

# An Unlikely Valentine

By: Glenn Currier

"Not to be sarcastic or anything  
but thanks for fixing *me* something to eat!"

I pause - you know - one of those pregnant ones  
full of tiny footsteps -  
verging fulminations.  
Excuses that won't sound as defensive  
as the lattice fortress  
I am erecting.  
I am packing,  
absconding  
to an evergreen island  
without the host of tiny  
entanglements in this moment with *my* bowl of soup.

Later in Hallmark crimson  
I find *the* card,  
the misty hint of tears  
tickles my eyes.  
It had to be written by someone  
aged and smoked  
in the poignant coalescence  
of opposites  
in an old love.

Waiting in the checkout line  
I lean over to smell the roses  
anticipating a letdown.  
But suddenly I am cast  
into the green waves  
beyond Carmel.  
Strains of McKuen and sandpipers  
luxury of hair  
moist lips  
and the burgundy aroma  
of my love.

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