

MY STUDENT SOCIAL WORKER

By Bee Harries

My student social worker,
Is definitely not a 'shirker'.
We've helped each other,
Like a sister and a brother
During the time we have been seeing each
other.

He's shown real interest in where I am going,
And he has the right words to share,
It is as if he can see my thoughts without
knowing,
He knows the right way to show care.

He introduced himself just right,
But I do wonder if another time, he might,
Give a letter of introduction to the person he
sees,
This could help so much so I ask you please
See if anything can be done about this????

I am so glad that C I have been lucky to meet,
He dresses tidy and always neat.
It is nice to have help from someone like him,
We meet up to talk, I don't feel 'out on a limb',
BUT

I feel wanted and encouraged, can seek support
and advice,
This is not dependent on the throw of the dice.

It is often a game of luck or of chance,
When a social worker your life can enhance, but
my C is available,
To be there for me,
We sit at the table,
whilst we drink our tea.

I shall always remember how much we got
through,
A lot of work we were able to do.
I helped him and he has helped me,
Oh, I forgot to tell you, my name is Bee.

He made me feel so much at ease,
I didn't have to pay him any fees.

It is so good to know, that we've both had a
good time,
So please take this poem, my little rhyme,
As a story to tell,
I've been looked after well.
And shall miss our meetings, miss the good
time.

C has helped me when I've worked in the shop,
We've had coffee together, a glass of pop,
He's seen me at home,
Or out at the museum,
I really shall miss C for being just 'HIM'.

He has worked so hard, had so much to do,
But I knew that he'd be there, when I felt Blue.

It has been so good,
To be able to share.
I'm in a much better mood,
Because of his care.