



*has the sun ever  
refused to shine  
on the surface of the  
water?*

maybe, but  
not in my presence.

*so i continue  
bringing myself  
into the light.*

i deserve to be seen.  
*in my ebbs and  
my flows.*

i deserve to be seen.  
*even when my mind  
tells me differently.*

i deserve to be seen.  
*despite my tendency  
to seek the background.*

so,  
maybe this is why  
i always run home  
to the sea.

after all,  
*how can one  
quantify the ocean?*

*how can one measure,  
explain,  
define  
this global body  
of raging water?*

if i don't have to explain  
the ocean,  
i don't have to explain  
myself.

for as long as the ocean  
continues to take up  
space,  
*so will i.*

***ii. a real man***

*i still remember the first time  
you cried.*

chest heaving,  
breath broken,

tears dripping  
like dewdrops from  
morning grass.

you told me you  
were not enough,  
and instead of  
reassuring you  
that you are,

i could only smile.

while salt stained lips  
fought to admit  
your fear that your  
emotions  
took something away  
from your manhood,

again, i felt  
a smile stretch  
across my cheeks.

*baby,*  
i breathed,  
holding you  
as if i were cradling  
shards of splintered glass.

*a real man is not  
found in the  
running or  
the chasing,  
the fighting or  
the defending,*

*but in the  
crying.*

*in the  
weakness.*

*in the  
vulnerability.*

the truth is,  
*you are just as much  
of a man  
tonight  
as you were  
yesterday morning.*

and in my eyes,  
*you will still  
be just as much  
of a man  
tomorrow.*



out of all  
that i have read,  
the one thing  
that stays with me  
is when quentin is  
describing margo  
in paper towns, and  
says that she  
*“is not skinny,  
but that is the whole  
point of her.”*

honestly, i am  
not even sure  
if i reread that book  
over and over  
because of the story, or  
just that singular  
line.

*“that is the whole  
point of her.”*

- what is  
the point  
of me?-

- do i have  
a point  
at all?-

i am not made  
of sharp edges.  
cut corners.  
lines drawn thin.

i am blurred angles.  
curving skin.  
swelling lungs.  
moving bones.

*i am here,*  
and that is  
the point of me.

*i am here,*  
and that is  
enough.