

The Rescuer
by Tasha Davis

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It takes a long time to learn you aren't the cure,
that carrying everyone's burdens only hurts you more.
The rescuer's heart, a reflex of old wiring,
offers pieces of self while secretly tiring.
I made a practice of being all things to all people,
a human chameleon atop a shaky steeple.
I shifted my truth for fleeting validation,
my worth tethered to another's estimation.
The endless quest for a perfect, pleasing face,
hiding the trembling heart in that same old place,
you become a mirror for their expectations,
losing the original self to countless adaptations.

But peer support is not a one person play.
It's a shared stage where we find a new, new way.
It's sitting beside you, not standing above,
acknowledging your storm with a quiet love.
We learn that each person holds a separate view,
a different palette for what is true.
My map to healing isn't yours to follow,
but we can walk together through the dark and hollow.

This journey requires drawing lines in the sand,
firm boundaries to protect this weary land.
It's learning to say "no" and let go of the guilt,
rebuilding the foundation on which your life is built.

Now the rescuer in me becomes a companion,
no longer a servant to a master's opinion.
My own flickering flame is worth protecting and feeding,
and I find joy in being truly me, without any people pleasing.