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Solitude

Amanda Marchese

St. John Fisher College

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2009/iss2/11
Hidden behind rows of books,  
In a corner out of sight,  
I sit at a table with my pen and paper.

The windows, smudged with dirt,  
Allow the sunlight to pour through,  
Enveloping me in rays of happiness.

Outside is a picture-perfect day;  
Even God himself couldn’t paint a picture  
More beautiful than this.

The only noise I hear  
Is the constant squeak  
Of the men’s bathroom door.

(I am still trying to figure out  
just how many times this kid  
keeps using the restroom.)

And then…  
A stranger appears,  
Walking past me,  
And seats himself at a table  
On the opposite side of the wall  
I am facing.

My solitude has been broken.