

## **“Dying to Know”**

by Steve Hale

Mortally wounded, they aimlessly wander  
With gas to burn and time to squander.  
Yet always aware of the internal cancer,  
Creating questions that no one can answer.

Why am I lonely and feeling so sad?  
And why did Daddy treat Mom so bad?  
One cries at night behind closed doors,  
How can I possibly do my chores?

When they get divorced and part their ways,  
How am I supposed to make good grades?  
They're so consumed on what they can gain,  
But why can't they see their child is in pain?

Wounded within with scars unseen,  
Appearing to be a happy teen.  
Wondering how I'm supposed to cope,  
When no one's offering me any hope.

So, I retreat to my secret world alone,  
With just an I-Pod and a stupid cell phone.  
It's all an attempt to hide my sorrow,  
Until I wake up and face tomorrow.

All I want is for someone to see—  
Slow down, world, and look at me.  
I'm hurting inside, can you stop the bleeding?  
Can't you see that I'm desperate and pleading?

I've snorted cocaine and smoked some weed.  
I've popped some pills and done some speed.

I've even shot up some heroin,  
But what I need is just a friend.

Look in my eyes and see my soul.  
Beneath the laughter is a deep, dark hole.

It needs to be filled, but with what, I don't know.  
Will you show me please where to go?

I'm really not wild, but actually tame,  
Just looking for a way to hide my shame.  
I'm trying to find a peace that lasts,  
And something to help me forget my past.

So, when you see the piercings and all the tattoos,  
The weird clothes and a little bit of booze,  
There's a child within who's been abused.  
I need to be loved and not refused.

Please look beyond the promiscuous laughter,  
'Cause that's not really what I'm after.  
You see, I'm tired of running and must find rest.  
For my heart aches with such distress.

So, here I am,  
The girl next door,  
I'm the guy at the gym,  
Or the one at the store.

I'm the waitress who served you.  
I'm the kid in the stands.  
I saw you in the restroom,  
When you washed your hands.

So, the next time you see me,  
Listen real hard.  
For the cry of a child  
Who's been deeply scarred.

I'm one of millions, we're all around.  
Looking for answers that you've already found.  
So, please share with me before you go,  
I really am...dying to know.