

The Prairie Light Review

Volume 17
Number 1 *HERE IT IS IN BLACK AND WHITE...*

Article 9

Fall 12-1-1966

HENRY AND GRACE

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Recommended Citation

Penrose, Sandra (1966) "HENRY AND GRACE," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 17 : No. 1 , Article 9.
Available at: <http://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol17/iss1/9>

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HENRY AND GRACE

By Sandra Penrose

“He’s a street angel and a house devil.”, she’d say
To those who knew of Grandpa’s odd behavior,
But he was her husband, so she felt she must stay.

He heard of a needy family one day
And quietly sent money...an anonymous savior.
“He’s a street angel and a house devil.”, she’d say.

For weeks at a time, work took him away.
He’d leave her without money, and five kids to care for.
But he was her husband, so she felt she must stay.

Until his sick granddaughter’s dying day,
He grudged a heated room in which to bathe her.
“He’s a street angel and a house devil.”, she’d say.

With cronies, he could drink, and laugh and play
Then, going home, transform into wife-beater.
But he was her husband, so she felt she must stay.

Old at fifty-six, watching his moods each day,
Her rheumatic heart would finally spare her.
“He’s a street angel and a house devil .”, she’d say,
But he was her husband, so she felt she must stay.