

Privilege
A missing moment from Pariah
by Brit

Your swagger's gone as you cross the street. It's as if the pain inside your heart has leeched every ounce of life out of you. But still, you go.

I'm amazed—*again*—at how brave you are, though not surprised. Amazed at that big heart of yours that leads you to their angry faces: their hurt, their loss, their despair. I wonder if I could do the same, knowing full well they could spit in your face for offering to help, offering to stop the madness. You always were the risk-taker of this partnership. I think out of the two of us, you have the bigger heart, though you'd never admit it.

You could walk away, you know. You have the right. You've done everything the job requires you to do. But you want to do more. Always more.

When you come back, I'll try and find a way to tell you what I'm thinking. Tell you how proud I am of you. Tell you what a privilege it is to call you "friend."



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