

In Time,

by Nonnie Augustine

IN TIME,

we will walk on gravel paths
studded with gemstones.
Our plates and bowls will be chipped
porcelain exquisitely painted.
When we drive in our weary car
we will listen to Mozart.
Sunlight will fade our carpet
and our windows will be
draped in fine French lace.
We will dress for work
and undress for pleasure.

Sway and I'll steady you.
If I should slip, you'll put me right.
Each will soften the landings
of the other's great leaps.

As we sit at this café table
in Montmartre, sheltered
from the downpour, I see our future.
I will write it down on torn paper,
using a sapphire pen.

