



To the Ones We Pass By

I am the girl you passed today,
Eyes down, heart heavy, soul frayed.
Not because you looked at me wrong
But because I forgot how to feel strong.

I once had dreams, like your daughter/son might have,
A backpack full of hope, not shame to drag.
But life broke in, with hands unkind,
And now I wander, trying to find
A place to sleep, a bite to eat,
A moment where I don't feel beat.

I rake the yard not for pay,
But to feel something real today.
To calm the storm that drugs ignite,
To chase away the endless night.

You saw me. Not as less.
You saw the girl beneath the mess.
And in your eyes, I saw a spark
A prayer, a light, a kind remark.

So please, don't judge the ones you see,

On corners, benches, silently.
We are not our wounds or pain,
We are stories soaked in rain.

We are daughters, sisters, sons
We are battles yet to be won.
We are aching to be whole,
To find a hand, to find a role.

Heavenly Father, hear this plea

For every soul who's lost at sea.
Wrap them in Your boundless grace,
Guide them to a safer place.
Let angels walk with them tonight,
And fill their hearts with holy light.

Let those who pass not turn away,
But offer love in small display.
A smile, a word, a prayer, a gift
Enough to give a soul a lift.

For I am her. And she is me.

And mercy is what sets us free.

By June Elayne,
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