

Someday Love

I remember him from my childhood as the
man who helped everybody

Always with a gentle smile and never
accepting any money

He had a small room at the church and
did odd jobs to pay his way

The priest said he hardly spoke and "someday
love" was his favorite words to say

No one knew his age or where he came from
he just showed up one day

And over the years he touched the lives of
many in his silent ways

I'll remember the tears and the heart of wild flowers
that greeted us at church that Sunday

And spelled out with white daisies were the words
that said someday love has gone away