

A GOOD MAN'S WIFE

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He was a good man, it is said,
the neighbors cried when he was dead;
tables swayed with cards and flowers,
eulogies went on for hours.
A good man was James Jerome,
and though his wife sits now alone at home,
his payments made to "The Brotherhood"
have left her sitting mighty good.

He was a good man, I must repeat,
his obituary took up half a sheet;
in the lengthy list of accomplishments
were some accolades from presidents.
He was a good man, a reverent one,
known and loved for the good he'd done;
on the busy day they buried Jim,
a city stopped to honor him.

He was a good man, his good wife thought,
as she eyed the things that Jim had bought:
the chandeliers and the high backed chairs,
and the carpeting up and down the stairs.
And she was a good wife, a good spouse,
who knew all the secrets of the house—
all the broken things, all the wear and tear,
and all the skeletons in that room up there.