

**Picnic Basket**

That first bright, balmy day of May  
stepping into the shop's dimness  
she saw it  
woven boughs of woodsy brown  
a sign for hope  
melted the last of her ice  
after dark and wintry days

Sturdy handles of shellacked bamboo  
would support the weight of many repasts  
cloth spread under a sun-dappled tree  
surely he—short, tall, light, dark, thick or thin  
would complete the vision the basket inspired

It was perfect  
its fullness symbolizing new beginnings  
to hold the  
plates,  
cups,  
baguettes,  
cheese,  
not one but two chilled wines

She saw the leisurely afternoons  
titillating talk  
unintended or intended touching  
feeding each other  
with smiles that could not stop  
anticipation of the loveliness to come

When had the dream been sacrificed  
to practicality?  
The inspired hope,  
slats warping, broken  
faded lining torn  
now a repository for magazines  
lost link to love not found