Solitude

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: https://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.