A Little Disillusioned Wife

18th Anniversary 2004

I think the well is dry
But I'll give it a try.
I'm not sure it will rhyme
But I'll give it some time.

It's a big order, Dear,
A new poem every year.
It's not easy you know,
Deepest feelings to show.

So where do I begin
Reflecting the year that's been.
To gather my thoughts
And express as I ought.

True, I wish I could say
We've grown closer each day.
That's not entirely true,
Think we could improve, don't you?

Life is passing us by.
All we do is try, try, try.
Time every day we should spend
Thus become closer friends.

Eighteen years have flown so fast,
And tomorrow will soon be past.
"Well, when the work is through,
I'll spend some time with you."

So I wait, and wait, and wait,
And honestly try not to hate
The work you've chosen to do,
That robs my time with you.

You work so hard and long
Can't help but think it wrong.
We're missing out you know,
On what makes love grow.

Closer and closer each day,
It's the little word "play."
Could you see what you can do
So I can spend time with you?

Building that garden of roses,
Where no thorn imposes.
Happy Anniversary Dear,
Will we be here next year?

Maybe yes, maybe no.
Of this we know not, so
Plan to spend some time each day
Enjoying God's gift of play.