

HUC

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Outside the gate,

You'd meet me every day

Seven or eight, flannel shirt buttoned tight

Thought you were a beggar

Why me, an easy touch? But no

Grabbing my hand, big smile

As we'd walk to the open stall

A tiger beer for me, maybe a coke for you

Leaning on my knee the whole time

Back to the gate, you'd stop and wave

Even brought your sister once

Another too beautiful innocent, gave me her hat

Swiped mine for a giggly chase

Two bright pockets of joy

A light bigger than dark war's place

We left soon, bound for inferno visions

Your fingers still I feel, your smile as well

This lifetime later I pray

You found that light and peace you rendered