

This morning a bird woke me up.  
It was a lark or a peacock  
Or something like that.  
Some strange sort of bird that I'd never heard.  
And I said "hello"  
And it vanished: flew away.  
The very minute that I said "hello."  
It was mysterious.

So do you know what I did?  
I went over to my mirror  
And brushed my hair two hundred times without  
stopping.  
And as I was brushing it,  
My hair turned mauve.

No, honestly! Mauve!  
And then red.  
And then sort of a deep blue when the sun hit it.

I'm sixteen years old,  
And everyday something happens to me.  
I don't know what to make of it.  
When I get up in the morning to get dressed,  
I can tell:  
Something's different.  
I like to touch my eyelids  
Because they're never quite the same.

Oh! Oh! Oh!

*(MUSIC begins "under" and continues to build in speed  
and volume as she clasps her arms around herself and  
pours forth a torrent of pent-up passion.)*

I hug myself till my arms turn blue,  
Then I close my eyes and I cry and cry  
Till the tears come down  
And I taste them. Ah!  
I love to taste my tears!  
I am special!  
I am special!

*(Suddenly she clasps her hands in a fervent and heartfelt  
prayer as the MUSIC stops.)*

Please, God, please!

Don't — let — me — be — normal!