

## The Gleaner

It always was my mother's way  
To never waste a thing  
But save perchance to use again  
Even little bits of string

My father too was handy  
In extracting every bit  
From nearly empty cans and jars  
When others might have quit

It was a way of life back then  
When times were not so great  
And habits that are thus acquired  
One does not completely break

And so it was I too became  
A dedicated gleaner  
For when I throw some jar away  
It couldn't be much cleaner

But now I face a challenge  
That leaves me quite bereft  
With a container nearly empty  
How to squeeze out what is left

I am trying hard to finish this  
Before I go to bed  
Because, you see, it frustrates me  
***That container is my head!***

STC, April 2011