

The joyful failure of loving you

The time is right, it is the season
You plant a row of seeds, press lightly
with fingertips like kissing children at bedtime

It takes time, this you know, this you've been told
Time to nourish, tilting a water can just so, as hungry dirt
and fetal roots suck gently down your tender care

Time to wonder at the magic dance of sunshine and moon delight
as on a given morning there are tiny green shoots, reaching up towards you

Each morning, another amazement as these fragile shafts rise
becoming sturdy stems gifting you with fledgling buds

It takes time, so you know, so you've been told
so you wait, patiently yet eagerly
until all so sweetly blossoms—a beauty smiling up at you
Oh, how delirious the moment!

Oh, how breath stopping, you gasp, your heart races
as eyes burst with a suddenness of delight,
you bend and are caressed by the gracious kiss
of a luscious petal upon your trembling lips
you tingle within an embrace of fragrant scent

As you so dreamed upon first planting, you two are now one
You share whispering coupling words, "I'm yours. Only yours!"
You breathe together, a first moment of adoration, fiery sparks flying heedlessly
upon your rapturous words
"I love you, oh so much." And "Thank you for being you!"

Ah, my sweetheart, as such with every season and in my heart at the sunrise and
moonset of each day
so I suffer this joyful failure of loving you, my Beloved.

For I have not sufficient words, so I regret, not at this moment, not at any moment,
that justly convey my heartfelt gratitude and the never-ending aching desire that
humbles me like the embrace of a flower in bloom as I open to hold you in my
arms, my Beloved.

There are no songs, so I ache, that I can sing that rightly and richly convey the
sighful sweetness
of my being one with you within our coupled flowering

Though words fail me, my sweetheart, here as I struggle to write with my heart
and sing with my soul celebrating all you have graciously shared and given to me,
I offer you this day, this moment, all that I am to be born with you anew in
everlasting embrace, planting today as you did that first day long ago your seed
into my heart now my seed into your heart so that we may be Beloveds,
blossoming throughout time-unending.

May our earthly, time-bound love nurture the seeding
of our coupled heart and soul
as the seasons turn and we blossom into
the everlasting Love that nurtures all Beloveds.

Written in honor of and with deepest affection for my beloved friends, William
and Barbara Motlong, and Vic Straw and Katherine Koenig, read at the celebration
of their 50th and 25th wedding anniversaries, respectively.

Frank Kroncke
Viroqua, WI
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