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What More Can I Say

Reference number PT0297

MARVIN

It's been hot,
also very sweet.
And I'm not usually indiscreet,
but when he sparkles
The earth begins to sway.

What more can I say?

How can I express
How confused am I by our happiness?
I can't eat breakfast
I cannot tie my shoe.

What more can I do?

If I say love him
you might think my words come cheap.
Let's just say
I'm glad he's mine awake, asleep.

It's been hot,
also it's been swell.
More than not,
it's been more than words can tell.
I halt, I stammer,
I sing a rondelay.

What more can I say?

I'll stay calm.
Untie my tongue,
and try to stay
both kind and young.

I was taught:
Never brag or shout.
Still it's hot,
just like how you read about.
And also caring,
and never too uncouth.
That's the simple truth.

*(WHIZZER is sleeping face up. MARVIN looks underneath the
sheet and is
stunned by his good fortune.)*

Can you tell
I have been revised?
It's so swell,
damn it, even I'm surprised.
We laugh, we fumble,
we take it day by day.

What more can I say?