

## **Waiting**

Waiting  
For the sun to set,  
For a bird to sing  
A love song

Wishing  
To catch the tune,  
To feel the love  
Myself

Wondering  
Why words hurt so,  
And why you yelled  
At me.

Wanting  
To grow up tall, to  
Fill our world with  
Kindness.

Waiting  
For the sun to set,  
For a bird to sing  
A love song.

## **Said the Bearded Man in a Box**

Such fancy things that  
People have:  
Satellite, internet—  
What is that?

To connect with the world, they say.  
So what?  
I have a cat, a turtle  
And even a bug.

A phone for a calendar?  
And a grocery list?  
I have memory for those things.  
(And I can catch my *own* fish.)

Sure, I do forget things.  
After all, I am human!  
But to rely on a phone?  
Why not hire some crewmen?

I don't need running water,  
I have my own compost!  
I *can* cook without a stove  
(Don't mind if I boast).

Technology is useless  
I won't benefit much.  
I'll just live in the leaves.  
That'll keep me in touch.

## **My Balm**

My heart: bruised and beaten  
My spirit: sad and sullen  
My smile: weak and wanting  
My courage: fast and falling  
My emotions: frayed and scalded  
My faults: surfaced, exposed  
My soul: restless searching  
My hope: slowly sinking

My balm: gently calling  
My song: softly singing  
My hand: digging, pushing  
My shoulder: hefting, bearing  
My eyes: clearing, seeing  
My hope: stretching, reaching  
My rescue: clasping, lifting  
My Savior: arms embracing

## **I Am Happy Just the Same**

I don't have a lot of money  
I don't have a lot of fame.  
But with *small* things in life  
I am happy just the same.

I have a son who makes me laugh,  
A daughter who makes me proud.  
Their countless hugs and kisses  
And wordless love speak loud.

I have a man who holds me  
Close to him at night.  
And a pillow for my head  
To help me sleep just right.

A kind stranger smiles at me  
As we're walking on the street.  
A friend gives me a book to read  
And a yummy treat.

A stranger fixed my dishwasher,  
Another fixed my car.  
A friend listens when I'm upset,  
"I love you how you are."

Life is full of sweet, small things—  
Peaches, flowers, music, ice cream.  
Dancing, singing, sidewalk chalk,  
The silly way a toddler talks.

The sun keeps me warm all day,  
The scriptures fill my soul.  
The river brings me peace and calm  
And God's love makes me whole.

So many little loves of life—  
"Diamonds in the rough".  
They all bring true happiness.  
Oh, how I love the small stuff.

Tiny things mean much to me  
`Though to you they seem mundane.  
And to that I will admit,  
But I am happy just the same.

