

# SYNOPSIS

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Spouses (and novels  
that line dusty bookshelves)  
are mostly for those who  
are bored with their own selves.

Children (and ailments  
that make you feel sickly)  
are fine only if you  
can give them back quickly.

In-laws (and comets  
that show when the sky clears)  
are mostly raptly viewed once  
each 76 years.

Deathbeds (and egos  
that fixate on self-love)  
are things that you'll never  
have bad memories of.

Cynics (and sweat socks  
that get one last spin dry)  
are hard to find mates for.  
Have you any guess why?

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