

Gratitude

For a long time, I didn't know what it felt like to be nurtured.

I don't remember the last person who took care of me.
I was too busy scavenging for my next meal.
Dumpsters, trash cans, any place where there were food scraps.

One night, it was so cold that I almost froze to death.
The last "meal" I had eaten was from the night before.
My legs were shaking to the point where I couldn't even carry my own weight anymore.
I must've collapsed because when I came to, I felt an oddly warm sensation around my body.
I looked up and saw a man smiling back at me.

Since then, I have been living in this stranger's house.
At first I feared that I'd be kicked out soon, but I gradually began to make it my own home.

Almost every day, he heads off somewhere.
Before leaving, he makes sure to clean my litter box and give me food to eat.
I sit near the front door while he's away.
For most of the day, I just sleep to pass the time.
I suppose it gets lonely, but that feeling disappears when he returns at night.

While he's at home, I feel a sense of relief.
Nothing big ever happens, but I think I prefer it that way.

When it's time to sleep, I'll curl up next to him on his bed.
The warmth makes me feel like I'm wanted.

Every time I try to express my gratitude, he always just strokes my head.
It's as if he can't understand what I'm trying to say.

But just once, I want to be able to convey this to him.

Thank you for saving me.