

Zoe by Fr. Peter Jon Gillquist

If you were only the size of my fingertip,
How come you demand so much space in my heart?

If you were only on this earth for a few weeks time,
How come I spend so much time wond'ring how you are?

Refrain

Though, I never really met you it seems.
Strangely fitting to me
That I miss you every day of my life,
Zoe

Though I never got to see your smiling face,
How come I feel you smiling upon me?
Zoe

Though I never got to feel your childhood embrace,
Sometimes I feel you so close to me.
Zoe

And words can't describe the joy I feel inside,
Knowing that you are with your Father and mine.
But sometimes I can't help but wonder
Why you had to fly
Before I was able to hold you.
Selfish me,
Zoe

No, I never got to hear your little voice.
I believe you offer prayers for me.
Zoe

And though I do not know the color of your eyes,
I think you see more clearly than I've ever seen.
Zoe