



YOU AND I

We have coffee in the early morning hours. You bring to the table the scones you made the night before with the jam we bought last month in Charleston's Black Market. The cicadas sing on humidity's wings. And I can hear the not too distant ocean calling out its sanctifying grace. The dog waits, both for a morsel and the routine that is our custom: coffee, pastries and a walk which is followed by a day of good and productive work.

We are mindful of our lives and the circumstances which have brought us together. Bluestone paths, once winding through life's difficulties, have faded gently into white sand, softened with borders of pink morning glories; their fragrance a backdrop to our love and a life made good by you and I.

Friday Night Opus (on a Saturday night)
4 August 2006
Keene, New Hampshire
79 degrees outdoors, clear & star filled sky
fireworks in the distance