

MAYBELLE SMITH INQUIRES INTO THE TRUTH OF MARRIAGE

Can some sensible soul spell out the reality of matrimony?
Is it a comfortable contract signed for cozy safety,
Or a cosmic covenant of cherished dreams?
Is it a buggy business bargain that's ice-cold,
Or a fleeting, frantic madness, neatly packaged and sold?

Why are most marriages messy, mismatched, sordid affairs?
Why do brainless fools bet on this high-stakes gamble?
Do they crave the thrill of rolling loaded dice,
Only to sigh and sob after their choices slice?

Why do folks flock to these fake, fickle shams?
Is it an absurd alchemy where affluent princes turn to frogs,
And pristine princesses morph into warty warthogs?
Or is it just a desperate dream that one peerless partner completes?

Marriage is a moldy institution where mates slowly decay,
As their dignified pride is squandered and peace cast away.
Yet despite the damage and dire danger,
This ancient, awful trap is wildly embraced with glee!

- T Newfields
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NOTE: This piece was partially generated with AI tools; human editing was then applied.

