

## A Valentine Imagined by DM Denton

Daffodils like music can court the heart into stories that begin without end.

I followed the trail through mud and dust to walk mainly alone; the affairs of this life and others better recalled with imagination than regret.

When I stopped looking, love stopped leaving.

Everywhere is an embrace; the place I find myself is full of possibilities for engagement.

I cannot look at the moon and believe I am unloved, sense a breeze and be unmoved, know the birds' song and feel forgotten.

There are flowers enough to romance me, even in winter I can paint them into view.

There are words enough to convince me that what I create is the only lover I need.

And so I am foolish still.