

LOVE LIVES IN MANY

Love lives in many mansions,
But the name on the mailbox is never the same.

For instance, a mailbox, built like a locomotive,
Stands in front of a sprawling mansion with yard art,
Cupola, pool, six-car garage, plastic gnomes in the garden,
And ceramic cats climbing the walls.
The name on the locomotive is

Attachment.

Moving on, we find a black stucco mansion
Bristling with spires of witches caps, a withering lawn,
A car on blocks, and its great doors flapping in the wind.
The name on the crooked mailbox is

Emotional Dependence.

On down the road is a pink and blue mansion
With toys in the yard, swings in the trees, bicycles on the drive,
And a Victorian Gingerbread Playhouse.

The mailbox, mounted on a skateboard, bears the name

Biological Mandate.

Most interesting is the mansion that's half red brick
And half gray granite, split right down the middle.
The brick and granite are intricately interlaced,
Making a fascinating pattern. Mesmerizing it is.
The mailbox, half red half gray, is labeled

Co-dependency.

A thousand crumbling mansions, and more,
Display the many names of Love.

There is, however, deep within the mountain, a most splendid mansion.
Built with indestructible, iridescent stone—not from Earth.
It extends on, clear and clean, disappearing into eternity.
With an infinite number of rooms, it still has space for more.
No name graces the mailbox, but if there were one, it might be something like

Unconditional.

Baby Love, it's really good to know where you live,
And where you *desire* to live.

