

"Love Poem"

*Crumpled strands of silk, stripped
from summer fresh stalks, cling
to an aging threshold of
pear tree wood. Spring
blossom aroma lingers
in knotted and gnarled
branches, now straightened
against walls painted by pipe smoke
and decades. Behind this door, someone
with grease stained fingers, loved
someone who tasted of sugar
and oven coal. They love
somewhere, still.
A Pennsylvania home
is both rock, and river.*

Carla Christopher

"Love Poem"

*Crumpled strands of silk, stripped
from summer fresh stalks, cling
to an aging threshold of
pear tree wood. Spring
blossom aroma lingers
in knotted and gnarled
branches, now straightened
against walls painted by pipe smoke
and decades. Behind this door, someone
with grease stained fingers, loved
someone who tasted of sugar
and oven coal. They love
somewhere, still.
A Pennsylvania home
is both rock, and river.*

Carla Christopher