

PROTECTION

From dawn of day far, far into the night
I set my hands so many things to do.
There's not an idle moment on my part
To dream of happy days I spent with you.

The house knows not a tiny fleck of dust;
The garden paths for once of weeds are free;
The silver, long neglected by my hand,
Shines with a luster now that frightens me.

Nor do I from my labor dare to pause,
Lest memories sleeping in my soul should wake,
And underneath the magic of their spell
With loneliness and grief my heart would break.

By Alice Whitson Norton

From Holland's Magazine of the South
June, 1940 – page 50