POEM FOR VOLUNTEERS' WEEK 2022

We hear some stories,
We see some pain.
We hear of sadness,
And in eyes see life's strain.

We get a lowdown of what's been,
And the fear of what's to come.
With the ever-changing crisis,
It's just too much for some.

They come with embarrassment,
They sadly come with shame.
The clients that avoid eye contact,
And just mumble out their name.

They come with apprehension,
Some try to be unseen.
But we can show them kindness,
In a world that's sometimes mean.

Magicians we're not,
We can't make troubles disappear.
But we can be temporary friends,
And give a friendly, listening ear.

A genuine smile,
To show we understand.
Is sometimes all it takes,
To give our clients a helping hand.

They were not judged
And though the visit may be brief,
They met somebody who wanted to help,
So leave with sighs of relief.

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