

Love Came to Visit Me

Part I: The Glory of Light

As the sunshine
slips past the horizon and
sinks cool into the
wondering waves
of the ocean—my mind sinks too,
down to a wondrous level of
amethyst colored stars
and deep cotton sheets.

I dream a little dream—where love
holds lightly to my fingertips and
brushes by my lips like a
summer breeze,
warm and carrying
the scent of spearmint
grown wild in the fields.

I see your face,
smile neatly spread across nice teeth.
I like you—your eyes, your smile, your kiss.
I've seen you and known you before.

But only here, in this
memory-laden land of
closed eye illumination,
do I know you now.

I wish for you to come to me during
the time when alarm clocks
and coffee steam fills my mind's eye,
when the everyday burden of living
seems too heavy a load to bear alone.

I look for the face I've memorized,
looking for the feeling deep within
the green shades of my soul
that will tell me you're close.

And as I watch the glory of light give itself
gently unto the night mystery,
I, too, give myself back to
my dreams where you hold me soft
and remind me that you are on your way,
but ironic is heavy and
you are in the wrong lane.

Part II: We Were Still Tumbling

Unseasonably warm
air swirled around us.
Early December
you kissed me on the porch,
pulling me close to you.
Your lips tasted of
spearmint
and your hands
lightly touched my cheeks
sending the feeling
racing through
the rainbow of
my soul.
It finally settled in
my toes, but
we were still tumbling.
I'd swear you were
the remnants of
a dream dancing
on the edge of my mind
teasing me to revel
in the memory.

Then—you kissed me again,
bringing me back.
I looked at you.
Really looked at you
and realized
I'd taken another
picture for my
mental scrapbook.
Someday I'd tell my
grandchildren
that, indeed,
Love came to visit me on a
warm December day.



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