

When I Consider...

Inspired by John Milton's poem "On His Blindness"

When I consider how my days are spent
From morn to night, twixt babies, laundry, stove,
And those dreams and visions to which I strove
Lodged with me useless; though I once was bent
To tend that precious flame which could transform
The daily drudge that is the housewife's thrall.

Is this it, the why and wherefore of it all?
I bewildered ask. But Nature to refute
That restless grumbling does provide
Some moments' joy which pierce one to the core:
A baby's loving smile, a husband's caring touch,
These are the stuff of which we make our lives;
Labor and love, sorrow and joy said the wise king,
A time and season for everything.

Written in 1961