

MICHAEL CHARLES MAIBACH



AS WE'VE BEEN TAUGHT

Monday's an industrious day,
Meant for work and not for play.
As we've been taught.

I know this truth, I know this creed,
Hand to the wheel, plant the seed.
Thus we've been taught.

It's been my life, it's been my way,
It's been my habit - until this day.
As I've been taught.

Then one Monday, to my surprise,
I skipped work, I improvised.
I kid you not.

Went to the park, quiet as can be,
No one in sight - save her, save me.
And she was hot.

Could it be true, could this be right,
She too was rebelling, to my delight.
Would we be caught?

Along the river, two benches bare,
Their quiet pull, enticed us there.
As nature ought.

She went first, and chose a seat,
My heart sped up, and missed a beat.
We were besot.

Then who'd have guessed, I took a chair,
Right next to her, the day we shared.
T'was Camelot.

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