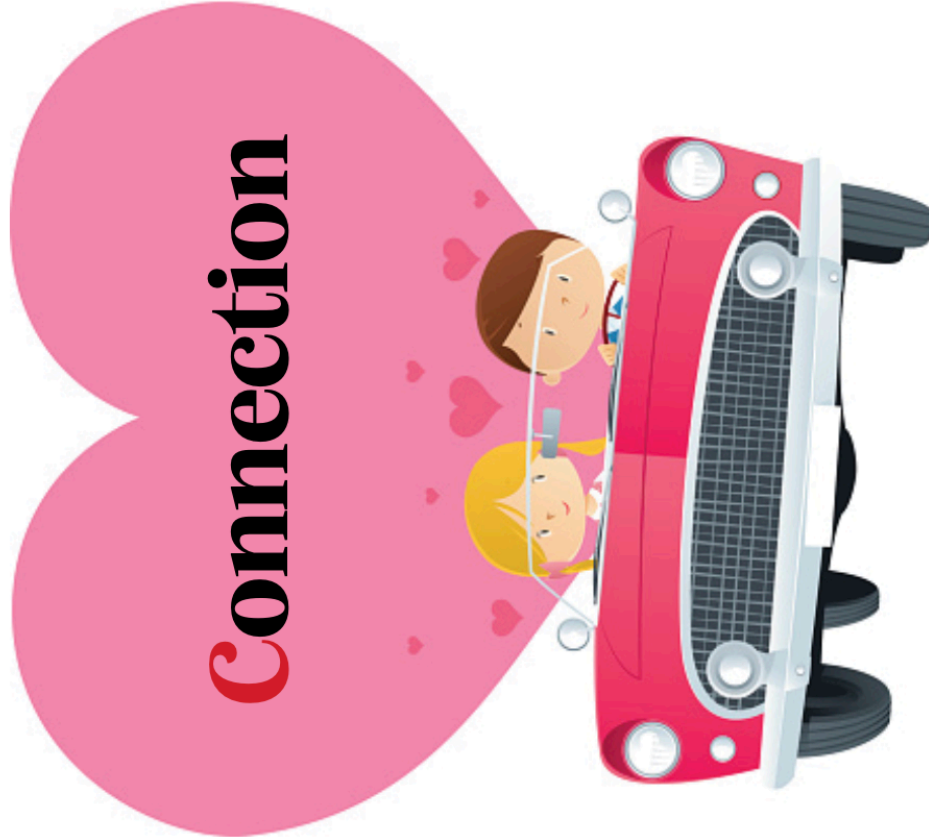


Sharon Esther Lampert

Connection



Cupid: The Language of Love in Letter C



Step 1. Connection

On the last cold rainyday of winter,
lingering on into the month of May,
we meet in the middle of a street.

He knows my first name, but not my last
and we can't remember how we met.

Every creature on earth is meeting,
greeting, and preening. Mother nature
is the matchmaker, the yenta busybody
who has set the trap. I am cold, in need of a
sweater and a warm heart and hand to hold.
I am both vulnerable and vixen, a vessel
ready to be boarded by a seafaring sailor.

