

the gift to be ungiven

I gave my parents a gift
wrapped in pink wrapping paper.
for years it was treasured
worth more than they could express
they knew that they loved it,
because it was silently perfect, if not else.

for all these years of possession,
they never considered
if was there something more beneath.
it was not curiosity that led them to open it,
rather a blade of time waiting to be unsheathed.

when they tore down the paper
tugged at the seams
they did not uncover the magic
that once shone in their eyes.
that once was the light of their life.
for all practical purposes,
that beam was extinguished in one night.

you see, the present was peculiar in that
it was bruised.
the corners were rounded,
the bow lay untamed,
it reeked of nonconformity,
it was to be shamed.

but the return label is nowhere
to be found
what was said

will be frowned
upon.
no, it can not be
undone.

perhaps if they took a step back,
they would regain
the light in their life
who was just bartering for a life
of joy, happiness, love, and acceptance.
I,
I am the present.