

IN THE MIND.

By Elizabeth Burdis.

No matter how old you become,
you will always be the brave young lad
who asked me for a New Year's kiss.

The outer image fades but the inner stays true
and the eyes of love keep steady.

So when the Muse deserts me and
the window becomes an interesting object.

Yellow brick houses blur and become sand dunes
with the wind carrying the sound of the waves,
the smell of the ozone.

We splash the shallows, hand in hand,
and where you are, there is laughter, always laughter.

It assuages the pain of growing older.

My head droops as Christmas reminds me,
another year has gone
and I feel so alone, but only for a moment,
until the door opens and you come in,
bringing laughter and the warmth of your love!