

## New Year's ReVolution

I rise in the early morning light,  
Here in this house that holds me tight.  
Here for the hours of the day and the hours of night.  
Bound fast by the ties of duty.

Serving food is my day long task;  
Is there more I often ask?  
“What shall we eat, and what shall we wear?”  
From their lips that is all I hear.

My fingers grow stiff from scrubbing their wares,  
Clothes, carpets, furniture, candlesticks, stairs.  
Soil them and clean them and soil them,  
A cycle unbroken again and again.

My mind is crushed, my body weary.  
My vision blurred, my life dreary.  
Trembling in bed, I face the morning with only dread;  
“No more shall I do their bidding,” I said -  
Though doubts creep in, whispering. *Who am I kidding.*

But a new year has begun  
I set in motion the plan I spun  
My eyes averted from the unwashed frying pan,

Arms folded, jaw set rigid  
I will not move, though they grow livid  
No more chores in this household;  
Count me out, in this institution,  
This is a sit – in!  
My resolution is a New Year's Revolution!

*By Norma Powell*