ODE TO A TIRED MAN

When you start on a task, you fight very hard
Your spirit is high, and no limits are barred
But as the end draws near, do you keep up the fight?
Do you plummmit toward earth, the hard ground do you bite?
Does your heart still say yes, while your spirit says no?
And your feet do they tire, while onward you go?
Do you fight and push forward, even though you are done?
Do you drag yourself upward, so you can say that you've won?
If this you have done, your a man through and through
If you only claim to have done this, you fool only you.

Peruier

SHOES

These shoes of mine,
Big, bulky, out of shape
Have trod the earth,
Left deep prints in their wake.

Have traveled far,
O'er mountains old and high,
Been drenched with salt,
From ocean spray tossed up.

These shoes of mine,
Bits of leather and of cord
Have trod through fields
Among the dead of war.

And now, in peace,
They rest in quietude,
Oh, could they speak,
What stories they could tell!

Richard K. Knopf