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## Romance BLOOMS on the Porch

Janice Rose

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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*