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Tribal Call

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Trumpeter

¡POEM¿I hate being alone when I don't want to. I wish I could live in a house full of people, With noise and busy-ness, Laughter and shouts To keep me company. I'd rather have too much busy and not enough lonely Than the other way around. ¡POEM¿My tribal tendencies are emerging. I feel like an outcast - alone. I miss my family, my tribe. I miss being with people who love me and are concerned about me, know me and Want to know me, Value me and like my company. ¡POEM¿This house is so empty. I'm feeling lost and small and scared. I need someone to hold my hand. I'm tired of being brave - alone. ¡POEM¿This house doesn't feel like home anymore. Well, it's only a shadow of what it used to mean to me. ¡POEM¿I hear my Mother calling. She'd sound louder if she had to shout above the noise of a full and busy household... or is it because together, we have more ears to hear her?

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