



© 1980
by Liberal Religious Youth, Inc.

Volume VIII, Issue 1
December 1980
Printed in U.S.A.
Issn: 036-8247

CELEBRATE

BY KATHY PRICE

At first glance this may look like prose. I do not write in prose. Poetry is my key to interpretation. It is also a good way to rationalize not following the rules...

As a young child I was told not to follow...yet I was led by the hand. As an older child I was told not to follow...yet I found myself being pushed and pulled by my peers. Pushed to conform to the image of their liking, an image that was easy to contend with, and file away. Stereo-type. Carbon copy. Run-of-the-mill. Same. I tried to be accepted.. tried harder...to look alike...talk alike... --think alike--NO!!!

Alienated. Misfit. I wandered alone. I found my only friend in the form of blank paper. The warm pen--and the cold wind in my face to make me feel cynical...and bitter. Writing was my life...my friend to share my secrets. My outlet...in the moments of sunlight, of darkness, of confusion, of pain. Disenchanted...I never knew myself to stay in one place too long. I...celebrated? --searched for life's meaning in the bottom of a bottle, in the flame of a joint, in the splotch of blood from a razor-sliced wrist. Embarrassed...I woke...with a healed surface wound and a stained bedspread to remind me of my failed attempt. Suicide note crumpled and tossed...I cried.

Confused and scared. I drifted. Much instability...I became an actor. Changeling. Improvising and changing with the scenery, trying on and then discarding cliques like so many workout costumes. I celebrated my confusion...my lack of direction...the self-parody...

CONT. ON P. 11

Non-Profit Org.
US Postage
PAID
Boston, Mass.
Permit No. 8652

Liberal Religious Youth, Inc.
25 Beacon St.
Boston, MA 02108
(617)-742-2105 Ex. 370

