

The Lonely Me

by Joyce Wycoff

Once upon a time not so long ago,
in a land not so far away,
there were two types of people:
The "We's" and the "They's."

The We's were good, pure and predictable.
The They's were a strange and disturbing breed.
Whenever the We's and They's gathered to play,
Some type of squabble always broke out.

Because of this constant bickering and fighting,
the two groups stopped playing together.
The We's only played with other We's
and the They's only played with other They's.

However, a strange thing began to happen.
Every time the We's went out to play,
they would find someone
they thought was a We
but who turned out to be a They.

It was very upsetting,
but one by one the traitor We's
were sent off to be with the They's.
Until one day there was only one We (Me)
and all of the They's (Them).
Which meant that there was
no one left for the Me to play with.

At the same time on the other side of the land,
another strange thing
was happening with the They's.
One day, the They's woke up and saw themselves
as good, pure and predictable.
"We're good! they shouted. We're pure!"
"We're We's!" they proclaimed.

So the new-born We's gamboled and played.
Until ...
they noticed a few We's
who were acting a little strangely,
playing in a way
that was just a bit disturbing.

Swiftly the We's took action.
"You're not We's," they cried.
"You're ... why you're They's!
Be gone!" the We's demanded.
And the false We's slunk away,

sad and lonely.
Each day the We's discovered
more They's in their midst and
quickly sent them away also.
Until one day ...
there was only one We (Me)
and all of the They's (Them).
And, once again,
there was no one left for the Me to play with.

This time, however, a wise old woman,
a crone with a face kindly and warm,
sat down by the lonely Me and listened
as he poured out his sad tale of We's and They's.

"I'll tell you a secret," whispered the crone
as she patted the sobbing Me.
"There are no We's ...
and there are no They's.
There are only Me's,
and while each Me is completely different,
we are all Me's ... just like you.

"Each Me is lonely ... just like you.
And each Me is looking for a playmate ...
just like you.
So why don't you just play together
as Me's without trying to make people
a We or a They?
You would have ever so much more fun."

The little Me sniffed
and wiped his little Me-nose on his sleeve.
Then he looked around and suddenly saw
that the playground was filled with Me's
all wanting to play.

So he ran off to join the fun and
he may be there still
in that magical land of Me's where
no one worries about who's a We
or who's a They.
And no Me is ever lonely
when he wants to play.