
Imaginations

In response to "Illusions" in the October 12, 1990 issue:

Stop!
Why are you staring at me?
Why are you laughing at me?
why are you talking about me?
Our world is ending.
Our children are dying.
Our existence is threatened.
Yet you waste your time
on such trivial matters
as my differences?
You gossip
because I am not as rich as you,
as beautiful as you.
Look around you.
There are others
better than you,
richer than you,
more beautiful than you.
There are others
staring at you,
laughing at you,
talking about you
because
there will always be
others.

- LM



Dear Friend,

How could you have been so cruel? When I needed you the most, you weren't there. When I cried out for help, you wouldn't listen. When I needed your love, you didn't care. And now, it's too late.

Oh, I am sorry. I hope you don't feel guilty. How could you have known? You just didn't believe such a thing could happen to me.

I hid it so well. I smiled through my pain and my excuses for not going out were so readily accepted. I was always upset, but you passed it off as my being tired. But then, you found my poems.

I wrote of death and peace and eternal happiness of finally being accepted in a world to which I belonged. But you set them aside and pretended they didn't exist.

Dear friend, were you really so blind? Now you cry and wish you had known. Dear friend, believe me when I tell you, you weren't to blame. You always believed in me even when I was unbelievable. You cared for me even when I wasn't worth caring for, and you looked past my differences, into my heart, and saw ME.

Dear friend, how I wish there were others like you who took the time to know me instead of looking at my face, my clothes, my hair, and then looked away.

Dear friend, I just want you to know how much I appreciated your love.

Thank you,
Your Friend.