

Knowing the Good Sister

Paul N. Dion / Allen M. Dion

Knowing the good sister was like having an encounter with a hurricane.
And her meteoric rise in retrospect was no surprise.
For the power she possessed,
from the very start,
was just enough to capture his heart.

And it all began, but not by chance,
With a first encounter and a simple glance,
Forty years ago, in a small café where they first met.
Much to my regret.

And who could ever know how far they would go?
But until that fateful day, and before she came along,
Never heard of her.
Never heard of her.
Never heard of her.