

Boomer Valentine

I sit here on the steps, framed in
red flowers all blooming, and you in bed,
dead to the world, and I was going to
give you a valentine, this time really
remember, like a chocolate heart, but
you know that's not smart in this year of
the heart, what with cholesterol, and all.

So I sit and watch a butterfly, and
think of us talking how time flies,
how we've turned around and felt the future,
saw what's around the corner by seeing
our elders forging days ahead,
hearing our footsteps in their echoes,
wondering if we'll follow in their stead.

There are many ways of loving,
and I don't mind showing you another one.
There are many ways of loving, and I
understand your need to be alone.
So I sit here watching butterflies and
while you're sleeping, I'll be keeping
watch on just how fast time flies.

Yes, while you're sleeping, I'll be keeping
watch on just how fast time flies.

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Robyn M. Davis

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