

“Love Tokens”

by Fiona M. Hughes

Atop the theatre steps they'd met,
On that first blind date.
“How will I know you?” he had asked.
Said she, “With a single rose I'll wait.”

He'd bought a boutonniere then too,
For his uniform lapel.
Nervously, he approached the dark-haired lass,
Red rose clasped, its fragrance as if to smell.

A month later for the War he left her.
His letters hungrily she consumed...
Then stacked in the wooden box, with two faded roses
From the night their love had bloomed.



“Roses”
by Bruce Pope