

## **Houston Davis Jones**

# **"The Floors Won't Scrub Themselves"**

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The dust collecting shelves are nearly bare  
The laundry piles high both here and there and  
The mantle-piece holds time so long now passed  
From days when all these dreams still seemed to pass  
When actions held rewards and life seemed purposeful  
When pens were strong as swords  
And the glass was not half empty but half full  
Oh no, oh no  
The clumps of dirt and hair collecting in the corners  
Won't warrant a blank stare when no one is around  
When the bells have ceased their ringing and the  
sounds have ceased their singing  
And all the people that you know are rotting down  
below  
The floors won't scrub themselves will they?

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