

Good Things

I once heard an old man say,
Shaping vases out of clay
Into subtle forms sublime,
“Listen, son, good things take time.”

All my life I've thought of this
When a task was lacking bliss,
When the work seemed awfully tough
And I thought I'd had enough.

So I'd give a little more
To what sometimes seemed a chore;
And, you know, without a doubt,
Good things always came about.