

LOVE'S AGING WINE

I've never had a taste for wine
Nor liked its hazy sway,
But your sweet lips, when touching mine,
Still take my breath away!

I'm not at all like connoisseurs
Who know a wine's bouquet,
But there's a scent uniquely yours
That I esteem *parfait!*

Vin rouge, vin blanc . . . it matters not
The vintage they may boast;
I raise to what our years have wrought
A Valentine's Day toast!

— *David L. Hatton, 2/14/2018*