

Poetry Porch: Poetry

How we love now

By Marge Piercy

As we wander through the twilight
we've grown much closer. Our
younger selves thought we had
cleaved to each other like two

vines intertwined. Trust has
flourished, sunk deep tap roots,
arched over us like a canopy.
We laugh more than we did.

We were pestered by ambition
like a hornet's nest disturbed.
We swatted, we smarted. We
were drunk with distraction.

Now we lean harder, relish each
moment we are given to endure.
enjoy, survive—together. Your
face is imprinted on me as if

I were a silver dollar. Open
me up. In my chest, along
with my cranky old heart,
there is only you you you.