Romance BLOOMS on the Porch

Janice Rose
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