

MICHAEL CHARLES MAIBACH



HIS DEAR SWEET WIFE

He knew she loved him
Because she knew
The worst of him,
And still stayed true.

She knew his secrets
His every tale,
His boyhood dreams -
Hopes now gone pale.

The truth did free them
No walls were up -
Their moments cherished,
They shared one cup.

And thus they lived
In love, good friends -
And when imperfect,
Made soft amends.

Now he stands quiet
Before her grave -
She left him early,
Her heart he saves.

He traveled his road
This gift of life -
With one companion,
His dear sweet wife.

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