

A beautiful woman once wrote a song to me: "You're Nobody Special, But You're Somebody Special To Me." (SM, if you read this, email me. You left your torch.)

People say to me, "I know you from somewhere." They don't. They think I'm a doctor or a lawyer or somebody famous. I'm not.

I look like somebody but I'm nobody. If you even notice me in a cafe (I feel invisible except to the needy) I look grim or grumpy or busy with my pen or notebook or laptop. Not true. Inside I'm light and young, funny and thrilled, naughty even, but you can't see it from over there.

Or I look like I'm waiting for someone to join me. I am. I'm waiting for you, honey, to walk over, smile a bittersweet one and say, "You're one of a kind, aren't you? So damn different it hurts sometimes? Me, too."

"You? You could have any guy you want."

"Ach. Looks, brains and money are overrated. Take it from me."

"I'll have to. Listen, Ms. --or is it Mrs?--- Knockmeout, sit down beside me and...."

Six hours later the bloodhounds, the cops and the families haven't found us but the waiter's kicking us out. "Hey, we're just gettin' started here. What happened after kindergarden?"

Out on the sidewalk, walking, the stories and the laughs and the almost tears can't get any more ripping good.

"You really DID that?!! God, you're bold!"

"Nah, I just felt it too strong to hold back."

And someone blurts, "This is so great. Let's run away." And the other one says, "Oh, Mirror, don't kill me this way. Some little people still think I'm God and the source of food and love."

Two heads shake with rue. "Why did EYE have to believe I have a sacred duty?"

"Because we do."

"My dead ancestors and my DNA are calling to me. I can't leave."

"Me, neither. What now?"

"Not give you up."

"And not sneak around."

"No, not that. Just have the will in the face of all others that THIS other like no other I must include with me."

"Well, sure. You're so different, you fit right in--with me."

"May I walk you home?"

"No, thank you. I'll fly."