The Shovel

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*Searching for love in a partner, wondering where it will be.*

*Carefully scanning the landscape, thinking it’s all about me.*

*As time keeps moving faster, with hope now running aground,*

*The truth isn’t really hiding.*

*It’s buried in the ground.*

*The shovel is in my pocket.*

*Its folded and locked in place.*

*The reflection of romantic love is fading,*

*No longer visible across my face.*

*No need for regret or sadness.*

*The hope it still burns within, remembering that love is all around me.*

*Regardless of the form it arrives and remains in.*