

Candy Cane

Candy cane

At the bottom of the box

Still sealed in its wrapper

Was supposed to be yours

Next to the tea and cider

And the waiting wine glasses

By the warm cozy fire

On an early winter day

In the room with a view

Where we talked for hours

And listened with compassion

Discovering parallels

Shared passions

Similar memories

Of days gone by

A timeless afternoon

Faded into evening

So long ago

And your warm embrace

Felt like home

Candy cane

At the bottom of the box

Will always be yours