

# SIGNATURE

TONI SCORSESE

Nearly 28 Junes have passed.  
We met in stainless rooms; they were small, cozy.  
Your *Beautiful* infused their modest square footage.

That first summer we learned more neuro-sense than neuroscience.  
Watched each other's strengths; studied the other's quirks.  
Collected a young wisdom between us.

Then developed our easy rapport, often hilarious.  
We echoed the halls outside those stainless rooms.  
Mindful not to disturb, we'd adjourn on  
the bridge between science and scribe.  
The sunlight, open air, a new backdrop for our nascent acquaintance.

The next five summers cemented our sorority.  
Backyard sunning, *Lord & Taylor* hunting.  
New York, our classroom, delivered some tough lessons.

And when the world changed, you left.

Gaps peppered our contact, but never our connection.  
There were husbands, people, and pets lost.  
Ideals revised, sometimes not synched to the other's.  
Strange, occasionally wonderful changes as age has followed us.

How lucky that technology helped maintain our tether.

It's been almost 20 Junes since we shared the same air.  
And today, you are graced with a new signature.

I greedily inhale the sample you mailed.  
As the delicate scent greets my nose,  
I am reminded how thankful I am for our growth;  
to exchange sage truths gathered each passing year,  
always in support of the path the other has taken.

Happy Birthday my Brite Girl!  
I hope you wear that new signature proudly, confidently.  
Always do what makes you happy; makes you shine.  
Dance around the house today like an *Ally McBeal Baby*...  
And know I'm always dancing with you.

2/23/2023  
[I Love Who You Are]