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A Spring Day

So much happens
in the course of a spring day—

clocks move forward,
daffodils pop in gardens

your luscious kisses coat my lips
as you arrive from the farmer's market

smiling with a burst
of spring in your right hand.

Your arrival makes me glow, as I sit
in my patio chair, hunched over my journal,

scribbling to make sense of what
our future may hold:

how many more daffodils for us?
and where will we go hence?

There's bliss in sipping wine with you,
after pushing branches aside

on back-country hikes, and driving
windy country roads finding peace

in these simple journeys.
We are born alone, we die alone too,

but what really happens
in the middle

during the course of a day,
is only a blessing to behold.