

Residents

"Hard And Tenderly"

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They called me "Mr. X, Indeed", the special ones that
saw so deep inside
the souls of those who were so lonely. I was down
beneath the bottom, when
my vacant staring caught them gaily parading up and
down the
street-followed by some stinking masses, freeing
fumes and giving gasses
to the brown and nearly worn out air. But they had that
certain presence
like the ether or the essence of the cleansing upper
atmosphere. Laughing,
loving, and without a doubt, they simply strode about
the streets that
other creatures left alone. I ran across, myself
compulsive, with the
feeling of a pulsing drum that pounded underneath my
skin. A tingling in
my tangled brain was screaming that this was insane,
but it also told me,
"Touch it," too.
"Stand aside," I told the masses, and with that I made
my passage frome
lonely to the only side. Openly they smiled to greet me,
like they always
knew they'd meet me somewhere walking up and down
the road. I knew I must
appear as someone far beyond the common come-on,
so I could not say my nae
was Ed. So I said, "I'm Mr. X who wants to come and
who expects to help
and guide your efforts to succeed." They laughed a
little bit at me, and
then said, "Mr. X-Indeed," and hugged me somehow
hard and tenderly.

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