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Looking Into the Keepsake Box

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Looking Into the Keepsake Box

The bottom of a paper cup,
A bent twig, slender and smooth,
A stout hair from a horse's tail,
From these unlikely bits
We fashioned this funny flower.

White paper petals whisper
As I twirl the brown and tender stem
Bound by the horsehair thread.

We wound about ourselves
A delicate cord of declaration
And spoke three untried words
To each other for the first time
The day we crafted this blossom.

A keepsake, so fragile,
Outlasts our love.

by Valerie Reimers

