

FRAILITY

Frailty? No!
Do you not see them?

Creating
on blood stained sheets,
the future,
while the others wait.

Composing
by candlelight
the symphonies,
while the others sleep.

Praying
when all hope was lost,
for peace,
while the others fight.

Singing
to fill the gloomy air
with song,
while the others talk.

Working
to fill the hungry bellies,
for pennies,
while the others get rich.

Uniting
with the touch of their hands
the people,
for no one else will

Weeping, yes, weeping
for their sons and daughters
and husbands;
lost in the explosions
stolen in the night
sold in the markets
raped in the empty buildings.

Forgiving
with their holy spirit
the offenders
as only god forgives.

Frailty? No!
Do you not know them?