## Man’s wretchedness and fragility.

*‘Oh! What wretched man I am!*

*Who shall deliver me from this body of death?’*

*-Paul, formerly known as Saul.*

Born into life,

Lives to die.

Limited time, so much to do

Little strength to do all I wish to do

What is this life?

Fragile

Quick to start

A fight till the end

A race

whose finish line is cold eternal sleep

Like a plant that quickly flourishes in warm dawn of spring

It toils and toils; weaves and weaves

The harsh beat of midday summer rains down

It loses strength; it weakens and weakens; autumn evening’s beauty.

Eventually, night in winter closes in slowly,

Then;

It sleeps in cold eternal rest.

That which I want to do, I can’t do

That which I don’t want to do, I find myself doing!

Here today; tomorrow, gone.

Weak and frail

We;

So dependent, yet assume autonomy.

Transient life, short and beautiful.

And slowly, when life’s toil ends

We will find ourselves in the presence of The Divine

Glorious transcendence!

-or eternal damnation?

*‘I have set before you life and death.’*

*-Moses*