

STILLBORN

By Robert Fitt

I love you, Jean, when near at hand
Or when you're far away.
I loved you, then, to 'beat the band',
I love you more today.

It's nice to be retired from work
And contemplate a lot.
Or settle into handiwork
Until my help is sought...

But I don't fit the rocking-chair
I just can't sit around.
I need to be 'out-doing' where
Something's run-aground.

So please be patient, I'm a guy
Who's loves computerizing
"It's like a virus, or the flu"
For you—antagonizing.

It's a lot like being big with child
Ideas swell within
And incubate a concept styled
In wordy discipline.

I start out bright and early...
And think, and write, and sit,
And stare at my computer screen
While Jeannie has a fit.