

My love is like a river

In the shadow of apple trees
I walk alone in thought.
Friends follow far behind.
I must wait, be still.

I stride closer
Beyond this mossy path
Beside the stream
Cutting nectared fields of wild flowers
As my heart beats fast
To see you smile again
And bring me happiness.

I remember mid afternoon,
Squeaky bikes with sandwiched baskets
Slither past,
Squirrels scamper
From slender tightropes
And we mingle with crowds.
Late evening
On these walkways
When our journey ends
We have travelled in starlight.

My love is like a river
That scurries on its way
From sparkling brook
In effervescent gurgling
To be joined by others
In its murmuring and its babbling
Over rocks to tumble down a bit,
And spreads out serene
Past meadows in the light of summer
Past houses as their dwellers sleep
Calmly moving
Wide and resolute
Flowing with strength
Intently, deeply
Merging boundless
Fresh and joyous
Into the open sea.