

Alone in a Crowded Room

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The floorboards are varnished,
my shoes are shiny.
I look up, up, and across
to the window—

Black sky with winking lights
from city skyscrapers.
I dust dandruff from my shirt...
specks of white fly like shooting stars.

Alone in a crowded room,
the cacophony of words and laughter
dance around me
with enviable ease.

I breathe in, in, and out
and smile to my gracious host.
Yes, I tell her,
I'm having a wonderful time.

And when she moves on,
I look around the room.
Everyone looks
so handsome, so pretty.

A waitress offers me
a drink of festive bubbly,
I accept so that I have
something to do.

I sink into a seat,
beside a clichéd couple
interlocking their fingers,
and sip on my beverage.

I tell myself,
Don't drink it too quickly
because you'll be alone again.
And when I'm done,

I place the empty glass
down, down and on the floor,
onto the varnished floorboards,
and beside my shiny shoes.