

A TABLE FOR TWO

THE GOLDEN YEARS
HAVE ROOTED INSIDE US
EVEN NOW YOUR TOUCH IS KITTEN LIKE

EVER SO NEATLY
YOU INVEST IN KINDNESS
WHILE I SMEAR MY FACE WITH EGG

I NEED NO MORNING COFFEE
YOUR EYES ARE A BEAUTIFUL RUSH
AS IT WAS WHEN WE FIRST MET
A TWINKLE THAT CAPTURES MY HEART

-James Collins