

Jim White, Christmas Day

Where in the world did you come from my dear?

Did some mysterious voice tell you I'd still be here? I bought this ticket to Mobile, but I been strand

So seldom a door...so seldom a key...so seldom a lock like the love between you and me. But selc

The burden of love is the fuel of bad grammar.

You stutter and stammer--what a bitch to convey the crux of the matter, when the words you must t

But seldom comes happiness without the pain of the devil in the details since I saw the smile on yo