

That basic icon,
Requesting my friendship.
Friendship,
Meaningless quibble,
Emotionless connection,
A Href, href indeed.
24 attached to me,
A friend for every hour of the day,
Yet lonely most days.
Might I put you amongst my top?
I would if you put me among your own.
You could be number 9.
The other 8 I couldn't bare to change.
Baring them changing me.
I might move number 3.
I might move number 5.
I'm her number 8.
I won't tell you which number makes me sigh.
I won't say which make me laugh.

But you?
You're new,
Who might be you?
Do I know you from school?
Do I know you from home?
Or are you just another cam whore?
Just another band?
You're probably another cam whore!
I don't want to see your breasts,
You didn't read my profile,
You don't care about me!
You blasted cam whore!
I don't want what you have to offer!
How many times do I have to scream it?
I'm gay!

Why did I start this?
Why do I read what they write?
Why does this consume my boring classes?
Would this photo look better without the glasses?
It's another friend request,
But you're just another cam whore.
But I'd kill for a real friend.