

FRIENDS WITHOUT FACES

We sit and we type, and we stare at our screens
We all have to wonder, what this possibly means.

With our mouse we roam, through the rooms in a maze
Looking for something or someone, as we sit in a daze.

We chat with each other, we type all our woes
Small groups we do form, and gang up on our foes.

We wait for somebody, to type out our name
We want recognition, but it is always the same.

We give kisses and hugs, and sometimes flirt
In IMs we chat deeply, and reveal why we hurt.

We do form friendships - but - why we don't know
But some of these friendships, will flourish and grow.

Why is it on screen, we can be so bold
Telling our secrets, that have never been told.

Why is it we share, the thoughts in our mind
With those we can't see, as though we were blind.

The answer is simple, it is as clear as a bell.
We all have our problems, and need someone to tell.

We can't tell real people, but tell someone we must
So we turn to the 'puter, and to those we can trust.

Even though it is crazy, the truth still remains
They **are Friends Without Faces**, and odd little names.