

The Wooden Chest

Everyday he would write a poem on the napkin by his plate –
Then leave it in the mailbox that stood outside the gate.
She would find it in the morning, as she went to fetch the mail,
Where a laugh or tear would follow as she read his little tale.

He wrote of love and happiness; he wrote of golden times.
He never failed to stir her heart, whatever were his rhymes.
She kept them all so carefully; stored in a wooden chest --
From time to time to sift through, and remember all the best.

One day she caught a winter chill, and soon she was no more.
He mourned with tears that flowed as streams an ocean couldn't store.
He could not bring himself to write one single word again,
Until he stumbled on the chest that she had filled back then.

Each note he read again with joy, where on the other side –
Another poem was written, and his heart became alive.
Each word with loving answer she had penned with all her skill,
He read them o'er and o'er again, his heart again to fill.

She wrote of love and happiness; she wrote of golden times.
She never fails to stir his heart, whatever are her rhymes.
He knows she writes a poem each day, and leaves it in the box
That waits for him across the stars, to one day be unlocked.

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