

"The Beggar"
Marc Chagall



Should man
Be broken and torn where to turn
To raise up the head must he beg.
From whence has the downtrodden tread?
For transient the steps of repose
In the path oft retraced
Little shows.
Perhaps once he signed to his all
Who gave of her love
A retract,
Or slight was the sealed in return
Whose force was unsensed in import
Of her noughts to that life in its fall.
Be it love bred inner search,
Reduced are we all in our suit
To beg.