

Just Once

August 27, '98

I think--

I think it's because I've always been alone,

Because no one else--

But every now and then...

Maybe--

Maybe because I learned to hide it,

Learned to hide the pain--

And all emotion...

And if they ask?

If, for once, they care?

Then all I can remember is the pain.

The bitter pain.

Should I tell them?

That their unknowing exclusion has caused me so much hurt?

And now--

Now it is ingrained.

Ingrained so deeply in my mind that the chances I've had--

I just can't win...

And then--

Then I see some tiny, itty-bitty, quickly-dying glimmer of hope

Hope from the masses of despair--

Despair they create, hope they destroy...

Just once--

Let him look at me and wonder what and why and how I think and feel and act...

Just once.