

DISCOVERY (Version 1)

Today I found a quaintly fashioned nail
That had for ages idly lain in sand;
It once had been a useful piece of iron,
But now to dust it crumbled in my hand.

You cannot be an older nail, I mused,
Than those imbedded in the logs of pine
That have withstood the ravages of storm
A century, in these four walls of mine.

Then like a flash I sensed the naked truth:
Old rusty nails, like hearts of bitterness,
Will crumble into dust, while others keep
The strength of youth, through constant helpfulness.

By Alice Whitson Norton

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