

Habit

By Edgar Guest

Guest was known as the "People's Poet," and this piece focuses on how habits—good or bad—eventually become the "garment" we wear every day.

Small is a sin

at its beginning,
Sad is the soul
that it's winning;
Over and over
the thing that you do
Becomes in the end
a part of you.

The habit of thought

is the habit of deed,
The harvest is always
the fruit of the seed;
If you want to be happy
and want to be true,
Watch the small things
that you daily do.

The Habit Poem

I am your constant companion.
I am your greatest helper or your heaviest burden.
I will push you onward or drag you down to failure.
I am completely at your command.
Half the things you do, you might just as well turn over to me,
and I will be able to do them quickly and correctly.
I am easily managed; you must merely be firm with me.
Show me exactly how you want something done, and after a few lessons I will do it
automatically.

I am the servant of all great men.
And, alas, of all failures as well.
Those who are great, I have made great.
Those who are failures, I have made failures.
I am not a machine, though I work with all the precision of a machine.

Plus, the intelligence of a man.

You may run me for profit, or run me for ruin; it makes no difference to me.

Take me, train me, be firm with me and I will put the world at your feet.

Be easy with me, and I will destroy you.

Who am I?

I am HABIT!