

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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