Published in *Tendrils.* 2025

I Am Raw

I confess

I am raw and much rubs me wrong

during these septuagenarian years—

where my snaked skin has shed its many layers

as tender moments carry tears—

oh such a weakness this time.

I settle into lonely feelings

and realize it's okay

my love will saunter his own independent way,

even though I hold up his world.

and I just be with this feeling of *yuck.*

I will embrace this feeling

understand it's part of life.

melt into its corners.

not stress over it.

this rawness has to be.

for now.