

Who.

Who am I,
Who sees the reflection in your eyes,
Where wildness and unquestionable knowing lie

Who hears,
The pulsing of blood in my ears,
So human,
Pounding and calling me with rhythm and urgency

Who are you,
Who flew headlong into my window pane
And lay in my hands
Breathing from another world.

Who looked at me and let me see
Everything that you are
And everything in me
Before you chose to live again and fly.

Who are we
Who merged into each other hearts
Softness, power, freedom, magic.

Who gave me
The courage to walk without fear
Into a place of trusting
That feels like home.

Who called me

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