

## **Can It Get Better?**

Our eyes sparkled as mirrors one to another  
She smiled a smile that fit my own, and  
Our steps quickened to greet those of the other  
Reaching out, pausing, a tender hand gloved in mine

Continuing together, Mr. Gatti's Pizza lay before us  
I turned to her again and gazed at the lady of my long desire  
As our hearts raced in celebration of our reunion at day's end  
I stroked her hand with those graceful fingers  
And those manicured nails dressed thus just for me

At the door we touched eyes, smiled calmly, and lingered  
Our teenagers beside us, we exulted in our delightful company...  
It was the start of just another evening  
With My Love of twenty-two years...

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