

OLDER LOVE

by
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Young love is magic, bright, electric!
lightning, sparks and fire!
Burning with new passion,
and the hot flame of desire.

But when that fire grows quiet,
there remains the radiance of a romance
that goes on growing
in the glow of older love.

Older love has magic, too,
and myth and mystery,
as two souls become one spirit,
with one heart, one history.

It's the miracle that turns
the common promise into gold.
the lyrical duet
of two lovers growing old.

We hear this old love every day,
In ways we'd never think.
The gentle plink of dishes
Swishing in the kitchen sink.

The sound of slippered footsteps in the hallway overhead,
When I have risen early and you have stayed in bed.
The morning paper, coffee in the same old cups.
The fond familiar rituals that nothing interrupts.

The joyful jingle of your keys,
your telephone hello;
that quiet, happy humming
of that song from long ago.

Older love still dances
when they play that favorite song.
It reminds us of romances
that would last all summer long.

Those songs of summer days
are fading into memory,
but that romance will last forever.
Golden oldies, you and me.

There's a nice, familiar comfort
in a love that isn't new,
that has had some bumps and bruises
and been scuffed a time or two.

It's a love you can relax in.
It is casual and loose,
with that soft and supple fit
you get from years of loving use.

Yes, our faces show the traces,
of years that have gone by.
But its hard to see the wrinkles
with a twinkle in your eye.

And though the vision may have softened,
one thing is very clear:
older love looks so much better,
when you hold it very near.

If this old love doesn't tingle
with every single touch,
it doesn't mean that we don't love
each other quite as much.

In fact, in our maturity,
our love can still increase
in its sweetness and security
its power and its peace.

So, though a touch may not send shivers,
it delivers so much more.
In these hands we hold our older love,
and that's what hands are for.

They are hands that cradled babies,
giving comfort in the night.
Hands to guide the growing and
to point out what was right.

Hands to tickle tummies,
and to wipe away the tears.
They are hands that hold each other,
as they have and will for years.

Then, as the gleam of purest silver
starts to sparkle in our hair,
every strand becomes more precious
as the hair becomes more rare!

And the beauty of our bodies
is retreating with our youth.
But older love sees beauty
more in honesty and truth.

The truth is, we're not perfect.
We're not beautiful and young.
Ours thrills are mostly wilted
and our springs are mostly sprung.

But – we are perfect for each other
me for you and you for me.
Older love holds us together,
bound forever - perfectly.

If it is aged with gentle patience,
the reward is worth the wait.
And the world will spin with vintage love
- a love to celebrate!

It's a joy and its an honor.
It's a gift! And it's a vow,
to be good to one another
both forever and for now.

It's the duty of confessing ,
that I may fail you everyday.
But it's the beauty and the blessing,
that you love me anyway.

Just two ordinary people,
that's all we'll ever be,
with an everyday devotion,
to each other, you and me.

Older love is hands and hearts and souls
As they unite
every morning, every evening,
everyday and every night.

Like the sun and moon and stars
that light the heavens up above,
these two lives will shine together
with the glow of older love.

Lovers' Celebration
St. Vincent de Paul Parish
Valentine's Day, 2000/2003/2007