

Poem in Your Pocket Day; April 29th, 2021

Locator

I don't know why love works. Yet it's
undeniable, every line of it hand tooled

like a finely wrought page.

This is very exciting, the extra beat that my

heart skipped, because marriage is discipline
like an athlete's, with the grace of a dance.

It's stillness and silence, the
end of our differences.

Surely our bodies were always
prepared for it. I was on the

verge of sorrow when I thought of this,
this tissue, this sustaining

legend. Here's the door
that will not close. The outcome is uncertain.

Why do you torture me for explanations?
I only know love is the bed of gold we lie on.



Alan Squire Publishing

Poem by MD Poet
Laureate, Grace Cavalieri
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Lives*
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