

Frailty

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An old man stares through the window pane
The cold wind is swaying the long grass
The man sits on a chair resting his weary legs
Weakness reflects from his withered skin

He is praying for strength and mercy
Silent devotion flows around him
The wall is covered with memories
Portraits with faces that never grow old

The dreams of the past haunt his lonely life
The crying face and voice of a newborn child
The piercing gaze in the eyes of grace
The first frail smile of the hopeful dawn

He closes the eyes that God once opened
And listens the wind howling outside
It cracks through the walls of old home
Deep to the soul of a man without a path