

The Wordrobe

Six-foot-high and made of teak
With countless drawers that are unique
Each one contains a different word
From sublime, ridiculous to the absurd

I love to pull one out each day
And marvel at the words that come my way
The simple ones I like the best
Like hope and love and treasure chest

Some are quirky, really odd
Like quintessential and arthropod
And when I go to sleep at night
I pull them close with all my might

For words can comfort one and all
And shield us from life's breaking fall
A tender word of love told true
Is in my wordrobe just for you