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The Front Porch

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The Front Porch

Precious moments rush by like shooting stars,
and those moments, all too quickly, turn into days and years.
Years that I had hoped would be filled with intimacy
for you and me. I dreamed of the kind of intimacy poets
write about; an intimacy that has escaped us in
our years together. And so I still wait and hope for
that very special relationship. I have knocked and begged
and pleaded for you to open the door to your heart, but
I am still locked out, still sad and lonely, still waiting.
I feel as though I am sitting on the front porch of your
life, waiting for you to invite me to come inside.

I have weathered storms and shivered
as the rain blended into my tears. I have given up hope
in the dark nights only to have it renewed again with
morning's promising sunrise. I long to come inside
and find a warm, cozy place where I can snuggle up and
feel safe and loved. I want to fill your space with caring and affection. I
want the door locked behind
me instead of in front of me. I want to laugh with
you, to enjoy life with you, I want only for both
of us to be happy.

But, how much longer can I wait,
rocking the years away on the front porch? How much
longer before winter takes over and my feelings grow
cold? How much longer before I give up, go down
the stairs, and lock the gate behind me?
How much longer?

By: Marge Golaszewski

Twilight

The blue-nosed goose and the fuzzy-tailed swan
sat together in the fairy tale twilight.
The grass uncurled and the dew slid down
making cool little puddles for their flat pink feet.
How many moonbeams
how many singing clouds
played hide and seek with darting stars.
Crickets plucked their instruments
rocking worlds to sleep
and the two sat there nodding side by side.
The blue-nosed goose and the fuzzy - tailed swan
in their feathered dreams they paddled through the night.

By: Jeanne Pachaly

"Happiness is not a state to
arrive at but a manner of
traveling."

Margret Lee Runbeck