

## An analogy...

There was a time that I swam in the middle of the ocean  
It seemed alone and never ending  
At times I swam hard and other times I simply treaded water  
I saw ships pass by, both small and large  
At times someone would stop to help, but I didn't like the direction they were going or  
their charge  
I was never sure who was taking me to safety or  
Who was taking me to slavery  
At times I was given a life raft  
I weathered the waves and the storms  
Finally a large barge, solid and firm came to me  
I trusted the stability of the barge and the direction it was going  
Now on the barge, I simply wanted to rest  
To sleep for a year, as it were – I had been swimming for a long, long time  
Many thought I was just an idiot for swimming for so long  
Some simply said, "That was his choice"  
I wasn't convinced, even while safe that everyone understood me  
People just kind of stayed away, as they couldn't understand  
Or judged why I preferred water over land  
While on the barge, I would sit and look over the horizon and wonder what all was there  
Yachts and dingy's would pass us by, even stopped to visit during cloudy skies  
I look down at the water, once in awhile  
Do I miss the swim?  
No one knows all that happened, only me  
As I look at the water, I realize  
I can't fight the sharks and tread the water, as it used to be

Not in the seas

Such energy was wasted while others moved forth

I was simply treaded and fighting to not sink to the bottom of the earth

I love my barge, my 'family and me'

I have safety here and loved here, it is a good place to be

But I am still in the middle of the ocean, you see.