

## Searching for Love

*by Marilyn Reeves*

Thick dark hair and blue-green eyes  
A Cupid's mouth that told sweet lies,  
A handsome youth who loved to tease –  
Was this not love?

Steel guitars and rock band music,  
Three-two beer and raucous laughing.  
Playful nights of fond caressing.  
Such excitement! Was this not love?

But while my head was in a whirl  
He moved on to other girls.  
Crying, sobbing, My life was over!  
Upon reflection, sad but sober,  
I knew at last: This was not love.

Moving forward to another –  
Older, wiser, gentler, kinder.  
Fine wines, elegant dining,  
A sip, a taste of high-end living.  
He knew the waiters,  
brought me flowers.  
Was this not love?

But the high life soon became quite dreary  
And all those fine times I put behind me  
Because in truth, for all that,  
There was no substance – it left me weary.  
It was not love.

As time went by there came another  
whose path and mine would soon cross over.  
He held me close against his shoulder  
And listened to my endless chatter.  
He said to me, I'm here for you.  
My friend, my sweetheart,  
my long-time lover.

And after that there was no other.  
Because, at last! – I simply knew  
that after all the years of seeking, searching,  
He found *me!* My search was over.  
And I found Love.