

## Love Poem to a Former Employee

Today there is a restlessness in my 40-year-old frame  
Daring me to deny this deadly routine  
Telling me where I must sit at half past nine  
With whom I must coffee at ten

That I must lunch precisely at noon  
And meet at three with six whose acceptance  
Of what my gut is rejecting will show  
In all their moods and mouthing of trivia.

But where to turn if I should, for merely a moment?  
It is not male companionship I am needing now,  
Not even wife, dear and comforting as ever she will be.  
Some gay, laughing, young female  
Might melt the memoried bitterness away,  
Putting in its place a share of novel freshness.

But she was married yesterday  
And though she came first and sat by me  
The smiles of hers that count  
Are not any longer mine.