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Three Little Words

Ronald Eubanks

Three little words

Now what might they be?

Our language

Has so many mixings of three.

There's the Father, Son
And Holy Ghost
Mashed potatoes and gravy
To go with the roast.

Three points for a field goal
Three strikes and you're out.
The old British cheer
Said three times with a shout.

How are you? I'm fine.
Is this really true?
Each statement's three words
The contraction's the clue.

Some threes come in sorrow Such as it's "sad, but true" And some with excitement You know, "I love you." I know of three others
I don't want to repeat
They come from my past
Fraught with meaning replete

They came from my wife
In our thirty fifth year
The sound in my heart
Will forever be clear

She turned to me softly
And smiled through the tears
(We had been one
For thirty five years)

We've shared every moment
The good times and bad
It's mostly been happy
But sometimes it's sad

That day was a sad one.
I still feel indignant.
For these three little words were.
"It is malignant."

So started the journey
That's lasted six years
In that time there has been
Much more laughter than tears

In December a PET scan
Gave our hearts ease
The report of the doctor,
"No sign of disease."

We've now begun
Our forty first year
We never look back
Have nothing to fear

"It is malignant"
But, we won't let it win
Each day is a new day
So we just begin.

Three words in a question
Three words in reply
Which are the truth?
And which are a lie.

You may ask us the question.

What we say's not some line.

We really do mean it.

"How are you?" "We are fine."