

The Kick Under The Table

After a man has been married awhile,
And his wife has grown used to his manner
And style,
When she knows from the twinkle that lights
Up his eye
The thoughts he is thinking, the wherefore and
Why,
And just what he'll say, and just what he'll do,
And is sure that he'll make a bad break ere he's
Through,
She has one little trick that she'll work when
She's able-
She takes a sly kick at him under the table.

He may fancy the story he's telling is true,
Or he's doing the thing which is proper to do;
He may fancy he's holding his own with the
Rest,
The life of the party and right at his best,
When quickly he learns to his utter dismay,
That he mustn't say what he's just started to say.
He is stopped at the place where he hoped to
Begin,
By his wife, who has taken a kick at his shin.

If he picks the wrong fork for the salad, he
Knows,
That fact by the feel of his wife's slippered toes.
If he's started a bit of untellable news,
On the calf of his leg there is planted a bruise.
Oh, I wonder sometimes what would happen to
Me
If the wife were not seated just where she
Could be
On guard every minute to watch every trick,
And keep me in line all the time with her kick.

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)