

Route 106

Ken Lundquist, Jr.

There was so much to view,
It was the glen that told me I loved you.
Or was it the winding road,
That suggested I was no longer a toad.
For your kiss had released me,
And I thought of you as a honey bee.
A gatherer of spice and sweet,
It is you I would gladly repeat to meet.
Even though the Sun retreated,
And it lightly precipitated,
The picnic was not vacated.
The blanket was the clouds,
The wind was the wine.
We drank of the culture,
And our fiery presence was most certainly divine.