

## I Am Thankful

As the dust settles on my luggage,  
Fresh from international adventures,  
I am thankful,  
To be home, while others will never again know  
The embrace of loved ones.

As my knees crack and complain,  
I grin and wait for the pain to pass, and  
I am thankful,  
To be able to stand and walk when I choose  
And to ride and to run at my own pace.

As my home, like me, shows its age,  
I do my best to play carpenter and plumber.  
I am thankful,  
For tranquility in the streets and the skies above.  
I have never seen a bomb shelter.

As the rights to live freely are splintered,  
By cruel men who rule with violence and fear.  
I am thankful,  
To live in a land of the brave and the stubborn.  
Yes, at times, self-absorbed, but always generous.

Perfection is the essence of divinity.  
So until the Universe decides I am ready—

I will accept my faults and the faults of others.  
I will forgive and hope to be forgiven.  
I remain steadfast on my humble path,  
Without coveting what others have,  
For I am truly thankful.