

Some People

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*Some people treat me
Like I'm strange.
I just don't understand it.
They act as if it's pretty weird
To know someone like me:
Someone who's always interested
In learning everything,
Someone who gets excited
About how things connect,
Someone who's almost tireless
In searching everywhere
To find answers
That matter.*

*Some people act as if
They think I'm really special.
They say they're "proud of me,"
I don't know what that means.
They seem to be amazed
At things I take for granted:
The way I think,
The things I know,
The things I can accomplish.
Their awe of me
Creates a gulf
I don't know how
To bridge.*

*Some people like
To put me down.
They act as if somehow
To make me less
Will make them more.
I just don't understand it.
I wasn't trying to compete.
Although I like to win,
It isn't for the purpose
Of showing someone
Up.*

*Some people just
Accept me
And take me as I am.
They seem to understand me.
They let me be myself
And even take real pleasure
In talking over
The "real stuff":
The things that are important.
I like to be with them;
They like to be with me.
That's when it's all
Okay.*

*I guess that what
I need to do
Is find myself those people:
The ones who understand me,
The ones I understand.
Accept the others
For the ways
That they react to me,
Find whatever common ground
We can,
But find a way
To let it go and simply
Be myself.*