

## **in a small and quiet bar**

In a small and quiet bar downtown, I encountered  
A bent old man, half-blind behind thick glasses  
Holding an iceless drink.

We talked. He said,

“My whole life, I fought a great battle for justice.  
I fought it with fiery passion when I was young  
I fought it with prudence and savvy in my middle age  
I fought with wisdom and experience as I grew old.”

I asked, “Did you win the battle?”

He laughed. He said,

“My young friend, the goal was not to win.  
The goal was to fight.”

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