

# Werewolf

Why should I  
have to wander your  
shadows and claws,  
struggle to avoid narcissistic  
bully words or  
passive aggressive smiles,  
your dry rot under  
painted decorations,  
the glued antagonistic cracks  
in your facade,  
turning sneers  
cutting chains.  
That is long old me.

Instead,  
Would I enjoy the now  
with a special lady,  
car window wound down  
fresh autumn air  
playing my hair  
spilling the music  
of sunshine though mind,  
smiling woman  
of many partnered years  
relaxed beside,  
her relationship with me  
soft shared intimacy  
of cancer facing,

child-rearing  
Shouting and forgiveness,  
cutting words  
and deep hugs,  
comfortable couple silences,  
third-two years  
rainstorms and sunshine spread,  
symbolised by  
holding hands  
that have found  
each other afresh in bed,  
acknowledged in the glances  
over glasses  
across the couch  
where we both sit  
reading books,  
watching T.V.  
facebooking  
but aware of our  
whispering room years  
echoed of love.  
We enjoy the other's soul  
but don't take  
for granted,  
mostly...