

# 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.

