"JUST MARRIED"

TO WHOM?

ON AUGUST 24
1991
CONFESSION TO BE TRACED
ON A BIRTHDAY CAKE

Lots of people are richer than me,
Yet pay a slenderer tax;
Their annual levy seems to wane
While their income seems to wax.
Lots of people have stocks and bonds
To further their romances;
I’ve cashed my ultimate Savings Stamp —
But nobody else has Frances.

Lots of people are stronger than me,
And greater athletic menaces;
They poise like gods on diving boards
And win their golfs and tennises.
Lots of people have lots more grace
And cut fine figures at dances,
While I was born with galoshes on —
But nobody else has Frances.

Lots of people are wiser than me,
And carry within their cranium
The implications of Stein and Joyce
And the properties of uranium.
They know the mileage to every star

In the heaven’s vast expanses;
I’m inclined to believe that the world is flat —
But nobody else has Frances.

Speaking of wisdom and wealth and grace —
As recently I have dared to —
There are lots of people compared to whom
I’d rather not be compared to.
There are people I ought to wish I was;
But under the circumstances,
I prefer to continue my life as me —
For nobody else has Frances.
He to a psychologist.
She to a quarter back
He to a telephone operator
She is a gambler.
She to a travelling salesman
He to a quetch
She to a nephrologist!
He to a passionate dance.
She to a poet
He To an actress
She to a rabbi
She to a music critic.
She to her
Both to a business executive
Both To an accountant
Both to a fanatic
Both to a film star
CONFESSION TO BE TRACED
ON A BIRTHDAY CARD

Lots of people are taller than me,
Yet pay a smaller tax;
Their second legs seem to work
While their futures seem in woe.
Lots of people have jobs and lands,
To further their resources;
I've found my ultimate salvation stamp —
But nobody else has Frances.

Lots of people are stronger than me,
And greater athletic wonders;
They pour like gods on dancing boards
And win their goals and honors.
Lots of people have lots more grace
And cut the figures at dances,
While I was born with galoshes on —
But nobody else has Frances.

Lots of people are wiser than me,
And work within their stations.
The implications of Plato and Joyce
And the properties of creation.
They know the meaning to every star
In the heavens vast expanse;
I'm inclined to believe that the world is flat —
But nobody else has Frances.

Speaking of wisdom and wealth and grace —
As recently I have heard to:
There are all sorts of people compared to whom
I'd rather not be compared to!
There are people I ought to wish I was,
But under the circumstances,
I prefer to continue my life as me —
For nobody else has Frances.