

# The Residents, Devotion?

Shortly after I first met them, something that I said upset them and perhaps we should have parted then. I was saying how important that they were and what a fortune could be made if they would let me try. But I did not understand why they took in and had to stand by those who were so worthless to them both. Then they got extremely angry, shouting that the seedy gang behind them may not have much value in my eyes...but they were people and were needing what we give and if you see them like you see some roaches on the floor, then the sad one must be you who sees himself as too good to do something for the weak or ones with warts. You disdain and criticize someone who has been compromised but really have no values of your own, so maybe you should leave and find some, steal or beg or maybe buy some from a smiling banker or a store. At first I was too shocked to believe they would suggest that I should leave, and what was even worse was that I saw that they preferred their gutter rutting friends above my smugly strutting. And I admit it stunned and humbled me. So I begged and then beseeched them, "Let me stay and you could teach some sense into this tired old mind of mine." And of course we reconciled with hugging arms and tugging smiles that left me more secure, but still in doubt. I truly loved and felt devotion for them both, but I was broken up and feeling powerless inside. I must become important to them, intertwined with roots into them, or else I'd lose my false and newfound pride.

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