

## Something I Must Do

I wonder if you run out of love  
If you love too much, too fast?  
Can you drain your love reservoir,  
Like a car runs out of gas?  
Must we conserve some to be safe  
That we have some for next year?  
I've heard it said, "The love is gone."  
Where does it disappear?  
Is there a limited amount of love?  
I wonder if it's true?  
If love runs out, then you should know  
There is something I must do.

I wonder if I love Sherice  
Even if she's mad.  
And all who know her can't resist  
To note that she is bad  
So if your loves pours in,  
She will need so very much of it,  
There might not be an end.  
They've said,  
"Sherice - she needs too much."  
And if what they say is true,  
Then deep down in my soul I know  
There is something I must do.

And then there are José and Charles,  
And another called Big Ray.  
And they live in places that I advise  
You not visit today.  
Nor tomorrow, nor next week,  
Nor any time next year.  
Their neighborhoods are ruled by guns,  
By ignorance and fear.  
There's no loving mom in their home  
Making cocoa or mint tea,  
To hug them, kiss them, teach them  
To be all that they can be.  
If I love them with all my heart

And get none back from them.  
How much love can I give out?  
And where, to whom, and when?  
Can one love these four and more?  
Can you say that you are sure?  
Well I love these children  
And to be honest, even more.  
I love them by the dozens,  
I love them by the score.  
By the hundreds, by the thousands,  
I'm sure it's getting clear.  
There are so many children  
Who have no one else who cares  
If they go to school or not,  
If they pass or fail,  
If they're heading off to college,  
Or, more likely, off to jail.  
I love them, I can't help it.  
And there's more that I love too.  
And if there are too many,  
Then there's something I must do.

You ask, "What is this thing  
You keep saying you must do?  
As you question how much love  
You have for all the children who  
Are failing, falling, forgotten,  
Who are scared and beaten too.  
What then, what then, come spit it out  
Say the thing that you must do."  
I tell you it's so simple  
That you'll question if it's true.  
As much as I love these children,  
I know you love them too.  
So the something I must do,  
Is to say "thank you" to you.

**Geoffrey Canada**