

Every Day Of My Life by Michael Estabrook

An Ink Publications Broadside

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All those years ago, back in college,
her hair so long and lustrous,
her skirts so skimpy and short.

She's in New York City
waiting with some girl friends,
talking to some boys outside a theatre,

when one of them says,
barely able to speak in her presence,
as he stared (like he'd just seen an angel),

at her long, shiny brunette hair
flowing down around
her shoulders and back, "I can't believe

I'm standing here talking to you."
I've known exactly how he felt
every day of my life.

Miracle

After all these years together
I still cannot believe
that you are mine. I simply cannot
take something as monumental as you
being my wife, being in my life
(even for a single day), for granted.

Why did you stay with me
all through our college years?
We were not at the same school,
and being so bright and beautiful,
you had your options, your opportunities
to date other guys in a serious way,
getting to know them better, even intimately.

And yet – you didn't! Instead,
you remained my girl, true and loyal
through all those uncertain, tumultuous years,
until I put a ring on your finger,
until I made you officially mine.

It is a miracle is all I can figure, a miracle
like walking on water, like turning water into wine,
like raising someone from the dead.

My Heart Is So Full

I see your pretty face,
hear your so familiar voice,
watch your precious movements across the room,
and my heart is so full.

I turn to the photos of you before I came along,
only 15 years old, so innocent and sweet
lying on the blanket at Dallenbach's beach,
acting with your friends in a summer stock play,
and my heart is so full.

I recall our dance on our very first date
when holding you so tenderly against me,
I asked you to be mine, (the best thing
I ever did in my whole life)
and later our first kiss, so tentative,
yet sacred and sure as the sun,
and my heart is so full.

I replay the scene of proposing to you
in the dark, fumbling with the ring,
and you saying yes and crying,
my world exploding with happiness and relief,
and my heart is so full.

I think again of kissing you,
feeling your warm mouth on mine,
feeling your slender fingers laced between mine,
stare as your perfect smile shines on me still,
and my heart is so full
I fear it will burst in my chest.

How Could I Not?

If I didn't know you yet saw you today,
on the street or in a store,
in a classroom or on the dance floor,
I would fall in love with you all over again,
I know I would.

I'd fall in love with you as I did
all those years ago. How could I not?
How could any man not?
My God just look at you!

I'd fall in love with your smile
and your shining mink-coat brown eyes.
I'd fall in love with your laugh
and your legs, your delicate hands
and precious feet. I'd fall in love with you,
with all of you, every little bit of you.
How in the world could I not?

And more than any other desire,
I would want you to be mine,
would want you to let me love you,
to have and to hold you,
to care for you and protect you,
(even though you don't need it)
to pamper and to worship you,
(even though you don't want it)
until the last breath has left my body for good.

Author Bio

Michael Estabrook is a baby boomer who began publishing his poetry in the late 1980s. Over the years he has published 15 poetry chapbooks, his most recent entitled *They Didn't Leave Notes*. Other interests include art, music, theatre, opera, and his wife, who just happens to be the most beautiful woman he has ever known.

Cover art: Patti Estabrook

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