

When I was writing, "I once loved a Buddhist with a stubborn heart," I was thinking about past relationships and how complex we are as humans, but also wondering, *What is a flaw and what is a feature?* The speaker in the poem doesn't want to finish the labyrinth meditation, she wants the pleasure of the dessert (I feel as if I am this person a lot of time), but is that so wrong? I do remember when I was writing it, I was remembering specific events like the hotel cookies and the painted parking lot labyrinth, but I surprised myself when I wrote, *like all the humans I didn't love/well enough*. I thought, *Wow, Kelli, you still carry that*. It's always strange when a poem reveals something to me about myself that I would have never found the words to say.