

# Blue Candle

Little blue candle in a land full of lights  
Looked upon oddly, as his friends are all white  
Neither shunned nor fully accepted  
It took only those looks to feel a bit dejected  
Wax that burned slower and a flame that glowed dimmer  
Traits that held him through many a winter  
In acceptance, he feels he'd find joy  
Yet he knows that'd be his mind's own ploy  
"I'm not all that odd..." He thought to himself  
"I'm just a bit different, I can still be of help."

Odd little candle, blue wax and dim flame  
Glad to be weird, craves acceptance all the same  
Little blue candle, in a world all your own  
Surrounded by friends, yet still all alone  
Those who are wiser, they always say  
"Fear not blue friend, you'll shine brighter one day"

Winter came again, to this land full of white  
Winds full of snow filled most candles with fright  
Little blue candle held fast through the chill  
When it came to harsh winter, he had his fill  
This season, however, was worse than the rest  
The wrath of ole Jack put all to the test  
Worried sick for the others, he set out on his way  
Built as he was, he felt ready that day  
From his warm cave on the hill, he went into the snow  
"How many are gone? How many still glow?"

Strong little candle, with that undying flame  
From up on his hill, into town, he now came  
Lonely blue candle, with light all alone  
'Was the only one left, in this town he called home  
"I've barely wax left, yet my flame still burns strong  
I will use what I have, to see that our town still lives on!"

With the last of his wax, he pressed on through the storm  
Knowing full well, he would not see the morn  
With only a few steps, he passed on his last spark  
And then he too, fell into the dark  
The dearest to blue, now rose once again  
Wept tears of blue, for the loss of a friend  
As the storm passed, his heart full of pain  
He rushed to the others, to see it not be in vain  
Not a single one rose without shedding their tears  
Few of them realized he held them all dear  
In but an hour, only one flame did not glow  
But this town full of candles, each one felt alone

Brilliant blue candle, whose memory remains  
In the wake of your loss, we all feel your pain  
This town on that day, only darkness it knew  
We all were relit, all thanks to you  
We questioned at first, but all learned your ways  
Now this town once so white, is now full of blue praise  
Lovely blue candle, who lived so alone  
If only you'd have seen, how brightly you glowed