

The Memory Makers

In a mild December, bathed by your love
And counting down the days till we meet again,
I revel in memory of you, clearer than reality
My mind filled with your being and your doing
Your laugh, your smile, your touch, your song,
My hand in yours, my arms around you,
My eyes in your eyes, your soul touching mine;
Your kisses, gentle and passionate, wild and tender.
Talking softly into sweetest night, our outlines merge
And our boundaries disappear. Only time
Remains, its sentence of separation ticking slowly,
Each second a caress remembered, until
The deep joy of our release comes like a great cat
Bounding in, fresh as a waterfall, setting us free
To make new memories, firm and rich, joyous,
Transcendent as the sunset, invigorating as the dawn.