Beautiful Ruins

The scent of clean floors calls me home
To rooms where your patience learned to roam
Your favorite meal still on the stove
For visits I promised but never drove
Those tiny shoes you'd hold and smile
My childhood caught in leather's pile
You raised me up from sink to sky
Now I breathe your love through lullabies

In photographs that can't hold warmth
In living rooms where ghosts take form
Your memory holds me in the dark
And attempts to light my hidden spark

Beautiful ruins where you smiled
Unconditional raised this child
Oh, your love too vast for graves to hold
These sacred spaces still unfold, burning

Ten thousand miles can't hold the weight Of
words I saved for far too late
You fed the multitudes with grace
While I just dreamed of your embrace Those
toddler shoes, your rosary
Of who I was, who you helped me be
Each scuff and stain a prayer you made For
the boy you bathed, the man you saved

The hammock sways though you're not here
Your voice in every falling tear
Your memory holds me in the dark
And attempts to light my hidden spark

Beautiful ruins where you smiled
Unconditional raised this child
Oh, your love too vast for graves to hold
These sacred spaces still unfold, burning

They say come see where you lay down
But you're not there in that hometown
Just earth and dates and words that try
To hold a love that won't fit inside
So I carry you in clean floor scent
In tiny shoes, in love you lent
In stories that I'll always tell
In patience woven through each spell

Those little shoes still fit somehow
Inside the man who holds them now
In beautiful ruins, I find my peace
Where your love will never cease…
Rest in me…