But still, the fear holds you in its grip,
and not for the first time,
I wondered at the cost of being you,
And why you must pay it alone.*

*I love you.
I will always hold you in my heart,
Love for you fills me, completes me,
more than enough for one life,
and I count myself the luckiest of souls.
But one day, if the fates permit,*

*I will pay the cost of being you,
and you of me,
and we shall no longer be alone.*