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The Giver

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The Giver

When all you have you give away,
You open your hands to find
They're empty.

Perhaps it's the way I was raised—
The culture of being a woman.
Perhaps it's something I caught from the movies—
That if you give someone everything,
They will give you love.

Well, it isn't like that.

I draw cups of water for everyone from my well.
Ladle after ladle,
Spoonng generously into their bowls,
Spilling over
In my exuberance.
Offering one more mouthful,
Again and again.
When I reach back in, once more,
I scrape the bottom,
Come up with mud
And find the bottom of the well is dry.

When you give and give
Almost urgently
Almost desperately
And no one gives back,
What do you do?

When you're left feeling hungry,
Stomach growling,
Eyes full.

When you've gone so long in giving,
You've forgotten you're supposed to receive.