

## THE WEB OF LIFE (Version 2)

Morn, and the shuttles fly;  
Scarlet, the thread  
Swiftly the feet of youth  
Life's pedals thread.

Noon, and the heavy web  
Slowly is rolled;  
Often the thread of tears  
Crossing the gold.

Night, and the web is done.  
Silent the loom;  
Restful the weaver's face  
Shines through the gloom.

By Beth Slater Whitson

**From:** Ainslee's Magazine  
Vol. 21, No. 1, Pg. 92  
February, 1908