Day of Horror

There is no doubt that
on September Eleventh
God sat down and cried.

“I worked hard…”

Bach was prolific:
One thousand compositions
and twenty children.

“…and so did I.”

Prolific Euler:
Eight hundred eighty papers
and thirteen children.

Us

Girl. Boy. Sparks just flew.
And thirty-eight years later
we’re still going strong.

Secret

Tell me life’s secret,
he asked. Is it having more?
No: just wanting less.