

## A Problem.

Another birthday, that is true,  
They come to fast, for me and you,  
In spite of all that has been said:  
You seem to keep one day ahead,  
Which makes you older, sure as fun,  
And tends to make me feel quite young.  
Please tell me why is all this haste,  
I'm trailing on at my slow pace,  
You rush to eat, and rush to play,  
And rush to get at things, all day,  
You rush to fish, soon as it's light,  
And rush to play the game at night,  
But rushing doesn't change a fact  
That I am still, - a lagging back.  
You can't stop time, you plainly see  
For you're yet one day ahead of me.  
Mother Thomas.

Pelotkey, Oct. 2<sup>nd</sup> 1940