

Paper
A Poem by William T. Elliott

My wife is fond of paper and she really doesn't care
for me to throw it all away or wrinkle it or tear.
Instead I must find nurturing for each and every piece
and look at it and stare at it with eyes that love the feast.

My mind cannot in honesty be kind to every bill
for true it is that one of these can only make me ill.
So when I find a bill or two instead of tear or throw,
I put it on the bottom where my wife will never know.

My fondest wish for papered treasure sitting in a pile
is that with front end loader I could put it out of style.
But since I love the wife I joined for worse or for the good,
I'll hide the fact that I'm annoyed that I'm just storing wood.

So if you're ever in my part or in the neck of woods,
and need a note or envelope for better or for good,
just stop on over to my house I've got the two in spades,
I just wish you'd hurry up before my house I trade.

Thank you for your time.