

## MARY ANNE'S ON ANY ANNIVERSARY

Remember Canada?

                            We pooled  
our dollars and we went,  
relying only on each other  
and a car that had its problems.

Since then our counterpoints  
persist.

                            I hate fast  
and love slow while you're  
the opposite.

                            I'm Centigrade.  
You're Fahrenheit.

                            I throw away.  
You treasure.

                            I hear the words  
and trace the silhouettes.

                            You learn  
the rhythm and enjoy the colors.

If every day's the picnic  
after Adam's dream, we're picnickers.

En route to anywhere, we bicker  
as we go but come home  
happy.

                            What bonds us then?

A love of figure-skating,  
manners, courage, and the poetry

of being kind?

Or just  
that difference makes no  
difference to the heart.

Confirmed  
by how we faced three deaths  
together and a birth that answered  
everything, we're sure of nothing  
but the going on.

We take  
our chances like Freud's "group  
of two" whose only books are stars  
and waves and what the wind  
is doing...

Queen of the right  
word and when it should be  
said, I love you for the way  
you keep surprising me by being  
you.

Who else could whisper  
through the pentothal before  
your surgery, "If anything goes  
wrong, take care of Sam."

Then to prove the woman in you  
never sleeps, you added, "How  
do I look?"

Darling, no wonder  
every child and flower opens up

to you.

You can't be unreceiving  
or deceiving if you want to,  
and you've yet to want to.

That's your mystery.

If "love  
plus desperation equals poetry,"  
then love plus mystery is all  
the desperation I deserve to learn.

On cold nights or warm

I'll turn and tell you this,  
not loud enough to wake you,  
but in secret, softly, like a kiss.