

Tenderness/ *wanda brown*

sometimes tenderness comes
unexpectedly
rising like mist off a low lying field
on a cool spring morning

it surprises you
as you sit quietly alone
the first one up
with a cup of coffee and a book

she reaches out from behind
kisses you, says
she's happy to see you
how did you sleep

one touch of tenderness
like a spot of warm sun away from the
breeze on a brisk day changes everything
turns a corner into a brighter lane

tenderness can almost
by itself make you slow to the pace of life
rethink how you do things
which roads to follow what flowers to plant

its possibility shines through
even at midnight as you grope blindly for a light
I have felt like that myself looking in the dark
for a bit of tenderness