

Poem

Petals on the Floor
Is Love at the role of a dice?
Eenie meenie miney mo
He loves me yes he love me no?
Fool me once not twice

Must it be a fickle thing?
Easy come and go...
Like fast flowing rivers change
Like leaves that seasons rearrange
Like sunshine defrosting snow?

Must it be a fickle thing?
Like the swinging of a mood?
night following on from day
Blue skies cloud to murky grey
Like changing taste in food?

Love is smoke- Shakespeare said
A wispy changing thing
But O that it were something more than
Something that will leave no orphan
A steady song to sing.

O to find love like rock
When all around is sand
Where anxious hearts breathe deep
Where love bottles the tears we weep
A sturdy place to stand.

Is there anywhere such a thing?
That a thousand dawns and dusks won't spoil?
Or changing appetites consume?
Before cradle beyond the tomb?
The toil in our toil.

Is this not why we are restless?
The horizon for which we reach?
Known mainly in its absence
It's shadow chased in a million distractions
And yet we remain beached.

But there is an old old story
Of love as strong as death
Of love that doesn't come and go
But always fights and holds it own.
From first to final breath

Where that old horizon comes near.
Where love sick hearts breathe deep
See his hands his feet because
This cross is death but this death is love
It's what in our seeking we seek.

Never failing ever hoping
When we're healing when we're broken
Everlasting ever-faithful
Unchanging unbreakable
Here is love vast as the ocean
Nothing cheap nothing token

Beautiful beyond rhyme or compare

Petals on the floor? No.
Heart be lifted, clap you hands!
Look look love; so amazing so divine....it is, it is, it is
God stooping down to kiss...
Love's line in the sand

