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THE MAN WHEN HE HAS GROWN OLD: A LOVE POEM FOR MY HUSBAND

by M. Luhra Tivis

*The man with leaves in his hair
walks by;
his shirt is gray; there's
a marigold stuck in his button-
hole.
Paisley patches on his elbows
clash with
Irish tweed. There are no birds—
the wood
is quiet, but for the footsteps of
the man with leaves in his hair.
He pauses to light his weed,
breathes in
a deep breath, and holds. He
loves
the autumn and the growing
herbs.
The light in his eyes is gold; he
dreams
in the filtered light of the wood;
he
dreams of the light in her eyes.
Smoke
wreathes his face; he knocks the
ash to the moss—
the smoke breathes slowly out
and dissipates. ■*



illustration by Mongo Allen