

A Poem for Dot on her Birthday

Lindsay Davis called to say
She hoped you'd have a nice birthday
I thanked our caller for her wish
And agreed when she said you're
quite a dish!

But she has got the years all wrong
She adds them up and they're too long.
She put year one beside year two
And gets year three as a child could do.

But that's not the way to reckon your age
I do not go through it page by page
I read twelve pages and then go back
Start again at page six and quickly subtract.

Yes, "track" I say to make it rhyme
And have your age come out on time.
She adds it up to seventy-eight
But my way makes that much too late.

You look to me like twenty nine
So I make my math fit my design.
I just don't care if some years get lost
Just so you're my sweetheart whatever the cost.

I put careful calculations aside
And thank heaven you became my bride.

You're the cream in my coffee
The spice in my life,
Happy birthday, then darling,
I'm proud you're my wife!

John A. Munroe
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