

8/15/09



### Help 3

Help – I can't stand on my feet,  
Help – my voice is weak,  
Help – I have nothing to eat,  
Help – I'm feeling beat.

And then the hand comes out to me,  
A hand providing connectuality,  
That wonderful link between me and you,  
A connection that will make the blues shoo.

We all need help whether we admit or not,  
Alone with despair is not a good spot,  
It is not weak to ask for an assist,  
Too long we've lived with opportunity missed.

Many were raised that we must stand,  
Alone and solid, fate be damned,  
But that is a recipe for sadness and misery,  
Just look at events in your personal history.

"When the going gets tough, the tough get going"  
Is a saying that's full of bullshit flowing,  
When the going gets tough, we should stand together,  
And help each other through stormy weather.

So, I offer my poems as a type of support  
And the artist paints to provide an escort  
To take your blues and push them away

And provide some help to see the sun today.

The Earth provides me a major lift,  
A link, a connection, the ultimate gift,  
I just walked out and looked at the sky,  
And kissed the sun as the clouds passed by.

Help is there if we just look and ask,  
It is not that hard, it's no great task,  
Just open your mouth and form the words,  
Help will come racing on the wings of birds.

So welcome to Earth Church,  
Pull yourself up a pew,  
Here we offer you help  
And some kindness too.