

I've had this poem for years. I gotta say, with each day, and especially nowadays, it rings more and more true to me. I have so much I can do that is worth my time more than dusting (or fretting or quarrelling or…)! And for that, and this poem, I am thankful.

What are you spending your time on?

Dust if you must, but wouldn't it be better,
To paint a picture or write a letter,
Bake a cake or plant a seed,
Ponder the difference between want and need?
Dust if you must, but there's not much time,
With rivers to swim and mountains to climb,
Music to hear and books to read,
Friends to cherish and life to lead.
Dust if you must, but the world's out there
With the sun in your eyes, the wind in your hair,
A flutter of snow, a shower of rain.
This day will not come 'round again.
Dust if you must, but bear in mind,
Old age will come and it's not always kind.
And when you go and go you must,
You, yourself, will make more dust.
-Unknown

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