

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.

