

# Evening

Soft light.

Laughing scents and sounds surround me as I pass the door.  
Work sighs, soothed by the peaceful present.

Steps quicken. Faces brighten.  
We embrace as  
small arms entwine us and  
teenage eyes smile.  
My soul soars.

From youth's distance you reached for this moment.  
Above the enticing temporary. Through years,  
tears, tedium, joy.  
You make possible, then wondrous, our  
endless savouring of life's way.  
Thank you.

I love you.

Written by bob mccue  
for  
Juli McCue  
Christmas 1995