Not They Who Soar

Not they who soar, but they who plod their rugged way, unhelped to God,

are heroes; they who higher fare, and, flying, fan the upper air, miss all the toil
that hugs the sod.

Not they who soar... Tis' they whose backs have felt the rod, whose feet have pressed the path

un-shod... Tis' they may smile upon defeated
Not They Who Soar

Not they who soar. Tis’ they... Tis’ they whose backs have felt the rod. High up there are no thorns to prod, no boulders lurking ‘neath the clod. to turn the keenness of the share, for flight is ever free and rare:
Not They Who Soar

but heroes they the soil who've trod.

not they who soar.

soar, but they who plod their rugged way.

helped to God, are heroes.

circa 3' 15'

27 VII 2009
Charleston