

# THE JEWELS OF MY CREATION

As I make a cup with my hands  
I caress the small basket of people  
who matter in my sextagenarian years  
and all the memories  
distill down to what I have created  
in the womb of my heart  
from the textures and medleys of the love  
which caresses me and my soul mate  
squeezing out the juices into  
a new creation which we cannot  
stop loving for the rest of our lives.