

As he sits out the front of his restaurant,
Smoking a cigarette and waiting on a French croissant;
He talks to the travellers and passers by,
Of days of old and times gone by.

Many a story and tale had he,
With memories as sweet as sweet as could be;
But the heart of the soul cried in tears,
As he released and relinquished his many fears.

May times come for people to know the truth,
Of how hard he work through his middle age and youth;
His tongue of wisdom and many languages availed,
To this wandering traveller of long ago fortold.

There's not much left when it's all said and done,
Of all those years on earth under the sun;
A day goes by as if no longer a point,
With doubts and worries of problems that disjoint.

But nevertheless under the cool shade of a tree,
He spare a money and takes a chance to talk to me;
Disguised in his tone and experience of years,
He asked where your god in your heart or from heaven appears.

I was stuck for a moment to know what to say
As if I should take time to think of it all day;
But I said as I turned to walk down the street,
My god is in my heart and in heaven one day I'll meet.

Signed,

Your favourite dish