

## **LIFE'S SKEIN**

I cannot make the threads run straight and true,  
In Life's strange skein I'm winding day by day;  
So many are the threads of somber hue,  
So few the scarlet mixed among the gray.

The brightest threads so often break in two,  
And though retired, I find they will not stay.  
Yet I, dear Lord, with patience shall pursue  
The winding of my skein day after day.

By Alice Whitson Norton

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