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So Here We Two are at 50

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So Here We Two are at 50

Robert J. De Smith

We're corralling falling leaves on our front yard,
We're planting bulbs while cursing rabbits,
We're emptying planters and trimming dying branches.
The garden is empty.

We're unhooking the hose in fear of frost,
Bringing in the liquids from the garage,
Stowing the picnic table
And locking down the windows.

We're working late.

Winter's coming.

Better get out the season's dim candles
And test run the snowblower.

But is it winter to us?

For we also
Hold hands in worship
Nod to the beat of three
Chosen instruments,
Visit old men,
Warm the house with food—
And love.

These activities
Are not seasonal.

“This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long”