

A MESSAGE

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1-3

I've got a message for the man in the Street.
Who it appears to me has been blinded.
Without the woman you'd be obsolete,
I think it's time that you were reminded.

She's like a flower trampled under your feet,
Whose sweet Scent is wasted on the air.
Yet Somehow in your macho Conceit,
It seems to me that you are unaware.

A precious gem in the palm of your hand
That you treat as if a Common Stone.
Brothers it's time that you understand,
That She's a queen in need of a throne.

You see her flesh and ignore her Soul,
With hardened hearts you can crush her spirits,
And though you need her to make you whole,
When she cries out you can't even hear it.

I have a message for the man in the Street.
Who it appears needs to be reminded.
Without the woman you'd be incomplete,
You'd search for peace and you'd never find it.

Through God's grace, we've been given a gift,
And you can't even see beyond the wrapping,
The love inside, you just set it adrift,
Left with the sound of one hand clapping.

2-3

Like a one-eyed King in the land of the blind,
You think you've got it all figured out.
But one day you'll awaken to find,
That you've been left with the shadow of doubt.

You won't miss your water till the well runs dry,
And you're left to suffer in your thirst.
Some woman's daughter will just wave good-bye,
To the apology that you'd rehearsed.

How long do you think she'll play your game,
Until her own heart begins to harden?
Brothers, you'll only have yourselves to blame,
When she begins to tend to her own garden.

A place where flowers aren't carelessly plucked,
Where swollen grapes grow upon the vine.
Her own place where she can reconstruct.
Her sense of self and find peace of mind.

I've got a message for the man in the street,
What you've lost, I hope one day to find it,
And I'll sip that nectar, that's O, so sweet
Just the way God had designed it.

I'd be there to wipe the tears from her eyes,
And let her lay her head upon my chest.
I'd be there to hear her whispered sighs,
To satisfy her and give her rest.

3-3

You've held a jewel in the palm of your hand,
And treated it like a common stone.
One day soon perhaps you'll understand,
Why I chose to put her on a throne.

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Printed by: Freddie Lee Haliburton