

## A CRAZY QUILT

They do not make them any more,  
For quilts are cheaper at the store  
Than woman's labour, though a wife  
Men think, the cheapest thing in life  
But now and then a quilt is spread  
Upon a quaint old walnut bed  
A crazy quilt of those old days  
That I am old enough to praise

Some women sewed these points and squares

Into a pattern like life's cares;  
Here is a velvet that was strong  
The poplin that she wore so long  
A fragment from her daughter's dress  
Like her, a vanished loveliness;  
Old patches of such things as these,  
Old garments and old memories.

And what is life? crazy quilt;  
Sorrow and joy, and grace and guilt.  
With here and there a square of blue  
For some old happiness we knew;  
And so the hand of time will take