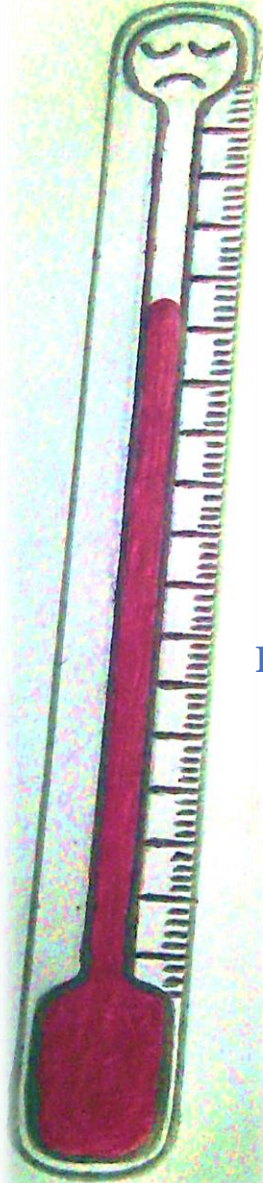


THE WARRING WORRYING



If my legs fail, I get my success
Since I have a life and legs their own.
If the rhythm of my stomach grows frail, I still make progress
For strife, is never healed by frown.
If the strength of my liver dies out, my spirit insists moving on
Since recoiling, trims courage to the bone.
If my hands lose touch upon fault, I get no stern conclusion
For hope can be lacking, but not always forever gone.
If my ears lose grip on sounds, relieving thoughts still linger in my mind
Since the call of fortune, is too loud even for the deaf.
If the sight of my eyes dims, I will never mind
For blindness may come soon, but vision in memory is ever my relief.

By Greenwood N. Maeria (22/10/2016)