

VALENTINE

Gwen Hart

If I could wrap up the whole factory
and bring it to your door, I would. I'd scrub
your floors with love, your stove, every
surface gleaming. I'd wash your clothes with love,

making the fabric sparkle, the zippers sing.
I'd add a gallon to your bubble bath
and rinse your hair with love. I would bring
you love with crackers, love with tea. You'd laugh

when you found love squeezed into your toothpaste
and sprinkled on your cereal. Wrinkle
cream on the delicate contours of your face
without a dab of love? Unthinkable!

Daily, I'd find new uses, measure, pour
until you'd soaked it up with every pore.

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