

TWO LETTERS TO THE AGONY AUNT

He says he still loves me.

You know what I think?

If he really loved me,

he'd fix the sink

or help with the cleaning

once in a while.

Try harder to make

me laugh or smile.

Each day he puts the world to rights,

and when he moans and rants,

he looks for all the world as if

he's eaten his underpants.

Where is the man I married,

who swept me off my feet?

How can we regain our spark?

Yours,

Never one to bleat.

'The sink is leaking again,' she says.

Why is everything such a bummer?

She *really* thinks I can fix it, myself!

She should have married a plumber!

All she seems to be interested in

is housework. What a bore!

Where is the wife I used to know?

The one who didn't snore?

Her snoring keeps me awake all night,

even after all passion's spent.

I'd get more sleep in a howling gale,

sleeping outside in a tent!

My libido's starting to take a hit.

I'm truly at my wits end.

How can we find what we have lost?

Yours,

Going round the bend.