

The Special Thing

Brodie Anderson

Why do you come to talk with me;
For I am no one, cannot you see.
A special person, I am not;
But still you come, rain, snow, or hot.
Spend time with us and touch my heart.

I know not how the others feel;
For me, my heart I can't conceal.
When each of you are on my mind;
I think of smiles and hearts so kind.
And wish together we were now.

We live apart, across the sea;
But we're alike both you and me.
In things that matter can't you see;
Like love and trust and living free.
We think of these each time we meet.

Sometimes alone I think about;
If I could only loudly shout.
And you could hear just what I say;
My Russian friends are far away.
What would I say, I wonder now.

To thank you for the jokes you bring;
Or praise the lovely songs you sing.
The cookies, cakes you made me eat;
So many sweets, always a treat.
Yes, these I love, but not the most.

The special things to me you see;
Are not the gifts of Russian tea.
What are they though, it's hard to say;
I'll get it right, I hope and pray.
For telling you means much to me.

The warmth within your every eye,
We've touched so hard, we almost cry.
I lean on you, and you on me,
Until I think, we all can see
That we are close, though far away.

These special things that I speak of,
Like a mother's never dying love.
But can you touch a special thing?
Are they majestic like a king?
Do they have warmth, do they have life?

The special thing, I'm sure you know,
It does mean much to tell you so.
The special thing that I love most,
That hurts my heart just like a ghost.
The special thing to me is you.