

With Who You Land

Love's not the harbor where you finally dock,
By mapping the coordinates, rigid as a clock.
The beauty's not the steady, final place you stay,
But the dizzy, reckless tumble along the way.
The breathless plunge, the giving up of ground,
That's where the truest magic's always found.
Finding a partner to stand by your side,
To join in the tumble, to ride out the tide.
You don't need a map or a guarantee,
Just hands held tight as you both defy gravity.
For the landing is easy, the horizon is clear,
When the one that you're holding is all you hold dear.
Forget the map or the ring on the hand,
It's not where you're going, it's with who you land.