Humanity

**by Elma Stuckey**  
  
If I am blind and need someone  
To keep me safe from harm,  
It matters not the race to me  
Of the one who takes my arm.  
If I am saved from drowning  
As I grasp and grope,  
I will not stop to see the face  
Of the one who throws the rope.  
Or if out on some battlefield  
I’m falling faint and weak,  
The one who gently lifts me up  
May any language speak.  
We sip the water clear and cool,  
No matter the hand that gives it.  
A life that’s lived worthwhile and fine,  
What matters the one who lives it?