

## **PROCRASTINATION**

I'm thinking just now of a friend that I met  
No longer than yesterday.  
We greeted each other as loving friends do,  
Then hurriedly went on our way.  
I thought she looked lovely, but let the chance go  
Of making her happy by telling her so.

I noticed her shoes were a bit worn,  
Her step a little bit slow –  
But I didn't invite her to get in my car,  
And ride where she wanted to go;  
I knew she was weary, and rough was her road,  
But I let the chance go for lifting her load.

Today I brought flowers – white lilies at that –  
To lay in the motionless hand  
Of her whom I met on the street yesterday –  
The woman I labeled a friend.  
“Sweet soul,” I murmured as I stood by her bier,  
But what was the use when her ears couldn't hear?

By Alice Whitson Norton

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