

Now comes to the attention the matter of adoption,

Which is a reason to celebrate in patient adaption;

To be born without reason or matter of fact,

Is like a highway going nowhere but down the right track.

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It might have been an accident without reason or cause,

A baby coming into this world with no audience applause;

But the decision to relinquish and handover to others,

Is a real sense of love on behalf of the mothers.

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From two different points of view it all is alright,

One wanting to give up and one relieving with delight;

One could not have one and the other tried so hard,

And the child is in the middle with special regard.

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But the joy belongs to both because both did what's right,

And the child has a home to go home to at night.

The issues are many but probably best left unsaid,

For one reason or another no one deserves to be dead.

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And the beauty of suffering and pain to provide,

Is a something in life where both two parents reside;

That the gift of adoption means life to all sides,

In sometimes unnecessary circumstances or timely derides.

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Now the action is demonstrated in unselfish love,

That the life of the child is a gift from above;

And no one can own it or take and keep it alone,

For in adoption it's a blessing and the life is its own.

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**Signed,**

**Well that's me.**