

Please Do Not Blame Me

by Jill Chan

You know that I tried my best
with what resources I have.

If love were a resource,
I'd be the poorer one.

You'd mine it
for everyone.

Meanwhile, I'd steady myself
with you,

your blame
my constant source.

I don't know the way.
I was blind like everyone

in love was. I felt with all
my parts the way to you,

the ruggedness of a heart
I stumbled to pretend.

But I did not pretend.
I was disappointed with love,

and like everyone else,
stammered out of love

into a place horrified
with meaning.

And you were the understanding
I left behind. You were the nature

of this love. Only, I felt it
when I left you—all my leaving

returned like a gathering,
a hesitation considered.

Everything I made of you
I unmade with my mind.

You answered with whatever
I did not give. That you were

not closed to my wishes,
and that you were not waiting.

