

985-1000  
This frail vessel

What is wrong with being frail  
It seems such a dirty word  
Though elegant the spanish moss  
And brilliant the hummingbird  
In this land we laud the strong  
The ones whose muscles bulge and burn  
Concurrently the delicate  
We disdain at every turn  
The boy who thin cannot defend  
Himself from the bully's taunts  
The girl who alone reads her books  
We wonder how her frailty haunts  
How did we come to such a thing  
Where weakness is pejorative  
I have another take  
Here's what nuance i can give  
Were the world replete with souls  
Who were quiet in their repose  
And honored thus for their retreat  
Not pitied for some mythic woes  
Maybe then in silence we  
Would see the frail as one's who lead  
Their meditation for the world  
Their love and kindness what we need