

## LOVER

We both have felt cool autumn's aging hand  
Cast spell of crinkled leaves about to fall.  
Our frames are not as sturdy when they stand,  
As once they stood before an altar's call.

But deep within, my raptured heart still sings  
Unchanging songs of youthful love and bliss,  
Whose thrill resounds, as when we placed our rings,  
And still excites at every hug and kiss.

Though fire's uniting passion now has cooled  
In bodies weakened by disease and age,  
Sweet wedded ties have firmly overruled  
Despair, before we turn our final page. . . .

For on the other side of life's steep hill,  
we'll surely find our love celestial still!

— *David L. Hatton, 1/9/2020*