

The Meaning of Rescue



*N*ow that I'm home, bathed, settled and fed,
All nicely tucked in my warm new bed,
I'd like to open my baggage
Least I forget.
There is so much to carry—
So much to regret.

*H*mmm...Yes, there it is, right on top.
Let's unpack Loneliness, Heartache and Loss.
And there by my leash hides Fear and Shame.
As I look on these things I tried so hard to leave—
I still have to unpack my baggage called Pain.
I loved them, the others, the ones who left me.
But I wasn't good enough—for they didn't want me.
Will you add to my baggage?
Will you help me unpack?
Or will you just look at my things—
And take me right back?
Do you have the time to help me unpack?
To put away my baggage
To never repack?

I pray that you do—I'm so tired, you see.
But I do come with baggage...
Do you still want me?