

Underwear

Loudon Wainwright III

You know when I know just how much I care
When I'm carefully folding your clean underwear
I see it's all worth it though sometimes it sure hurts
Putting back in the bureau drawer all my t-shirts
I find the foundation, the reason, a basis
Stuffing the pillows back into their cases

We suffer slings, withstand buffets and shocks
It's so clear separating then mating the socks
Stretching the fitted sheet onto the bed
I recall hairs we've split, blood and tears that we've
shed
But love feels secure dear somehow I discover
Slipping the duvet into its warm cover