

## **THE PRICE**

I climbed the ladder of success,  
Then let myself look back,  
And, lo! I saw the joys I passed  
Unnoticed on the track –  
A hand that had failed to grasp;  
A heart I'd failed to touch;  
A joy to some child brushed aside,  
That would have meant so much;

A kindly deed I overlooked;  
A smile I failed to give –  
So greedily I'd sought success,  
I hadn't stopped to live.  
I saw myself a master man,  
Unmerciful – and cold –  
And in a World of happiness  
I stood alone – said old.

By Alice Whitson Norton

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