

On A T-Ride Home From Boston

In those days, it was the purple line.
I remember her as a soft jet in a nightmare.

I snagged her thought that purple speaks often of love.
We were flummoxed, lousy, stinking of the 9-to-5.

Did she tell herself that once home she'd bloom
like a willow tree and lengthen

canopies of summer shade for children?
Me, I'd be fearless, humble and observant.

Money wouldn't be important. My want list would shrink.
We'd bring peace with gardenias to the conflicted.

We'd find and nurture the preserving moment.
Not for personal gain but for strangers, the others.