

A Little Love Poem

He strode the sand
cock in hand.
“Ha ha” she said
“you’ve come to play.”

So arm in arm they graced the shore
to board the boat, to row the oars
to an island of wind-swept trees,
indigo blue and viridian.

They built a house of mist and beige
upon a hill, above a marsh
of cackling wings and wolfling calls.
And felt for a short time
they were home.