**Some Day**

***01 September 1993***

The young couple moved into their new home,



consumed by a desire to never more roam.

Everywhere they looked there were chores to do,

they spent a lot of time doing too few,

till chores began to pile up all about.

The wife asked, "Honey, when are you going to build shelves?"

He replied, "Some day."

Five years of time passed by.

Progress was made, but not too much.

The wife's attitude began to change,

she began to mutter to herself.

When alone she began to kick the walls,

"Honey," she asked, "When are you going to get new cabinets?"

He replied, "Some day."

Ten years of time passed by.

"Honey, when are you going to tile the front porch?"

He replied, "Some day."

"Honey, when are you going to fence the backyard?"

He replied, "Some day."

"Honey," he asked, "when are you going

to let me move back into the bedroom?"

She replied, "Some day."

