

SAIL ON!

by Robert Fitt

Sturdy halyards touched by winds
That blow above the sea,
When hampered by entangling cord
That grips their vaunted shrouds,

Are captive to the lines that were
Designed to set them free.

While billowing sails rush other ships
To harbors grand and proud,
Their captive lines, all knotted, snarled,
As ne'er such lines should be

Leave ships becalmed with lifelessness.
Their sails full useless now.

Yet, one such sail—in grave distress—
Tangled and forlorn,
Incapable, could not respond
To blustery winds that be

And captive, saved their vessel
From the bottom of the sea.

Thus sails and men though
Hindered by debilitating flaws
Need not measure up to others
To gain the world's applause;

For those with souls becalmed by fate
Are also serving God.