

# Do You Hear What I Hear?

*(The Little Drummer Boy)*



How often we deal in words

outgoing

not hearing or heeding

the tiny muffled cries for help

carefully covered

insecurity-shrouded

mutedly begging

for understanding

for a wisp of affection

a fleeting touch

just a smile

please.



Tell me

you hear

I am here

you like me

you approve



I need to know

you heard me.



LISTEN

THERE'S LOTS OF LOVE OUT THERE.

*Ray Conditine | 1981*

