

A POEM I WROTE TO YOU

When I was carefree, and more through
with boys than I've ever been before;
I caught your eye, across a fire,
unaware of our future in store.
A spark; a friendship kindled,
Loyalty that could not be ignored.

At eighteen you proposed to me.
Beneath a July starlit sky.
The moon stole my breath away,
All heaven awaiting my reply.
With my "yes," the earth exhaled,
And tears flooded both our eyes.

At nineteen I tortured you.
I dragged your heart to the depths of hell.
Blinded with confusion, I ground it,
Crushed it, lit it ablaze as well.
Months you held on, a year, you knew
I'd come through; my fears you'd dispel.

At twenty we married, happy, complete.
Not two but three cords of strong braided rope.
You tread gently, protecting my heart.
Unto this bond, I entrust all my hope.

— *Arika Baker*