

RIBBONS

Suzie Richardson

Once, she brought me ribbons
In colors wine and gold;
A promise of the future
Sweet mystery untold.

Ribbons that were hung with pride
Near portraits in the hall,
Believing, then, in miracles
That we could have it all.

Those ribbons now lie meaningless,
Tied neatly with a bow,
A lesson learned: that love's the prize
And not who wins the show.

'Cause ribbons are for ponytails
And gifts beneath a tree,
And love cannot be measured by
A Group One, Two or Three.