

**Poem for She Who Hates Poetry
On the Occasion of Her Thirtieth**

The holy ones are want to say
“Not too much can be thought of a day.”
Yet, every day hence seems to
Bring recompense
For what we forgot we must pay.

And now you're not twenty and nine
Which seems to leave so much less time.
But knowing that loss
Is no more than a fuss
Thirty starts to feel more like sublime.

And here since your Saturn returned
You've felt so much less of a burn,
In fact, you might think,
With a nudge and a wink,
“How delightful! the lessons I've learned.”

And with that, the joy of a year,
And with passing, not too many tears.
You've made a good life,
And a charming new wife,
And the worst seems to be in arrears.

Happy Birthday!
And many, many more 😊