

KEN NORRIS

23

Loving her was like driving a new Maserati
down a dead end street. Loving her was red.

And love never happens that way again.

Love at twenty-three so deep and challenging.

If we kept on like that for a lifetime
we would surely die.

Now I stand in the shadows of seventy
nodding my head in time to the music,
saying, Yes, I knew that.

Loving her *was* red.