

In my heart I hope but in this mind I doubt the possibility that I will be heard. It may not be important. There are some obvious reasons that make me seem interesting, talented and smart, but how is it relevant to everyone else? Perhaps it's a sickness that inside I want people to know who I am so I can heal the pain of loneliness. The gap is very big and I can not mend it myself. You say you believe in me, but I don't feel it yet. Sorry for being negative but I am beginning to loose faith in my ability to share with the world. At least I designed the comfort of my own planetzoo. It's so bad I have reached the conclusion that this is all I have now. A few close friends and single eye to eye love. If you help me become an outlet for thousands of people's creativity then you will be the one I have been waiting for. An equal blooming of self's and sharing. That is the kind of love I am searching for.