

by Brenda Shoss

This is FOR YOU

Who has no money, but jumps on a plane
And rent-a-cars across southeast Iowa...
Because a dog with mange has lost hope.
And a displaced cat needs your voice.

This is for you...
Who corralls a pig twice your weight
Wades in waters to leave bowls of food
And looks for eyes hidden in rubble.

This is for you...
Who reads every word
And networks and plans
To salvage small hearts
Forgotten in the storm

Who gives without question
And sees what others miss:
Animals, left behind...
Terrified and alone

This is for you...
For each mile traveled.
And each life touched.



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