It’s a Question of Love

What do I see when I look at my love?

Who is this man I call my best friend?

How many years has it been since he first won my heart?

It was a spring morning when he placed a yellow wild flower in my hand

I was only a high school girl and knew little about life

and had no idea that he was destined to be the special one.

Like that yellow wild flower, our love was a very fragile one

a delicate struggle to find the path to our love

We had so much energy then, in the youth of our life

 we never knew then what it means to be a true friend

some days it was a difficult task to just reach out my hand

because I wanted to protect my most private and tender heart.

I wondered what he would do if I offered him my heart

would he dash it to pieces and leave me for another one?

or, would he hold me close to his body and reach for my hand?

Would this young smiling boy become the husband I now love?

or, would this hot blooded romantic youth only want a short term friend?

And, what I really longed for then was to share my entire life.

I wanted someone to talk with about my dreams on the journey of life

and I needed to know when he looked at me he would see my heart

that he would be the special man who would be both lover and friend

to give me strength when I needed it and be the long-term, committed one

who wanted to keep me warm on a frigid winter’s night and surround me with love

when I embraced his comforting body and held his strong hand.

Nearly forty years have passed by since I held the yellow flower in my open hand

How is it that we travel so quickly through the daydreams and night time’s of our life?

And, looking back I don’t quite seem to remember how our friendship turned to love

or the day when I knew for sure he would give me his whole heart

or when exactly it was that I was assured I was his only one

but I do know that I have enjoyed the years I have lived with my best friend.

And, I wonder what my life would have been like if I had never found this dear friend.

Who would have wiped away the tears from my eyes or reached out for my hand?

Would I ever have had so many days filled with friends and a family like this one?

He has given me all that a man can give a woman - he has given me his entire life.

What would my years have been like if he had not given me his heart?

And, who would I have become if I had never known his enduring love?

It’s impossible to answer one of these questions about the nature of romance and life

for we can never know when we stretch out our hand if there will be a lover’s heart

and a lifetime friend when we go on a quest to find answers to the question of love.

By Lynda J. Lambert, Feb.2000

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