

ALL IN A DAY

TONIGHT I took my mending basket down
And gazed with awe at socks of red and brown
With jagged holes in ankle, heel, and toe,
And pondered in my soul how these could grow.

Remembering, but yesterday with yarn
Another batch of socks I'd had to darn.
And then I thought of gay, capricious Anne,
Of Joseph's manly stride, and skipping Dan,

And all the steps they made – the fun they had,
The countless things they did to make me glad,
Their bodies, perfect specimens, and strong,
The house vibrating daily with glad song.

Then joyously above the mass I bent
And patiently began to mend a rent.

By Alice Whitson Norton

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