

SIMPLE POETRY

by Vera Blaine

I am not a poet, and I know it.
Yet I'll give it a try before time flies by.
A woman named Gueniver lived in her hemisphere
Always so glad that no money she had.
She was smart and knew from the start
Money was evil and fostered the devil.
She would not change, though a bit strange
Life might not be good, but that's as it should.
One day it was late, but it was her fate
Whom should she meet, a kind man, so sweet.
His car big and sleek, his demeanor meek
He was wealthy and yes, just as healthy.
Money from his wallet oozed, said he never boozed.
Oliver was his name, wealth was his fame.
Her thoughts alarming, could someone so charming
Be rich and kind, yet have devil in mind?
How quickly she forgot, when on the spot
He asked for her hand, in a manner grand.
Refuse she could not, so they tied the knot.
No one now knows if this life she chose
Gave her happiness forever and no regrets ever.