

The Widow's Mite

He looked around, as if to invite
Admiring eyes to catch the light
Of his great bounty, shining bright,
Which, held aloft at holy height,
He proudly gave. But, as was right,
His countless treasures, still held tight.

Her eyes downcast, she hid her plight
Of constant need, of hunger's bite,
Of weary bones; the daily fight
Of making do, as best she might.
But God is good! And in his sight
Alone she gave her widow's mite.

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