

Prepared

Lambchop

She was standing by her mirror
Brushing out her curls and braids
That evening had arranged the night before

She noticed her pale cheeks
As were seen through haggard eyes
That suggested conversation in the morning

I have reached and scraped and borrowed
I have all but paid the price
As was ordered and was needed for the balance

Turning to her husband she so carefully said
"My dear, what put that idea in your head?"
Voices cried in silence or crept stealthily away
Left shimmering with rigid lips compressed

To watch over him and prey
Bring him up the Christian way
And now what can I say that's less profane

Maybe I was in his power
I didn't mean to tell you this
Though I don't intend to share them
To their full extent

If it's sorry that we feel about it
Then with feelings I do respect
I am the most undisciplined of man

We are thrown out of our bedclothes
Instead of slumbering away
And a smile spreads like
A sunbeam through your face

I am willing to bear my part
I've been hasty, I've been surprised
And for this I'm only partially prepared