

The Bonding

By Peter Yates

Shades of amber glisten through as the sun slowly sets behind the sycamore tree,
A silent room warm not with sunshine alone but also with love,
their own perfect world, whose history has just begun,
A brow is gently stroked as a hand feels a welcome kiss, satin soft hair is softly blown,
Gold bands meet as two hands tightly clasp, femininity and masculinity unite,
Eyes that sparkle like diamonds hold a conversation of their own;
no words needed they are as one, Forever more,
Each moment that passes becomes another grain of sand
to build the foundations of their magical fortress called life,
Continuous looks of adoration are locked in memories which shall never fade,
faces glow as dreams come true and love surrounds heavenly souls,
The sweet song of the sparrows makes this heaven genuine,
lets them know they are here, this is real

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