



# Holding Your Hand Tight

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I dedicate this poem to my dear wife on this Valentine's day

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It's that time of the year again  
Materialized love fills the mall  
'Chocolate, flower or diamond?'  
The sales man asks  
'It's time to shower her with your love.'  
Beyond those fancy gifts  
A simple sign is all we seek  
To remind ourselves that  
There is still romance between us  
In our tiresome routine chores  
Once up a time I had a broken heart  
Until a girl gave me her hand  
In February I sent her a crystal  
rose pin  
The only jewelry that I could afford  
A decade has passed since that Valentine's Day  
Now I call that girl my dear wife  
Each day we're preoccupied with  
Mortgage, bills and 401K  
Just like any other ordinary family  
The life is neither smooth nor easy  
Argument and compromise always along the way  
But no matter how tough it is  
We will never forget that windy day  
The first time our hands touched  
And we are still holding on tight