Old Lovers

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Old Lovers

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Getting up from an old lover
You realize that this is fit,
This is molded,
Comforting and comfortable.
Designed to keep
Designed to hold.
There may be nothing that fits or molds so well as this.
Lines and curves traced by own hands before
Handles and lumps and bumps that have conformed to touch,
Given way like rock to water.
Hesitation knows no place here.
Hands have known the trails of an old lover
And they follow the paths of least resistance.
Too long has it taken for rock to give way to water,
For trails to be beaten and laid.
This is fit,
This is molded.
Old lovers become old lovers out of habit,
Out of time,
Out of comfort and fit
You realize
Getting up from an old lover.

Writing poetry has always been Erin Vander Linden’s outlet for all of the unexpected, negative or truly beautiful aspects of life. Part of what draws her to poetry and psychology would be the idea that everyone has a story to tell, and they are sometimes just waiting to be asked to share it.