

Stolen Love

I've been robbed this week, of the thing I love.
My source of peace,
My time to think,
My heart workout, my muscles stretched.

I put this time aside, I'm committed, I am all in.
It brings me happiness,
I indulge in this, my space, in my lane.
You make me feel light and fast.

At first I was scared. I was unsure to commit,
But the more time we spent together,
The more I fell in love.
My confidence grew and I became invested.

This week it changed. My love spoiled, ruined.
I was betrayed.
Ready and prepared, I dived in, you were familiar,
And our pace together worked well.

Then the noise came,
Freddy sang 'I want to break free',
Followed by the 'cha cha slide'
And 30 primary school children, jumping and splashing about.

My love of the lane swim,
Robbed.
My thinking time gone,
My pace, disturbed.

My limbs became heavy,
My calmness and soothing changed to annoyance and upset.
I gave up my love and got out of the pool,
My love stolen.

© *Joanne Wood*