

Routine

A loaf of bread, a quart of milk,
Don't forget the cheese!
Then tomatoes for the pasta sauce,
Oh, where's the garlic, please?

We search the shelves for pinto beans,
On unfamiliar ground.
Which one of us will push the cart
Through the store, and all around?

New things to do together
We must learn each other's ways,
Much is this little thing called love
That satisfies our days.

We build a home together,
Without stone or brick to lay,
We build it out of true respect
For the other, come what may.

We pay the bills, we wash the clothes,
We work and watch the news,
But there, your fingers on my skin,
The love we cannot lose.

Together in so many ways,
In the day to day routine,
We always end up in the place
Where we were meant to be.

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