

To My Husband

*If we were never going to die, I might Not hug you quite as often or as tight, Or say goodbye to you as carefully
If I were certain you'd come back to me. Perhaps I wouldn't value every day, Every act of kindness, every laugh*

As much, if I knew you and I could stay

For ever as each other's other half.

We may not have too many years before

One disappears to the eternal yonder

And I can't hug or touch you any more.

Yes, of course that knowledge makes us fonder. Would I want to change things, if I could,

And make us both immortal? Love, I would.