

## **A PICTURE ONE NEVER FORGETS**

If I a clever artist were,  
With keen delight I'd trace  
Upon a canvas snowy white,  
My mother's lovely face.  
With loyal hand I'd trace the smile  
That tends to make the world worthwhile.

The look within her gentle eyes  
That has through passing years  
Grown tender underneath the weight  
Of happiness and tears . . .  
I'd brush these in with care and grace,  
Then lovingly each wrinkle trace.

I'd paint her with an apron on,  
All flowery and gay,  
Or resting in a rocking chair  
At closing of the day . . .  
With firelight playing on her face,  
And at her throat a bit of lace.

If I a clever artist were,  
With keen delight I'd trace  
Upon a canvas snowy white,  
My mother's lovely face,  
But since I am devoid of art,  
I'll keep her picture in my heart.

by Alice Whitson Norton

From: For Mother's Day  
1962 – Ideals Publishing Company