

Ode to my Wife, the Quilter

She learned to quilt on Monday,
Her stitches were very fine.
She forgot to thaw out dinner,
So we went out to dine.

She quilted miniatures on Tuesday.
She says they are a must.
They really were quite lovely,
But she forgot to dust.

On Wednesday it was a sampler,
She says the stippling's fun.
What highlights! What shadows!
But the laundry wasn't done.

Her patches were on Thursday,
Green, yellow, blue and red.
I guess she really was engrossed,
She never made the bed.

It was wall hangings on Friday,
In colors she adores.
It never bothered her at all,
The crumbs on all the floors.

I found a maid on Saturday,
My week is now complete.
My wife can quilt the hours away
The house will still be neat.

Well, it's already Sunday,
I think I'm about to wilt.
I cursed, I raved, I ranted,
The MAID has learned to QUILT!