



The Three-Legged Race of Love

By Marcus Lander (September 2012)

*While some may find the marriage bond
To be a union sweet,
More often it is like a thong,
That bind's two lover's feet.*

*Some think a partner's helping hand
Will ease their path in life;
As they exchange their wedding band
With husband or with wife*

*But seldom does this dream come true
Exactly as they'd planned;
And some will even come to rue
Their noose-like marriage-band.*

*For life is rather like a race
That every man must run:
Some simply cannot hack the pace,
While some are out for fun.*

*Poor misguided souls like these
Are apt to view the marriage bed,
As promise of a life of ease,
And under this delusion wed.*

*For one alone, life may be hard,
But with two, it's sure no picnic
"A problem shared, a problem halved"
Is rather poor arithmetic.*

*Some treat their partner as a crutch
Or a staff on which to lean,
And fail to see they ask too much
Of their prince or lady-queen.*



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*Along life's course they stumble:
Their progress pained and slow
Till sorrow makes them humble,
And they learn what they should know.*

*A chain's as strong as its weakest link
And each must play their part
But if we from our duty shrink
The chain is pulled apart.*

*Some couples are too headstrong
And both pull different ways:
They won't admit when they are wrong
Or do what the other says.*

*For two cannot walk together
If they will not be agreed,
And each hold out, to see if ever
The other will concede.*

*And many a fall and many a sprain
Result from this tug-of-war
For the way of the flesh is the way of pain
As it says in the book of the law.*

*Beware to whom you decide to hitch
And share the marriage yoke,
Or you may find yourself in a ditch
And a broken ankle's no joke!*