

## The Watcher

I saw a very sad thing today.  
A child was all alone at play.  
He wanted a friend, don't you see?  
But, he had none, there was only me.

I saw a cruel act yesterday.  
The children had a cat at bay.  
The cat was old, tired, forlorn.  
They killed him that early morn.

I saw a wonderful scene the other day.  
It was just at nine, near an old causeway.  
I looked up, a falling star lit the sky.  
Oh, it was so bright, and away up high.

I saw a sight the other day in town.  
I couldn't believe it; I had to sit down.  
Two cops, all dressed in dark blue,  
Arrested two skate boarders just the two.

I saw a grown man cry the other day.  
His wife had just died, what can I say?  
His children were grown and far away.  
Now he is all alone and can not pray.

I watched an angry man for a while.  
We knew no joy and would not smile.  
I watched him, for he seemed so proud.  
Yet he was alone there in the crowd.

I stopped by a small garden nearby.  
Oh, the lovely flowers, I had to cry  
Tears of joy at this beautiful sight.  
A garden is truly God's greatest delight.

I saw couple in love not so long ago.  
They were wrapped up in each other so.  
I wondered if their love would last or not.  
It's a precious thing; it's all they've got.

I listened to a fearful old man preach  
Against earthly pleasures; he should teach  
Us to enjoy what little we have. Instead,  
He'd rather have his flock be very afraid.  
I came across a class there in the park.  
To the youngsters it seemed just a lark.  
Then, I watched the teacher, a young man  
Who tried to teach, but his class just ran.

I saw an old black man down by the street.  
He seemed to be tired, in his face was  
defeat.  
Then, all at once, a young girl came to his  
aid,  
Took his hand, and bought him lemonade.

I watched you all while I was out walking.  
You were all so busy, and all were talking  
About this and that; I wonder if you know  
How much you say and how little is so.

I pondered all these things I hav seen.  
The world is as we make it, or as mean  
Or as grand as we want. We get to say  
How it will be as we live day by day.

- *The Watcher*, © Leonard Yarbrough, 1997