

The Price

The price of love is sleepless nights, tangled in sheets of pleasure or pain...

Lavish gifts of trust and candlelit feasts of hope offered freely.

The price of love is blurring of the lines between us so that your pain is mine,

Your joys my victories, your dreams my visions,

And all I am and have is yours to share without boundaries,

Without fear.

But this sleepless night of pain, I stare in silent disbelief

At the priceless gifts carelessly shattered and consciously crushed,

The feast left cold on the table, stripped and cast aside, only carcasses remaining,

And know that I have paid a fearsome price.

For when the cost of love is loss of self, of who I am and need to be,

I cry "enough."

The boundaries refine and redefine to shelter what remains—what must remain

So I can live to pay the price again

With someone who will see and know

Who I am and what I give

And the price I am willing to pay for love.