

The Girl at the Steps

I passed her for school
I noticed she didn't have shoes,
But I ignored her.

She needed my hand,
I needed to take a stand,
But I ignored her.

She cried one day,
And I looked away,
Is that unholy of me?

One day she wasn't there,
my guilt, I couldn't bare,
Is that unholy of me?

Weeks I didn't see her,
It all went into a blur.
Simple as that, I forgot.

Maybe I was dreaming,
But could you miss someone screaming?
Simple as that, I forgot.

She came back,
I handed her my snack,
I didn't forget her.