

MICHAEL CHARLES MAIBACH



HER SOFA

She found a sofa,
And paid for it.
She picked the style -
A nice clean fit.

She chose the color,
Her favorite hue -
She dreamed of all
On it they'd do.

They'd watch the movies,
And together chat.
They'd hear the news,
And play tic tac.

From their sofa
They'd see the street,
As friendly neighbors
Arrived with treats.

And when they'd visit
With friends held dear,
That sofa would witness
Both trial and cheer.

Their favorite books
Here they would read,
And share those stories
Of valor and greed.

Among its uses
She hoped for sure,
He'd kiss her lips -
Her love, secure.

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Then every time
They sat as one,
They'd reminisce -
On what they'd done.

Now here she sits
Alone this day,
Praying he
Will come her way.

For what's the use
Of this fine chair,
If with her heart
No one to share?

So give some thought
Of men you know -
Who might dispatch
To make her glow!

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