I lift it to my shoulders,  
to let them feel its weight,  
expecting my knees to buckle,  
my heart to pound in fear.  
Will I faint?  
But…it’s not so heavy after all.  
Where is that crushing gravity  
so devoutly to be dreaded?  
Where is that draining pain,  
where is that ponderous mass,  
where is that stoop of deformation?  
It’s not so heavy after all.  
What alchemic change  
has wrought this transformation,  
turning this load into one  
I know I can bear?  
It’s not so heavy after all.  
Would that I could tarry,  
would that I could share  
this secret just discovered  
this news that begs to be uncovered:  
He who shouldered the heaviest burden  
ever borne stooped to make mine  
light enough to carry.  
It’s not so heavy after all.