

Love in the Nick of Time

by Judith A. Lawrence

Love was upon a time,
a five and dime store
jewel offering,
a dance in the moonlight
on a ballroom roof.

Love was a café seduction
by a dark and brooding stranger,
dangerous and obsessive,
narrowly escaped.

Love was wedding chimes,
powdered babies,
pink and blue,
birthday candles,
school bells,
empty nests,
departures.

Love was of the intellect,
of the poet,
matured wine,
adventurous,
remembered.

Love was late coming,
in the time of erosion,
yin to the yang,
consolable,
enduring,
and dam near perfection.

