

What kind of shield is that?  
What type of protection  
From the blistered night?  
What sort of screen  
To the teeming dark?  
You expect safe passage  
Through sharp swarms,  
Blunt fields,  
And jagged nets?  
With that?  
Your naked, hobbling self,  
And cumbersome child,  
Underfoot,  
Against the world,  
With only that?  
Well...  
At least now you have a neck.