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Rhymed Entry

A NOTE OF APPRECIATION

We say "thank you" a dozen times a day,
An automatic phrase we mutter here
And there by rote; yes, even when we pray.
While better words than others, still I fear
They've lost sincerity. What they convey
Is protocol to satisfy the ear,
The expectation of the proper way
To deal with people, underling or peer.

I don't suggest we drop this courtesy.
Good manners are the butter on the toast.
But gratitude, that rare commodity
Must come from deep within the caring host
Who makes a meal from his own recipe.
Expressing heartfelt thanks transcends the most
Elaborate airs. It's love's own alchemy
Beyond all daily duties, time engrossed.

Poetic homilies about such things
Are seen as sentimental saccharine.
Aware my simple verses risk the slings
Of critics waiting to do battle in
Arenas where the tight artistic strings
Permit no sweetness to emerge and win,
I'll just relay grace notes the idea sings
Without a thought of literary sin.

So please accept my thankfulness this season,
And may these homemade rhymes enhance the reason.

--Glenna Holloway