

QUARTER PAST ONE

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Eating breakfast, there are empty chairs,
No children running down the stairs,
No milk spilled on the kitchen floor,
Or seeing a shirt or dress that they wore.

Her own beauty, she doesn't know,
What makes me light up and glow?
She has it all, as she is very pretty,
As I walk these streets in the city.

She falls asleep at half past ten,
As I say a prayer and say amen,
I believe, it will just be alright,
Soon, we will be together holding on tight.

I just can't worry for nothing,
As I give her all my loving,
Her husband, and her good-looking man,
As the white gold shines on her wedding band.

She wears a necklace each new day,
As our daughters, love her in their way,
While our son, thinks she is the best,
As I think the same and nothing less.

She wakes up at a quarter past one,
As she smiles at me, calling me “hon”,
So, beautiful, and slowly she drifts back to sleep,
As I stare at her all night, then the alarm beeps.

I could not take my eyes off,
As her hair is so delicate and soft,
Then, she asks me, why I am smiling?
Since, my prayer was answered as we are lying.