

## **DEAR IGLOO.**

When you melt, there is no assurance you will be. Anything.  
Part of you will freeze again.  
More of you will float the world.  
Some of you will blow through people laying claim.  
And the smallest part yet will  
ignite  
in another  
what you have  
ignited  
in them.

If you've been lucky to ignite anything.

When you meet your melter it will be far easier to say no.  
To write it off and tell it to go.  
Woah.  
You have nothing to teach me.  
So?

When you meet your melter you will have to decide if you want to survive.  
Or if you want to thrive.  
Your melter will come.  
But it's your choice to melt.  
Or stay.  
Your choice to freeze.  
Or stay.  
Your choice  
to let the melter be your teacher.

You have to love your igloo  
in order to let it go.  
The pleasure in filling up has to come slow.  
To start, it might feel better to close the eyes.  
And tilt the head to the side.  
And sigh.  
Wait — did you just hit your stride?

To me you are beautiful.  
But to your melter you are also a monster.  
And you can stay a monster  
and still find love.

But sex is monstrous.  
So is ignition.  
So is indignation.

Nothing is one thing.  
When you melt you will be four.  
You are what you are and your melter will come.  
And you will melt once more.