

My Wife

There is something about her when she sleeps that pulls my
heartstrings.

I trace her jaw and mouth like an artist.

If I drew it, the line would be too harsh.

How could I portray the softness and the down that adorns her
cheek?

If I sculpted it, the stone would be unyielding, cold, quite unlike
her warmth.

How could I duplicate her smile?

I kiss her cheek and say, "I love you."

She turns and smiles (there it is again!), even in deepest sleep,

And says, "I love you, too," drifting back into the folds of
dreams.

Words cannot describe her voice, her myriad of looks,

that glimmer of sunshine in my heart and her smile!

A song would capture some of the emotion, but not the whole
tantalizing

three dimensional, living, breathing, day-to-day adventure that is
hers nor the electricity of her touch.

Thus, I content myself to observe her, enthralled and in wonder,

marveling at the unfolding of a person who is as vast as the
universe is to me.

Michael says, Lord, I was not destined to have your embrace in this
lifetime.

Thank you for giving me a part of You to love, instead.