

Maybe She Needs Me

It had been a long day!
I was finishing a task:
And as I hurried past her,
A little voice said, "Ask!"

"Oh, not today!" I told myself;
I'm tired—and it shows.
Besides, I might look foolish...
And she'd likely just say, "No!"

While drifting off to sleep that night,
I saw her face again.
I wondered what her life was like...
Her needs, her dreams, her pain.

What if she'd been wishing
For a friendly word and smile,
A chance to know somebody,
Who would go the "Extra mile?"

What if she'd been waiting
For a break, an open door?
Was this the opportunity
That she'd been praying for?

I saw the cars she might not drive,
The rings she might not wear,
Because I would not risk myself
To stop...to ask...to care.

So what if what I offer her
Is not her cup of tea?
That's a choice for her to make...
How selfish can I be?

When all my dreams are realized,
I don't want to regret
The lives I wouldn't touch and change...
The "no's" I didn't get.

Oh, let me live a true "go-give,"
And let my mission be
Not to think, "Do I need her?"
But maybe she needs me!

--Just Ask