

*My Spanish Lover at
His Half Century*

to Pablo from Jeanette

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By Katharine McLennan
(Note: my name and branding footer
would NOT appear on your poem)

A month of love, a month of care
A month of opening, a month of dare
Daring to be vulnerable, daring to touch,
Daring to be honest, daring not to clutch...

No longer clutching control and demand
I can find you and hear you and take my stand
For learning to love, for learning to ease
For giving my heart, my fear to release

Elizabeth Room, Pizzeria, you handsome and stunning,
Our paths finally crossing a long time in coming
Our souls have been patient, at last they now smile
With delight they now rest, having known all the while....

We would not have recognised the other until just now
We would have just smiled barely offering a bow
Our hearts needed the strength, the wisdom and the joy
And the knowledge that we are precious, a gift, no mere toy

You were the first to just kiss me on the "first night"
Without falling into bed, you honoured me from first sight
Next was your home, and a beautiful Tuross dine
Your warmth and comfort in bed, so divine.

Candles, hot water bottle, a lovely massage
The walk through Tuross, a true haven, no mirage
You welcomed my dogs, you welcomed my soul
You loved me from the first, my body and mine whole

You welcomed my children, very early in the piece
You accepted them as people, never forcing in the least
You were quiet, you saw me busy and in flight,
You pulled away to give space and left early that night.

I then became young mother, single and stressed
Though being with Sal reminded me how I am blessed
Whilst missing you deeply, I played with Bette and Roy
Enjoying my mothering, my friendship, and a new boy

And you arrived in the romance, delicious and kind
A Spaniard in the snow to play with body and with mind
You watched my patience amidst the clutter
You held me softly, while my heart did flutter.

A sauna, a spa, a laugh amidst ice cold
Watching tubes in the wind as our warmth tried to take hold
Driving back and dealing with kids and their whim
Pizza, no sandwiches, where on earth is my discipline?

And 50!!! You turned and we celebrated with fish
With chocolate, with merlot, with candles and a wish
For the second half century to be filled with true bliss
With peace, with love, and me! (I insist)

With your friends, we honoured this fifty years old
In Tuross amidst laughter, a prank so very bold
And Spaniard we celebrated with beer and an old friend
I was proud to be on your arm as we met Didi and Ansen.

Picking up Bette at the football and a dinner you had already made
You are patient, and generous and in no way afraid
To tell me how you're felling, what you're seeking
What you're believing, what you're needing

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So thank you dear Mateo, thank you for this last month
Thank you for peace and thank you for this warmth
On to our next month, and mostly to our Presence
In the moment, we are lovers and basking in love's Essence

You teach me to love and to be where I am
With whom I sit I can love how the plan
Of God is unfolding without my ego's aid
She knows what She's doing and here She will stay

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