

## I Wandered Lonely

Carefully he arranged his thoughts, pondered  
and strolled the bustling sidewalk  
Lost in the crowd  
Cup outstretched  
words overflowing  
pure nonsense, pure wisdom  
straining to be heard

Unseen. Unnoticed.  
Erased.  
Pushed to the ground by ignorance  
his cup tips  
and empties his life, his words, his everything  
onto the cold cement

Without complaint  
he herds his belongings back into the cup  
He stands, and turns  
and our eyes meet  
I try to make mine wander  
but his eyes beckon,  
the abyss draws me in

Arranging thoughts  
Outstretching cups  
Mouths fall silent  
Not begging  
simply offering  
I speak, he listens

We pass each other  
and continue along the cold cement  
my cup, lighter than before  
his cup, filled closer now to the brim  
Both content,  
no longer in the same solitude