

FROMANCE NOVELS

After 12 years platonic
and over two decades
there were two sofas
three queen-sized beds and
two blankets on the same coast □□□

It was end of the 11th page on the calendar
eve of this third millennium
we went for a Mexican nosh and
though we were peckish there were only
vodka margaritas and intimate revelation

On the sofa candled by Christmas lights
a kiss in the dark – then unexpected
interruption at the top of the landing
forestalled a sea change that would
wait 37 more pages on the calendar □□□

One square on page 12 of said calendar
there were two holiday parties
the partridge in a pear tree at the first
heels and a long black dress later with
cocktails and a kiss on the dance floor

Another sofa glimmered in fairy lights
with no staircase or intrusion waiting
the double Noel delivered pure union
but in the small quiet hours we departed
unveiled in the single query – what if □□□

There turned 224 pages and seven squares on the calendar
the call the catch-up and the courting
that planned a poetic new chapter
rekindled in chance and butterfly hopes of
answering the 19-year cliffhanger

Square eight on page 10 of the calendar
the reunion at midpoint on the map between us
was a wedding and cross-state trek to the beach
dubbed our *sharecation* – and a *New Year* to book –
but the beds and the blankets wavered □□□

Five pages of calendar in shilly-shally dilly-dally
and guarded suspense you drafted we flip the mattress
to parameter the epilogue for less intense but mutual revision
– a *fromance* –
I assent to these fresh pages on the calendar □□□