



The Widower to his New Love

Deep and hard like the frozen Missouri at Bismarck
In the marches of my youth my sorrow held
Like the river where once they laid train tracks across to Mandan
Sorrow can bear more than t seems it should.
At forty below the river is hard and unyielding
As life without love is.
But spring certainly follows winter
Unnoticed at first under the subtly higher sun
The solid river conceives a melting
And in place of winter's dull rnilkiness takes on a sheen
That hints at the flow to come.
All at once with a loud cracking it breaks
And the ice chunks roar with the abandon and power
Of new love until far down stream
The river becomes a passionate flow
A thousand miles below the sea engulfs it
Just as the joy that is you engulfs me.