

SMILING PEOPLE

By Louis Kasatkin

No promise was broken
but time went astray
as we watched,
watched the people
the smiling people
go on their way;
No time was broken
but promise went astray
as things we'd hoped for
hoped for so long
turned another way,
and the smiling people
smiled no more.

THE STRANGER, ONE LAST TIME

There he sat,
in the place where he sat
the last time that we spoke
all those years ago;
And there he sat
as if he'd never left
and the years hadn't passed us by;
" I'm still waiting for my absinthe that I've ordered ",
he ventured apropos of nothing,
his deprecating smile lingered
as he brushed some imaginary
cigar ash off the table;
A faint susurrations arose

from a Greek Chorus somewhere
in the background of this
mise – en – scene ;
” Years in a desert of empty days,
years in a white nothingness,
Time itself marooned in
a white swirling fog “.
” Waiting..” the Stranger began,
my curiosity piqued, he continued,
” is the worst part of waiting “.
I concurred, which seemed
to set him at his ease,
though he glanced obsessively
at his pocket watch;
” Time flies and having flown
runs out of fuel and crashes
amidst the contretemps and vicissitudes
of our world “.
He once more glanced around for signs
of a waiter with the absinthe which he’d
ordered such a long.long time ago;
but no-one was forthcoming and
overcome by ineluctable disappointment
he rose and bidding me adieu
swept with customary insouciance
from the cafe into the busy boulevard;
as I turned my gaze from the departing stranger,
I saw the waiter arrive with a tray
bearing a singular glass..

Episteme: an online interdisciplinary, multidisciplinary & multi-cultural journal

Bharat College of Arts and Commerce, Badlapur, MMR, India

Volume 8, Issue 1

June 2019

Bio

Louis is editorial administrator at www.DestinyPoets.co.uk and founder of Destiny Poets and in his spare time is a civic, community, political activist, blogger and general nuisance to the status quo!

EPISTEME