

MICHAEL CHARLES MAIBACH



"LOVE ONE"

She was happy
With her lips,
And she told him
With her hips.

She was happy
With her smile,
A pretty woman
Full of guile.

She knew what
Her man sought,
Not something
That one bought.

Not something
That he earned -
Clearly something
That he yearned.

They were married -
All seemed right.
So devoted -
Absent fight.

Their life went
Very well -
So there's little more
To tell...

Oh, except this
Little fact -
With a man
She made a pact.

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They would meet
When he was gone,
To play each other's
Song.

Then one day
Returning early,
He found him
With his girlie.

At her funeral
It was said
She had
Fallen on her head.

No, not really -
She's alive,
But no longer
Does she thrive.

What was once
Her soul and heart
Is now the life
She tore apart.

The one thing
She really had
Is now the memory
Of the sad.

The moral's
Here for you -
When in love
Make that love do.

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