

This love.

by Lorraine Joubert

This love,
We're too scared to have.
This bond,
We declared sacred to keep.

This complicated love,
This uncomplicated bond,
Is ours now.
Tomorrow is far.

Please, my friend,
- Never in pain and distance -
Frown on these moments,
With bitterness and vain

These seeds,
may never become trees,
to shelter our children's play
or even cover our graves,

But please,
Never declare them pests
or deny that we
planted them together.

