

# Bon Bons

*by* Judith A. Lawrence

It's become a ritual every few years  
to sort through the contents of  
this heart-shaped ribboned box  
filled with notes of passion  
yellowed through the years.

The various ragged edge scraps of paper  
fall loosely to the bed in disarray.  
I carefully unfold the ink blurred corners,  
struggle with aging eyes  
to re-read the words of lovers and poets  
caught up in the heat of the moment.

Disjointed ramblings written  
in the wee hours of the evening,  
napkin poems, rhyming poems,  
a four page letter filled with  
second thought corrections.  
Not what he meant to say?

With renewed interest I linger  
over each fragment,  
read between the lines,  
vividly recall the beginning,  
middle, and end of romances.  
I cry, laugh out loud,  
cringe, regret, savor,  
re-live again and again,  
the song and dance of love.

