

I Am The Hunchback In the Park

Yesteryear's park is today's Friendation Social Site.
I sit, alone, in the crowd.
Between my screen and my chair.
Inside my room
Away from the rest of the family
Under the same roof

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Fast food. Take-away pizza.
Hissing my name through the letter-box:
Mister, Mister.
Slurping cola from a covered cup, through a straw
Nestled between the melting ice-cubes.
Delivered within fifteen minutes
Because sixteen would make it free.

I know everyone.
I am friends with no one.
Not alone, but lonely yet.
Today's Hunchback In the Park.
Careless cruelty isolates me.

People taunt me, because I am not perfect.
Therefore, I close my account on Friendation –
And open another one
Under a new identity.
And await the friending requests
To roll in for my new flawless persona.
It does not pay to be sincere.
Till they do
I conjure up new friends.
Perfect ones. Surreal ones.

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Moreover, sinister people pretend they are
Who they are not
And hide
Who they are.
Reality and imagination meet and intertwine.
I may as well be a broken statue in the graveyard
Or a nameless tramp under a bridge.

Age, gender, race, orientation, looks...
Who knows? Who cares?
I am the nameless hunchback in the park.
I am the nameless person in front of the pc.