

## UNFADING

If I a clever artist were,  
With keen delight I'd trace  
Upon a canvas snowy white,  
My mother's lovely face.  
With loyal hands I'd trace the smile  
That tends to make the world worthwhile.

The look within her gentle eyes  
That has through passing years  
Grown tender underneath the weight  
Of happiness and tears –  
I'd brush these in with care and grace,  
Then lovingly each wrinkle trace.

I'd paint her with an apron on  
All flowery and gay  
Or resting in a rocking chair  
At closing of the day –  
With firelight playing on her face,  
And at her throat a bit of lace.

If I a clever artist were,  
With keen delight I'd trace  
Upon a canvas snowy white,  
My mother's lovely face.  
But since I am devoid of art,  
I'll keep her picture in my heart.

By Alice Whitson Norton

From: The Charleston (W.Va) Gazette  
August 26, 1953, page 20

Offered in memory of Mrs. Nina West  
Wife of W.P. West and mother of  
Rose, Myrtle, Mildred, Albert & Carl