

## **And So I Write**

the word LOVE in my diary, to remind myself  
of the underpinning of all the things I do.

I craft the letters with a ruler,

taking great pains to ensure that everything  
is smooth, straight, in order. I decorate the word  
with a border and I colour it all in, in a way

I haven't done since primary school.

I really want this word to stand out – LOVE.

The unassailable axiom; the uncaused cause;

that than which nothing greater can be conceived.

Until I realise that the letters aren't quite even.

Some of the lines are thicker than others

and if you squint a bit you can see

a slight smudge on the page. The letter O

seems sort of squished, and although the word

is still, recognisably, LOVE, it looks somewhat

misformed, somehow. And so I carry now

this buckled LOVE everywhere I go –

in my diary, tucked tight in my rucksack –

and this imperfection is part of everything I do,

a bold, flawed LOVE on the pages of my days.

*Joshua Seigal*