Poem

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You belong in this place:

The mists of morning in the valley
inscrutable as the unseen parts of you;
The quietness of the lane under winter stars
reflecting the slow smile in your eyes;
The crinkly, dry leaves against my back as I lie
absorbing warmth from the tea and the cookies
and from your body blanketing mine;
The hilly undulations of the countryside
in correspondence with the lines of my soul
and the curving mesh our bodies form.

Your cracked brown hands
hold the soil with understanding—
You and the land
in simple being,
in the quiet recognition
of your own strengths,
in the calm knowledge
of your own changes
inside one share of
immortality.

You are this place for me.