

What Christmas Means To Me

Here we are at this time of year,
Some people laugh while some shed a tear,
For different reasons some people are glad,
For different reasons others are sad.

Some have lost someone who was never found,
For others the house is so empty they can't hear a sound,
For some there is no roof over their head,
Others don't feel safe even in the own bed.

Perhaps their cupboard is empty and bare,
Perhaps for some reason a good meal is rare,
They cannot afford a green Christmas tree,
But they hide their emotions for no one to see.

I am so grateful for all that is mine,
But on Christmas day I will spend some time,
To think about those whose life is far from a breeze,
And that's what Christmas means to me.

