Three Little Words

Ronald Eubanks
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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