

TIME stands still as
I reflect upon the past.
Always, it seems, it
has been this way.
“Sun up to sun
down, toiling hard
throughout the day.”
Mindful to reap what I
will sow, fearful if idle in
the fields below. Of steady
conduct, Spirit firm, each day
fades slowly unto the last, until...
One day becomes a lifetime and
the *past*. I ponder, “Where did
the one day go?” And
the look upon my
face does tell —
It speaks to the truth
wherein my heart does
dwell, as I ask myself,
“Did I do well?”

One Lifetime

In A Day

*This poem is dedicated to
my Mother and Father who have always been
there for me and love unconditionally.
Poem inspired by “American Gothic”
(shown below) a painting by
Grant Wood, circa 1930’s.
— Michael*

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