

Hold

By Joanne Arnott

warmth of face untouched and laughing

eyes and loving smile

who would cook for me

who would regale me with thoughts and stories

the music of his voice and the flow of life

from his vibrant core

all of his stories summarize thus—

the world is wondrous

we are all doomed

don't give up

she plucks the strands of her web

a musical hum begins

her world is delicious

smiles arise and shine across

all her relations

love love love

is shining through

spilling sorrow for the world

in its wake