

INFUSED WITH FAITH

by Robert Fitt

*(Written about my favorite tool, my well
scarred little brick hammer)*

Dented, chipped and broken,
Then rudely patched again,
An ancient hammer rests in state—
A lifelong battle won.

Patina dark from time's distress,
Its surface smooth and worn,
An awkward beauty emanates
Beneath rude scars well borne.

An ancient tool, well-treated—
Too often well-abused—
Reveals a haunting sense of power
Courageously infused

With faith—well born in struggle
Through pain and life's duress—
Tools and men are polished
Not by ease, but by distress.

Unlike the outward battles-won
That men and tools define,
It's the battles won within one's soul
That make a man divine.