The Irony

By: Patricia Wheeler

I may never understand how twenty years of pure and unfailing love can boil down to money.

And yet, when the money shows itself to be fickle, all we have is love.

Where am I supposed to put my faith? When love seems to turn to hate and

money grasps people’s hands and professes itself to be their one true mate?

Backwards, that’s all I can say.

Where is the compassion, the emotion, the sorrow, guilt, and reconciliation?

Buried under a rock too heavy for one man to lift.

And there it will remain

Until help is sought,

Until enduring love can be learned,

Until trust can be restored,

And until death do us part.