

Young Love
(To my wife)

I don't remember where it was,
that campsite long ago,
When you and I sat hand in hand
and watched the embers glow.
The babbling brook, the whispered breeze,
the smell of pinewood smoke,
The way you gave my hand a squeeze,
When latent love awoke.

The darkness settled like a tent,
the heavens crystal clear,
The random shooting stars so bright,
and you so very near.
I placed a kiss upon your lips,
you answered mine with yours;
Though we were old we proved again,
that youthful love endures.

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