

## THESE DAYS

DEBBIE CORWITH

These days, loving ways  
Are kept under an umbrella  
When it isn't even raining.

Some say that they won't play  
And wind up in a game  
Where tag isn't any fun.  
One hears the coming years  
Run wildly along  
At the pace of stampeding fools.

These days, loving ways  
Creep out from tender corners  
Spiting the guarded follower.

Love alive merely laughs and survives  
Getting drenched in the rain  
'Neath a sun-filled sky.

