

# 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.