

Birthday Ode

by Sidney Schuman

What then brings the morrow?

That I cannot tell

For I'm entranced to Mary

As light as any bell.

How then went the past day?

Twas full loved with she

Who quickens and yet calms

So all is well for me.

What say you for this day?

That we are twice renewed

Once for wit and laughter

The other? That's too rude.

January 2004

(after seeing *The Taming of the Shrew*)