

# MICHAEL CHARLES MAIBACH



## "HUMILITY"

Of Humility  
We rarely speak,  
We're so involved  
In what we seek.

What do I want?  
What does she get?  
And my promotion -  
Now don't forget.

We fix our gaze,  
We set our goals,  
On all the world  
Between the poles.

Ironic as  
It seems to be,  
Real life begins  
With humility.

The priest in church,  
Teachers in schools,  
The nurse, the cop,  
The man with tools.

The statesman who  
Makes good his pledge,  
The gardener who  
Does trim your hedge.

The waitress pours  
Your second cup,  
The doorman's smile  
That cheers you up.

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The man who with  
His son does play,  
The fireman  
Who saves the day!

The mother nursing  
Her new child,  
The response to anger -  
Not harsh, but mild.

The salesman who  
Meets all you need,  
Soup kitchen staff  
The poor does feed.

What's the difference?  
What's the clue?  
Make your acts  
Not start with you.

We all begin  
With our own self,  
But ask just then -  
Whom might I help?

It's so much better,  
It works so well,  
When being second  
Tolls your bell.

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