

## **Have Heart "The Same Son"**

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Sisters starving, brothers begging.  
Mothers mourning, fathers folding

When I look in the mirror I see:  
A boy not a man  
The son of a father I refuse to understand  
The "brother" of a brother like a wound I neglect  
The coward of a sister with the world I forget  
The prodigal son, but I am yet to return  
From a siege where I take refuge but I want to watch  
burn  
Your lover, your companion, your champion, your  
friend

Forever by your side but not in the end

The fortunate son who dwells in the city,  
With the poorest of the poor, still, I ask for your pity

And while there's a man who sleeps on the ice-cold  
streets  
His godsend not in me, but in his cardboard: his sheets

Yet

I still see the same son.

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