

Waxwing, What These Hands Have Grown

Blessed am I to sit here today
Taking this time to carve out a place
Where I may find some rest and give others solace
To remind and remember, what can't be bought with dollars
From your pockets. Not everything.
It's something I should remember.
Treasure It its all you own
Treasure It its all that's your own
Food costs money and kids gotta eat something
If a farmers work is honest the contribution won't be unnoticed.
I wish I were a Farmer.
To be satisfied with what these hands have grown
No food of mine sits in the bellies of others
Instead this strange secret twisting which each only knows.