

## **It's All Right**

By William Stafford

Someone you trusted has treated you bad.  
Someone has used you to vent their ill temper.  
Did you expect anything different?  
Your work--better than some others'--has languished,  
neglected. Or a job you tried was too hard,  
and you failed. Maybe weather or bad luck  
spoiled what you did. That grudge, held against you  
for years after you patched up, has flared,  
and you've lost a friend for a time. Things  
at home aren't so good; on the job your spirits  
have sunk. But just when the worst bears down  
you find a pretty bubble in your soup at noon,  
and outside at work a bird says, "Hi!"  
Slowly the sun creeps along the floor;  
it is coming your way. It touches your shoe.