
To the men and women I love

Know me for what I am.

We each seek out in others that which we need most to find, and too easily forget how much of what we find is therefore a reflection of ourselves.

I have journeyed on the paths of self-discovery and realisation. There is yet more distance to be covered, and your crossing of my path, the mirroring of me that this happy incident permits, will take me further.

And yet, for all the reflections we see between us, there is a person behind the glass, a person with their own understanding of the world, a unique set of meanings, an identity.

Gaze steadily; stand quiet a moment and observe, for it is my wish to be known to you. Arts I have in measure, but rule out artifice, connivance: contrivance and deceit are games for those who only live within the frame of the looking-glass, and therefore have no depth.

I would have you fathom me, and so I stand before you open, guileless and innocent.

Within me lurk all the most terrible monsters of antiquity and legend. They move about in dark corners, hungry and savage. But here too, within this same person, are woods and groves, mountains and plains inhabited by fabulous beasts of light and magic. See within this one unremarkable face both Old Hag and the Morning Angel. Watch both Saturn and Venus move behind my eyes. Within my arms feel a martial power and utter submission. I am both totality and non-entity. I exist along the full length of infinity.

I know all this of myself and yet I am unmade, unknowing. Comprehend me.

Know me for what I am; a woman who loves you.

Tilla
