



A Letter From The Lonely

KELLY DENVER (age 19)

Didn't you care?
Or, were you frightened
Of what you might find?
I'm still me.
I can't come to school anymore,
But I haven't stopped wanting to be there.
I may have lost my hair,
But I still laugh at the same jokes.
Did you think I wouldn't want to see you?
That I'd feel left out
By regaled stories of nights out?
I'd feel loved.
That makes me feel included.
I want to hear your stories,
I'd feel loved.
Are you hurt that I didn't ring you?
Think I'd rather spend my time
With other people than you?
I felt shy.
I didn't want to take up your time
If you'd rather be out with your friends.
I felt uninteresting.
I could tell you about daytime TV,
But I have no stories like you.
I'm still here.
Please don't forget me.