

THE TWELFTH ANNIVERSARY

Montana's wilds did start us on our way,
And campus green did shade our second year.
The third made sweet with friends so young and gay,
The fourth brought forth a daughter, small and dear.

The fifth year, Love, you gave to me a son,
Then came a year amid the ice and snow,
A baby girl, the seventh year's begun,
This and the next both bring their share of woe.

The ninth the first of three along the Nile,
Of life anew and partings all too soon,
Of simple trust and diplomatic guile,
The twelfth find us beneath a Persian moon.

Twelve years are mine, that you have been my wife.
That means, my Love, just twelve sweet years of Life.