

For Josie

By Gail Grenier Sweet ©2006

How do I love thee?
Let me count the ways...

I love thee when I eateth at thy table,
(However, I much prefereth the olden days
Before thou did starteth paying so much attention
to fats, calories and cholesterol.)

I love thee when I laugheth with thee,
Thou dost always have the sassiest humor I know
And thou still surpriseth me with thy wry comments...
No one is safe (not even thou nor I) when thy eyes twinkleth
And thy mouth maketh a comment followed by 'ain't it.'

I love thee when I watcheth thy birds with thee —
Thou art the only one I know who stretcheth a line
Just for a perch for thy little winged friends.

I love thee when I visiteth the threshing grounds,
Or when I listeneth to northwoods bluegrass music with thee —
I loveth the way old times do fare golden in thy heart.

I love thee when thou sitteth amongst thy family,
Always one to laugheth and teaseth,
And I see thy humor multiplied in the family thou madest
With thy darling Roger (also known as 'Father').

How can it be, my lovely friend,
That thou marketh seventy years?
All I can say
Is that I love thee more
With every wrinkle and every year.

The End