

It Matters Not

It matters not:
Those once firm contours of your breast,
Now sag beyond the hemline of your winceyette.
And your hair once golden as summer hay,
Has lost its hue and turned light-grey.

It matters not:
Your once smooth face, has taken on a different grace.
Lined and furrowed from brow to jowl,
Life's lines traced by every smile and scowl.

It matters not:
Where once there was you:
Your weight has doubled and now makes two.
Bits of you just come and go:
Disappear like melting snow.

It matters not:
That passion dies.
Tears are easier to cry,
Under dark and dreary skies.
Love once felt just drifts away,
Complacent in its disregard,
For what a heart should really say.

It matters not:
If each passing day,
Is wasted in the same old way.
Tomorrow is another day,
Which can be wasted as today.

It matters not:
Because the joy of you,
Rests deep within your eyes of blue.
A hand to hold... a smile to unfold.
A tender word softly spoken,
Or a heartfelt one unheard,
In a promise never broken.

This is all that matters.
This is all that's true:
Fat or thin, young or old,
"I do love you."