

Twilight Together

By Glenn Currier

It's a quiet cool twilight
and through the windows I see
elm and pear standing in elegant silhouette
arms and delicate fingers
calmly reach for the sky.
They know not the years' end is nigh
they remember spring summer and fall
and now they rest in winter's arms
theirs the wisdom of passing
season unto season
their roots reach down and deepen.

We two are quiet at twilight
yet reaching for the heavens,
but we *do* know the years we've stayed,
more than eighteen thousand days
in the embrace of our love
season unto season
our roots deepen
and reach into our hearts
finding reason upon reason
to learn and grow and mature
millions of minutes step by step to endure.

And breath by breath
she has said yes upon yes
to this man unworthy of the grace
I have found in her voice and her embrace.
In moments of anger and near despair
we crafted a sculpture of care.

We've walked through darkness into light
knelt before each other sad and contrite
for our failures and night upon night
we have laid side by side
and together we've stayed
conquered our pride
found the divine in each other and beyond
turned tears and fears into a durable bond.

Still her smile melts me
floats me and bolts me
and her lips still thrill and pull me into her fiery orbit.
Even after this long, this woman I cannot resist
and yes, she persists
in her acceptance of this old guy
who can still bring a sparkle to her eye
a chuckle to her voice and a smile to her face.

Here we are at this twilight time
golden and holdin together
and – still – yes, still we rhyme.

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Author's Note: Dedicated to my wife, Helen Elizabeth Currier on our 50th wedding anniversary