

WOMAN BEHOLD YOUR SON

The little boy was hungry,  
the little boy was cold.  
Not more than nine or ten  
with eyes so tired and old.

His coat was torn, his shoes outworn.  
His face was <sup>pale</sup> ~~and~~ and gaunt  
with ~~eyes~~ designed to haunt.  
His stance defined forlorn.

*with deep sad eyes*

He looked at me so pleadingly,  
this young boy all alone.  
The facts I learned churned my heart  
out of its comfort zone.

My plans aligned to make him mine.

~~Adoption was the answer.~~

I'd give him love, security,  
a family, warmth and shine.

*Adoption was the answer.*  
And in return for hearth and home,  
he makes my heart a dancer.

*2 TBSP Baking soda shampoo  
30 mins*