

To My Donor

A Plea from ME.

I don't want to be a Loner
I'm the offspring of a Donor
But
No one will tell me
'Where you are'.

I keep searching, seeking, listening
With eyes all bright and glistening,
Those faces passing by me in the street

NO LUCK

Please make them listen Donor
I don't want to be a loner,
My heart it yearns to know just
'Who you are'.

Please sock it to them Donor
So when the search is over –
And the mystery which surrounds me laid to rest,
You can take my word for certain
When they drop the final curtain
My feelings are that
We'll be Heaven blessed.