

One Another's Best

It happens when what I say
and what I'd hoped to say
are one and the same, and even
better than I hoped.

The sure
perfection of it lingers.

Gratitude seems not enough.

I want to let the world
know, but quietly---so quietly
that no one hears me but
myself.

It's like discovering
love for the first, last
and only time.

The once
of it gladdens but saddens.

"Sorrow ends," wrote Shakespeare,
"not when it seemeth done."

My only one, my dearest,
your requiem and birthday
happened together.

Was this
your way or God's of promising
that right now and forever
would someday be the same
for us, regardless of the odds?