

Thrice United
Marialyce Zeerip

The first, he was a wounded soldier true,
And she, she nursed him back to health and more,
Sweet passion, a mirage, did block her view,
While he, a pretty rogue, her heart he tore.

The second, seeking love and wanting her,
And she now mother, laden down with three,
Not love but rescue sought to reassure
Her sanity. But love could never be.

The third, upright and good, no risk at all,
Companionship not passion did he bring,
With him no heartache would on her befall,
She signed and in so did her settling.

Young love naive once thru the fire passed,
Turns old pursuing naught but just to last.