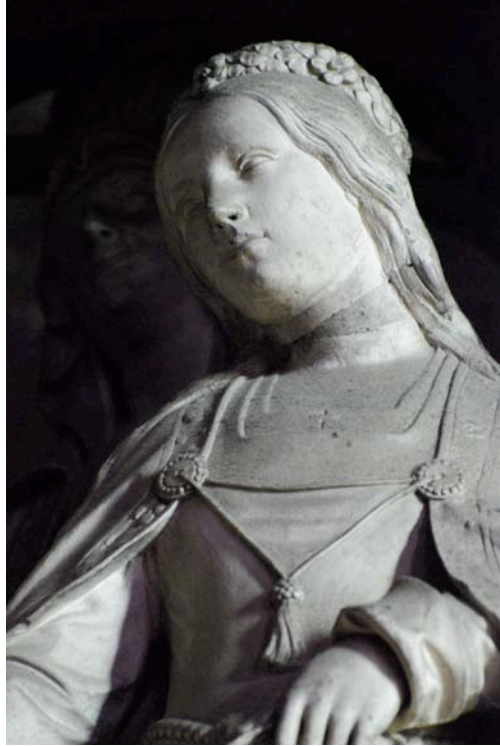


## Becoming Married



I can gaze at you,  
you look at me;  
what are we seeing?  
Our vision is clouded  
by the hopes we want to believe,  
the fears we know intimately,  
all that we have unquestioningly accepted from our upbringings.  
It is difficult to know myself,  
how will I ever know you?

