

# Custodian

*by* Jeffrey Sommer

Through the dust she came  
In the dead of night,  
Sweeping the floor  
As an angel might,  
A woman of the city  
A child of the sea,  
More and less than she appeared to be  
With a mood for every moment  
A song for every season  
She did what she must,  
She danced with her broom  
And smiled in the dust