

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

From “Girlhood Days Magazine”
March 16, 1941 – Page 3