

The Curse

I'm told it is a gift I have, to help those in such need
To share my life so openly, to only ask they heed
The curse, a segment of my soul, to listen it will lead
The moment that you spend with me, is not so great a deed
You come to me, an open mind I plant within a seed
I stay with you to watch you grow, and never shall recede
Advice you want life's moments dear, to ask if to be freed
To those who ask this time of me, the wolf and I agreed
My curse is such to give my time, to give to feel no greed
I take some in my arms and hold, never to exceed
The simple touch of friendship shared, with many I succeed
I have to say misfortune holds, to thoughts that may mislead
Mistakes I've made the wolf is there, to listen to me plead
Accept this curse, to this I have, and onward we proceed