

## **As It Is**

I might wish the world were better,  
I might sit around and sigh  
For a water that is wetter  
And a bluer sort of sky.  
There are times I think the weather  
Could be much improved upon,  
But when taken altogether  
It's a good old world we're on.  
I might tell how I would make it,  
But when I have had my say  
It is still my job to take it  
As it is, from day to day.  
I might wish that men were kinder,  
And less eager after gold;  
I might wish that they were blinder  
To the faults they now behold.  
And I'd try to make them gentle,  
And more tolerant in strife  
And a bit more sentimental  
O'er the finer things of life.  
But I am not here to make them,  
Or to work in human clay;  
It is just my work to take them  
As they are from day to day.  
Here's a world that suffers sorrow,  
Here are bitterness and pain,  
And the joy we plan to-morrow  
May be ruined by the rain.  
Here are hate and greed and badness,  
Here are love and friendship, too,  
But the most of it is gladness  
When at last we've run it through.  
Could we only understand it  
As we shall some distant day  
We should see that He who planned it  
Knew our needs along the way.

Edgar Albert Guest