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Sisters

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Romance BLOOMS on the Porch

Me, nineteen, shy, an introvert.
 He, twenty-three, a Renaissance man.
 First date—a near disaster—
 he cloaked in a London Fog coat
 singing/strumming a ukulele
 in his white continental Plymouth Fury
 with gold swivel bucket seats
 at a remote drive-in movie.
 I hug the passenger door.

Second date two weeks later,
 we drive to a friend's home
 for an evening of snacks, Shag steps,
 some smiles and slow dances.
 Leaving, we walk across
 the front porch
 side by side.
 He talks, I listen.

My foot hits the first step.
 He steps into open night air
 three feet above ground.
 The hedgerow breaks his fall.
 I bend into guffaws
 cramping my obliques with joy!
 He brushes off the dirt—he isn't hurt
 except every time he tries to speak,
 I laugh and howl until tears come
 and no breath will.

Fate and chance balance our egos
 that early winter's eve—
 lead us down the marriage aisle
 for forty years in partnership.
 No one ever questions why
 we bought our home with a porch
 a mere four inches high.

Janice Rose



Sisters by Paul Bellah