

Good night sweetheart,

Going to bed feeling like the schmuck  
who's baby has left him again,  
or at least who's trying to leave him,  
or at least who would like to leave him,  
or at least who is considering how simple her life would be if she left him.  
Going to bed wishing his baby were happy  
with him,  
sad-weary, loathing his schmuck-worn self,  
his baby's cognitive dissonance.