

“My Love for You – It’s Bigger than Uluru!”

For Ian and Bec

Here comes a Love Story,
It’s neither prose nor song,
About two beautiful lovers...
And it’s 25 years long!
It’s got *heat*, sex,
Passion and *spice* -
A *second woman*.
Two sets of beautiful children –
Sometimes the pathway
Of True Love,
Doesn’t always run –
Just *sweet and nice!*

Now the female - in this *picture*,
Is of *gift* and beauty rare,
Makes a man’s heart
Beat faster,
With a voice inside him saying
‘Remember, do not stare!’
Most beauty tends to fade
With time,
But this one’s nicer
And more *naughty* –
Than at *sweet sixteen*,
Now she’s nearly forty!

The *fella* –
Keen and handsome,
Otherwise,
You wouldn’t
Pick him out,
But the size of his heart
Is enormous,
As this story unfolds,
You’ll get *the gist*,
Of just how
His love *blossoms out!*

In Adelaide in '85 -
Concert - 'open air' -
She *followed him* behind,
They were soon teenage *lovers* -
Four *beautiful* long years -
'Just one' together -
With heart and soul and mind!

Now here we pause,
To allow me - to convey...
They were *hot* and *intense* -
Hardly surprising...
Sooner or later,
Someone would feel
Too much *heat* -
Or get *cold feet*,
And wonder,
If perhaps the grass
Was a little bit greener -
On the other side of the fence!!

At age 19, in '89 -
For ANZ he was working -
From Alice Springs
He was sent -
To work at Uluru,
Just as she
Was coming up to
Say hullo...
With another woman,
He did go,
To make a separate union,
To make a *separate two*!!

*Rock side',
Bec arrived - and 'found out',
Raging high tide
Descended!
Relationship totally ended...
She left on the plane,
With anger in train -
But still managed to shout...*

***Don't ever ring me!
Don't ever write,
I never want to see you
Ever again!
Never by day! Never by night!!***

Now two ex lovers,
A 'separated two',
Nine years slipped by,
Just as time - is always
Want to do!
She started teaching,
With another man *in tow*,
But what Rebecca
Didn't know -
Just before she 'said goodbye'
At the rock -
He had climbed right up
To the very top -
And instead of resting
To admire the view,
He wrote in big letters -
In one full page
Of the open visitor's book...

BEC

I

LOVE

YOU!!!

So he takes this other woman
For his wife,
But after *that climb*,
He had seen '*the real view*'
Then – he always knew
Who,
In his heart,
He wanted to be -
The True Love of his life!

Nine long years later,
After working trucks –
And other things '*up north*',
A broken marriage,
Two children from this union -
Had come forth,
He arrived in Adelaide,
A broke, and almost broken man...

But after nine long and lonely years,
Who should he '*happen*' to meet
In the *Paradise Hotel*,
With his *sorry tale* -
Pictures of '*his two*',
To show, and to tell!!!

Well!

Well!

Well!

This older and now much wiser man,
Begins to make *his move* -
Which she did not suspect or know,
But here - *the plot* just thickens...
As to London,
Rebecca, our pretty teacher,
She did go!!

We must give credit to this man
Just where it is really due,
He wrote long and often,
But at the very bottom
Of his computer text,
Just what do you think,
Dear reader, in this story,
Would come next!

After signing off,
He left a *hidden* message,
Looked just like
A funny little line –
In '*the smallest font*'

It said simply...
"*I'm madly in love with you,*
But too gutless to say!"
He didn't have *the courage*,
I do admit,
But he surely
He had '*the want!*'

She returned to Adelaide,
By plane,
'98, Christmas Eve,
Now our intrepid lover,
Determined -
Nothing *to chance*,
He was going to leave...
One Hundred Dollars worth
Of cut flowers,
To her parent's house,
He did *heave!!!*

Boxing day,
To his house,
He had invited her,
She had agreed to come -
She *just 'happened'*
To be wearing -
A short black dress,
From shoulder
To her bum...
Slightly smashing '*tack*'!

He was sweeping the verandah –
She gets out of car,
Their eyes met...
And at that very moment -
Although he did not know it,
She knew he was '*her man*',
After 10 long years -
He had finally
Won her back...
Took a little while
For him - to get her,
Into *the sack* –

He proposed -
A short time later,
While walking home
From '*Governor Hindmarsh*' -
On bended knee,
Apon a railway track...

And after that,

Well,

For Ian and Bec,
As far as I can see -
Things -
Have never looked back!!

Another decade,
Now *been and gone*,
And to this long *love story*
As you see,
I've been drawn -
Two very special children,
From this union, now -
And with two good jobs,
Freedom for Ian's *other two*,
Blended children,
To allow!

Sadly,
This brings my poem
To an end -
But for me,
I've just made
Four, new
And very special friends!

What from this tale,
Can we *take home*?
When travelling
Through lives – *our own*...

*Sometimes True Love and gifted beauty,
Just gets better - with passing time,
Partly the attraction – I do admit,
Of this rambling rhyme!*

But let's give credit,
Just where credit
Is entirely due...
I *tip my hat*
This man –
Who always knew -
***That his love for this woman
Was bigger, stronger -
And would last
Much, much longer –
Than Uluru!***

Tim Barritt.22.8.10.
Earth Angel 181