



## *We Were One Long Remembering*

Eighteen I was a hull without harbor,  
chasing salt-spray and the raw thrill of sun.  
I sensed her somewhere past the curve of the world—  
a warmth before her name,  
an echo of her soul.

One night she walked in  
and the universe,  
holding its breath for decades,  
exhaled.

She moved with a bouncing grace,  
happiness pouring like molten joy.

Her green eyes carried in them an old knowing;  
her auburn hair seized the light,  
radiating a fire that turned the room to gold.

One kiss and I was lost—  
before I understood the coming storm...  
like a needle drawn to a magnet.

Love keeps no chart.

It is vast as the sea...  
the fire of the storm...





and the heavy fumble of the dark.

It carries with it a debt...  
paid only by grace...

in seasons we found each other  
and seasons we lost our way.

Slowed as sails hanging dead...  
on an unwrinkled, motionless sea...  
waiting for the wind.

Marriage doesn't live in the grand winds...  
it lives in the quiet currents that carry us.

Built from ten thousand quiet choosings...  
the silent decision  
to stay at the helm  
when the horizon lies empty.

We were built not by the luck of the weather,  
but by the careful trimming of sails,  
catching the smallest breath of grace  
to carry us home.

Forty years.  
Forty years watching her love brim like an unbound tide.

She never learned to hold back;  
generosity is native to her soul.





Even now  
I anchor in the doorway  
just to watch her cross a room,

carrying the weight of a hundred gales  
as if they were morning mist.

After all these winters  
I am still...  
quietly, completely...  
undone by her.

This love is older than our names.

We didn't stumble upon each other...  
we are one long remembering.

We entered this life already reaching  
across the dark  
toward a touch we had mastered long before.

We did not learn each other;  
we simply remembered.

My promise...  
in every season still to come:

I will take the helm again each morning,  
steer through whatever weather arrives,  
and love you still.





...and when this voyage ends—  
when we have spent the last coin of our shared light—

I will search for you in the eternal ocean  
and find you by the frequency of your soul.

I will know you instantly...  
recognizing you the way the tide recognizes the moon—  
something I never truly forgot.

And when we reach the edge of this life,  
I will love you again.

