



My Hand in Yours

The moment I saw you, I knew it was love, deep, uncontrollable, exquisite.

Looking into your dark, ink-blue eyes, I was captured, enraptured and enslaved for all time.

When my hand first held yours, your skin, tender and soft as morning new petals, my heart no longer my own.

Our lives forever tangled, entwined. Our life adventures, overwhelming and unique. Our happiness and bond never waning.

Now we are back to where first we met, your hand holding mine, strong, focussed, and calm.

Our love unbreakable, unforgettable, continuing for all eternity.

Time for me to go now my daughter.

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