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Gratitude

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Gratitude

No stranger has ever made such an impact on me as you did, Mr. Mapplethorpe...

May I call you Robert? Bob?

I came face to face with you through your self-portraits,
But the glossy black-and-white print holds no warmth,
no pulse.

There are so many questions I have for you:

What is your inspiration?

Are you happy now?

Why do you shock people?

Did you die alone?

That last question gives me the most pain.

I cry for someone I've never met.

Now that you're gone, do you cry for us?

Trapped in a place where the naked human body is shameful.

Dirty.

I envy the fact that you rose above all this, Don't suppose you were meant for it anyway. Thank you all the same, Mr. Mapplethorpe.

by Lucienne Roe