

Romey Curtis, Middleburg

Once There Was Another in My Shoes

Once there was another in my shoes:
Someone who lived by very different rules;
Someone who danced the night away
Then rose afresh to waltz again next day.

Someone who ran a mile or more
To arrive happily at the shore
And plunge in deeply, unafraid
Of the great breakers where she played.

This other one turned lovers into friends
And though she made mistakes with bitter ends
—she kept their secrets that were better told—
She never flinched when happy dreams grew old.

I cared for her in sickness and in health—
I could not help it: she had been—myself