



Over

Carmen Wilcox

Pausing
between one memory
and the next
I lace together
some tender thoughts.

Delicate
as a bird-deserted branch,
still quivering.

Still feeling the same
as in the advent of our love
when our minds sparked
and our souls danced.

As the flower
brings forth
the same petals –
so my whole being
manifests the same love.

Drawing : Cécile Wadlow