

Caregivers, Give and Receive by Putting the Needs of Others Before Self.

Treatment of Peace –

The days are long when sleep is lost, the heart, the mind, the test, the cost.
One knows not where or when will be the unknown thought to fully see.
A time once knew of words not clear, now sees a pain and days of fear.
A port, a stint, a drug first felt, a life of change and hope is dealt.
A why is ask and never found, a trust is made with peace abound.
Love for all makes each passing day, a will to care and words to say.
Its action felt and action made, that grows a mind and heart to fade.
The fade of self has passed away, love for all has made the day.

Treatment Day –

**A puzzled life a plan with pause, our turn is next a hope for cause.
A journey made and done before, a test to sign, and a thought of more –
Weakness felt with every day, pain that grows and acts to lay –
Faces seen most every week, a new one's come I take a peek.
A common thread I have with all, we sit and wait a name, a call.
A cocktail flows through a vein, a coke and cream to ease the pain.
We sit and talk and think of old and feel a love of life not cold.
A wig, a cap, on most every head, a room for 6 and just one bed.
I lie and wait and wait and lie, a treatment done and a meal to buy.
Taste is strange amounts are small; a day is done for one and all.**

Steps of Struggle –

My tears of pain are battles fought with hope and trust my dreams were bought.
Doubt and skeptics lined every curve my journey paused when stopped to serve.
Abilities guide my fears and doubts, my dreams and goals are daily bouts.
Absorb, respond, and reflect with goals to share my life with all its roles.
I turn to strangers I have found; I know their heart and love of town.
They lack my dream but have their own. To share, compare, to stand alone.
I know the journey that each must take. The mind must struggle, and the heart must ache.
Together we travel on this our quest, to be, to search, to do our best.
The Last Responders is just a call. To find the steps required by all.

Incarceration & Time

**A second lost a moment found, a minute paused a love of sound.
An hour's work a day to share, a week of hope a time to care;
a month to wait a year to grow; a decade lost in moments slow;
a lifetime felt with more to live, is where I'm at, a dream to give.
The sky is dark with clouds of gray. The moment felt is love of day.
A sun is warm with thoughts of sight with acts of hope a ray of light.
My call for you is now at hand with plans of how we now command.**

**The asking starts the growth in me to find the place that all should be.
It's time for you to make a stand and give your land a helping hand.**

We are writing a series of books that are featured in movies, plays, TV shows, and other forms of entertainment for the purpose of preparing one for a search for purpose. Errors in judgment can cause bad habits that must be removed. Some are forced while others choose to build a better life. Contact; not1rkc@gmail.com & llocmmoc@gmail.com text before calling Mr. Clark, 618-579-3608 ask for Kyle.