

Lasting Kind of Love

Dear John

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I got your letter, a long break between, and it started out just fine. Things between us seemed as good as last time.

Then you wrote, *It Just happened, the ring is enclosed*. What hit me most was your very last line... *It wasn't a lasting kind of love*.

When I DEROS'd, I went over to mom and dad's, and when the door opened you were standing there. *We can make it work*, were your first words.

I didn't want to talk and stayed outside.

My aunt came out and took my hand and said, *She's a sweet girl, it's so sad, but she's pregnant, and here— and you were in Vietnam a whole year*.

I drove her to the airport; there wasn't much to say. She began to cry, and I'll admit, I wanted her to stay. *It just happened*, she began, but I held up my hand and said...

What I wanted and in hope of was not meant to be, never was; I wish you well, but you were right, It wasn't a lasting kind of love.