

A Few Words

As I think about all the words I've said to you,
I wonder which ones counted even a little?
Most of the time I repeated them over and over,
Just the way I was taught, were they just words?

Seldom did I say the words I wanted to say,
Being taught to repeat words from others,
That were memorized and repeated,
Asking for things, taught by my mother.

Am I being narrow minded thinking that maybe,
My words, from my heart, were directed to You,
Could they be as mighty as the prayers I've been taught,
Would Your love be as strong and true?

If my words mean something to You,
That come from my heart and soul,
Find from me in these few words,
That I love you so.