



They said it was Modern Love

by Richard Lewis

They said it was modern love but what could that mean? As if love would want to be modern, like some new-fangled thing? Current, up to date, previously unseen. Well there's a mother's love for her new borne child, maybe that would qualify. A love not yet sullied by life's cunning plan. Fresh, unblemished, all spick and span.

They said it was modern love, coming from the worlds above but some would cling to solid ground, a simple love, nature bound. Uncomplicated, green, wandering free, rinsed by the rain, swept by the breeze. Moments caught in an ocean wave, in the rush of time, too late to save. A flight across the tender skies, seeing the world through nature's eyes.

They said it was modern love, well now then let's see. Best not the love our parents knew, that tried its best but fell to its knees. Like strangers on that broken road, struggling with what life bestowed. Shades of that love I gave to you, without ever meaning to. Though it was all I'd ever known, I never wanted to be cruel.

They said it was modern love, well maybe there's a love we can trust and still remain free. Like the love of writing and the written word. Thoughts not previously thought, voices not yet heard. Notions printed on the page and the search for that one illusive phrase.