

FUTURE OF LOVE

Francine L. Trevens

When we are old and rock before the fire
Will your dark eyes still lure me with desire?
Will your soft hand tremble to caress
And your voice whisper more tenderness?
Will you my approbation gently seek
Finding new topics of which we shall speak?

Will circumstances dull the love we feel:
Togetherness just negatives reveal?
Will we cringe from each other's touch
And wonder how we dreamed we loved so much?
Impossible to say, too young to know;
So while we love, let's show each other so.

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