

Her mind was agile but untutored
The waste was never noticed
But she managed and managed very well
When her husband from his bible preached
'On the seventh day thou shalt not labour
She laboured on as ever before, only
He ate the cold meats while her children ate the hot

The eyes now closed. The hands now stilled
And I , about her workload wonder
How many were loaves and fishes
And how many of green cabbages
Prepared and cooked by her
How many starched white shirts to launder
Her lifetime of scolding, love and laughter
Her strong sweet voice singing hymns
And her strength of will to carry on
How much of her is with us now
In us who follow on.