



Gail Ann Toien

June 23, 1943 - July 20, 2023

You Are My Home

To my dear wife Gail, on the occasion of our 18th anniversary, June 12, 2001

You are my home, though over time,
Many homes have passed my life through.
The home that is my home has no place:
You are my home. My home is you.

My memories are oh, so much richer
For the memories I've had with you,
They pull deep savor from mundane days;
As a roux, they thicken the stew.

You are my home.

In my noisy quotidian world,
All my thoughts are shot through with thoughts of you.
They bring me comfort, calm the clamor,
And color everything I do.

My home is you.

While sifting the deeds of the day,
Each day's reward is the time together we spend
Sharing, sparring, teasing, pleasing,
Doing, sitting book-end-to-end.

You are my home.

Like a private place in the woods,
Lit by sunshine, soft and warm,
Your counsel is where I know I can go
When my life is shaken with storm.

My home is you.

As in a sunny glade in the forest,
I bask in your warmth -- time and again.
But as you do my moods, I know yours:
The joys and delights, the hurt, the pain.

So when the wintry wind shivers the leaves
And the cloud lies dark on your face,
I feel your chill and want to warm you --
Warm you in my ardent embrace.

Because, because, by now you must see! ...
I am your home. Your home is me.

-:- Bruce Toien

Tribute Wall

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“ 1 file added to the album *Pic Picks of Gail*



Bruce Toien - August 03, 2023 at 12:59 PM