

#58 ABSENCE MAKES THE HEART...

Absence makes the heart grow fonder...
Or would it make the flesh to wonder?
That's the question that was ahead to be answered;
Whether my heart had cells that would rebel and grow cancered.

The world has so many temptations that constantly pull
Our attention away from our loved ones so that love might fade dull.
The Devil knows exactly what **buttons in me to push;**
Pretty faces, revealing figures, and the occasional nice tush.

But that's really no different than every other day.
I thank God for the strength to ignore what his demons say.
He uses the same old tricks, with the distance his ace in the hole,
But I never fail to forget to which girl I've committed my soul.

The one thing the distance does is make me long dearly and strong
To be close to my wife and hold her near me all the night long;
Just to be near to my mate and hear her voice in my ear
So the last words I hear at night are " I LOVE YOU, MY DEAR! "

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