

Your Love

I took your love to Jersey, it sat beside me in New York
It made miles of conversation, did a bit of urgent work
It walked with me past my old house
And saw where I had grown
And knew at once who I had been
Though at the time unknown

It helped me clean my windshield
Of bugs and pollen grains
And breathed azalea, lilac, and sweet New England rain
Your love played tunes and tingles
Great blue whales and birds
And pulled into this rest stop just
So I could write these words

I gave your love some coffee; well, I offered it a sip
We shared a cookie baked in Maine
It held directions for the trip
And we discussed the future, some
Though we know it best to dwell
On just here, just this, right here now
This time we know so well

Your love's a fine companion when you cannot be near
Though we don't argue quite as much
As when you're really here
And you, on distant highways
So weary of the miles
Have my love sitting next to you
To laugh and make you smile

Your love got sleepy, dozey, and tilted back the seat
I asked it please, oh, not to snore
And would it move its feet!
Your love, it put its hand on mine
So gentle, easy, warm
And awoke two hours later
And asked if we were home