

Neglected

I don't get much attention now,
Although I'm not complaining;
I'm forced to get on anyhow,
Another king is reigning.
She doesn't run to wait on me,
However rushed I may be,
Whene'er I need assistance, she
Is busy with the baby.

Time was my shirts were all laid out
And all my duds were handy;
And those were days, without a doubt,
When things were fine and dandy;
But now the time she gave to me
She's giving to another,
It keeps her busy just to be
A fond and doting mother.

Oh, I cut quite a figure then,
To something I amounted;
I stood above all other men,
With her, I, only, counted.
Then, often I was petted, too,
And cheered when things went badly;
But now another's come to woo
And I'm neglected sadly.

And now I come and go each day,
Just merely tolerated;
And often I am in the way,
As she has plainly stated.
My wants I'm forced to fill myself,
However hard it may be;
Oh, I've been put upon the shelf,
And put there by a baby.

And yet upon that shelf I'd stay,
And all complainings smother;
The lad who took my wife away
Has given me his mother.
And every night I kneel and pray
That never will the day be
That I shall fail to hear her say:
'I'm busy with the baby!'

Edgar Albert Guest (1881-1959)