

A Friday Night In February

Little did I know as I sat at the door
We would feed and sleep 50 or more
It seems to be somewhat insane
It seems to be quite profane

They don't seem different from me
Why are they on the street you see
I have a home and others do not
What is that I have got

A young man comes in, his pregnant wife in tow
I feel like I should say to them, you know
It is not a good thing to do
To have a child when you live like you do

But then I stop and I think
Who am I to raise such a stink
Maybe they have a place to go
That is away from the cold and the snow

A single women enters in
She can't be more than fifteen
She is cold and shivering I see
But still she thanks me for the candy

Another comes in and asks for a bed
I ask him, if he wishes to be fed
His eyes so tired look at me
Saying I really don't care, just take care of me

I think what hurts me the most
To see those who have given up hope
They seem to be depressed, discouraged, lifeless, not free
Dejected, discarded, forgotten, so disposable., so empty

What is it that we do to these
How is it we let them freeze
Can we not share, on this planet
With them the gifts we take for granted

How do we give them hope for the future
The only way is to nurture
To treat each as a gift from God
That is all any can ask, by God

And if you wonder aloud like me
What will it take to change the greed
It must start with you and me
Working to make them free

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