

Published based on [Work in Progress](#)

Work in Progress

The following was written by a friend of mine, Kathy Norman, and I wanted to share it with you all.

You really want to take my shame?

Take my fears?

Salty ocean of my tears?

Then take them all.

Take the ashes of burnt dreams

Ceilings bowed from weakened beams

Stony walls built so high

Mortar hardened over time

Take the fragrance that was cost

When my innocence was lost

You really want what's in my heart?

Take the failures, losses, gains

Until nothing else remains

Please forgive that I forgot

What a messed up

Place You bought

The light is on

The door's unlocked

Make Yourself a Home.

You can also find this article published on [Work in Progress](#), and on the tag pages [Dreams](#), [failures](#), [fears](#), [heart](#), [shame](#), [tears](#).