

That man is my dad

A December eve, peaceful and dark,
The snow had fallen all over the park,
Families were laughing, full of delight
But not everyone there was enjoying the night.

One man in that park, a bench for a home,
Wrapped in a blanket, he sits there alone.

From riches to rags,
Lonely and cold,
Nothing to eat, not even a bone.
He stretches out his hands, with tears in his eyes,
Oh how he wished that she would come by

He's humble but hungry,
He's tired but tough,
But that's how it is,
When you're sleeping rough.

As you open your presents,
As you fill up your plate,
Remember that hurt is outside your gate.

Don't judge what I say,
Or that I look sad,
For I know that man well,
That man is my dad.

By Zion Year 6