

## Another Anniversary

We are not young lovers anymore.

Do I feel sad?

Like the mother who misses snuggling  
her infant who is now a teenage boy?

Or like the old woman who longs  
for her past glorious days as a dancer?

Do I yearn for those nights we thought  
the sky sparkled just for the two of us?

In our marriage, we have seen the darkness  
in between the sparkles.

But we have seen it together.

And we are still together.

Old lovers.

No, I am not sad.

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