there is a poem by Hafiz hanging in my house that reads,

*ever since happiness heard your name, it has been running through the streets trying to find you.*

it breaks my heart a little every time I look at it. it makes me think about who we were when we were young before things started getting explained to us. things like gender, race, religion, and sexuality. things like fear, rejection, and shame. before that we were happy because we hadn’t been taught (yet) not to accept others. we were happy because we hadn’t been taught (yet) not to accept ourselves.

every day I work to get back to that place the place where there are no walls between you and me. the place where vulnerability is real and beautiful. the place where I am happy and you are happy too.

*I hear it calling our names.*