

I sit midst a lonely mob,  
Of friends and mates who have no job;  
Of inspiration in itself,  
As if a mess is velvet felt.

A gaze outside past window sill,  
To houses sitting on the hill;  
Beyond the ledge a vegie patch,  
Of what seems wrong yet perfect match.

I given here a place to rest,  
And food in plenty as n invited guest;  
The touch of women does not lack,  
Let love in depth the heart does ache.

Oh silly self my mind can't find,  
New direction to take for peace of mind;  
A million years as a day to this,  
Of what was brilliant turns to him a kiss.

Oh many men all types and kinds,  
Of different rounds and life's untwine;  
Oh goodness God how great thou art,  
That thou would bless me with kindness heart.

Of times of the end days gone by,  
It seems no redemption was in the sky;  
But there amidst the long lost dreams,  
The house of Bethlehem he in time redeems.

Signed,

Thou I have Little