

MICHAEL CHARLES MAIBACH



LIFE'S MEMORIES

They're our top secrets,
We love to share,
Things that have happened,
To those we care.

The time when we traveled,
My birthday surprise,
Dad falls off the roof,
Those funny wide ties.

Your daughter's recital,
Your sons little league,
The first home we bought,
Our Italian intrigue.

Her first trip to Europe,
His first straight-A year,
The ship that exploded,
We just missed that deer!

Your first real job offer,
The death of a mate,
Falling in love,
On the very first date!

The black box in the attic,
We slept on the lawn,
Poured soup on his head,
Stayed up until dawn.

Grandfather's advice,
And his pocket knife, too.
Attending a funeral,
For the death of a Jew.

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The first vote that you cast,
The first fish that you caught,
Watching her childbirth,
The change that we fought.

The best Christmas ever,
The tornado touched down!
Going to college,
Just fooling around.

The birth of your first child,
Snow five feet or more!
Writing in yearbooks
The game's final score.

The day at the races,
The night on the beach,
Our first meal together,
New children to teach.

My first downhill ski trip,
The boat that we sank,
After mom's near death,
We thanked and we thanked.

School cookies we sold,
Shoveled snow for the nuns,
We built our first snowman,
All the races we've run.

Painted the bathroom,
Looked worst than before!
Tahiti vacation,
Made love on the shore.

Received her sweet letter,
After missing her so,
The new priest at our church,
His faith clearly showed.

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The first poem I wrote,
Let me read it again,
The wine that we drank,
When we were just ten.

You like bananas,
While I like goods baked,
The car crash we witnessed,
We jumped in the lake!

The day that I met you,
Every detail is clear,
Your soft hands and smile,
I still hold so dear.

So much to tell you,
The laughs and the loves,
The tears and the sorrows,
The prayers to above.

My happiest moment,
The year that was sad,
Why did she go?
Her return made me glad.

More memories are ready,
When fiends come around,
We delight in the telling,
Our life of renown.

They're our top secrets,
That we love to share,
They endear us to others,
We save them with care.

When friends finally leave us,
At the end of their days,
We keep them alive,
Retelling their ways.

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So gather your friends,
Share a secret or two,
Whisper them softly,
Then they'll share theirs with you.

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