

Fair Exchange

By **Helen J. Dixon**

How can you steal something
unconditionally offered?
How is love a thing to be
bargained over?

Time and talent given in friendship
is a fair exchange, no larceny.
Sharing and understanding when
reciprocated can never be theft.

How can you, who so effortlessly
dispenses wisdom and truth
believe yourself guilty of pilfering?

No, no my deserving friend,
not a robber are you.
But a rescuer--

of a battered spirit and broken dreams;
of a feral soul searching for peace-
quiet at the core.

Assuaging a heart in distress;
saving a life in desperate need of
redemption and purpose.

You could never plunder my reserves--
for all I am and ever will be;
all I have and ever will own;
Is rightfully yours from the outset.

Free and clear..