

Downhere, The Beggar Who Gives Alms

There are no mystic jewels
embedded in my prose
No moonlit haloed cherubs
perched on my piano
No lyrics laced with pixie dust,
no angels sing along
I am just a beggar who gives alms

Gold and silver have I none,
but such I have give Thee
Borrowed words from the One
who gave the gift to me
The pearl that I could never buy,
this life, this dream, this song
And I am just a beggar
who gives alms

I am not the creator,
but a scribe with a pen
I'm recreating visions through a
cracked and broken lens
Only One has ever seen
the home for which we long
And I am just a beggar
who gives alms