

Early Morning Tears

After reading your story of the way
God came to you in others like a rose
I can see why in the morning you pray
to him with tears, how your love still grows.

I'm not used to being with people like you
whose affair with God seems so keen
his gentleness soaked through and through
to your heart where it has long been.

In a world marred by meanness and strife
such holiness brings sudden dismay
has trouble cracking the hardness of life
that too often in me has its way.

One who's not been radically saved
whose faith roots don't run a mile
who natural prayer and depth of faith he craves
will you loan? May I borrow your faith a while?

Author's Note: Dedicated to my dear Brother and friend, Mike Tirone.

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