Desolation

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Desolation

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Abstract

A man sitting silently still as people Pass him on the street. He stares at every face Hoping for a friendly smile but they just glance At him and wonder who he is...
Desolation
by Steve Norder
English, Senior

A man sitting silently still as people
Pass him on the street. He stares at every face
Hoping for a friendly smile but they just glance
At him and wonder who he is. Hey you,
Mister, and bub are names he answers to.
I watch his movements, the way he seems to feel
The passing minutes in his face and hands.
He sits on his park bench or the street curb
While nothing happens to him, at him, or for him;
He starts to think that he is to blame for it,
But decides the world is bad and it was fated.
The lonely man then quietly gets up
And walks away with me following each step.