

ENCOUNTER WITH A STRANGER

By Louis Kasatkin

The Stranger with the shabby overcoat
and hangdog expression asked me
if I could spare him a few reminiscences,
I replied that the change in my pockets
changes with the changing tide,
though I could offer him
some reflections instead;

The Stranger sat back in his chair
ordered himself another absinthe
and began whistling some nameless tune
while he waited for his drink to arrive;

" If all our pain and sorrow
only came on the morrow
would we set the alarm late
or not at all?
taking the chance that
vicissitudes had all
somehow passed us by
while we were fast asleep."

" And were we to store all
our tears shed in our lives,
how big would the bottle have to be?
Could we claim back some pennies
if we returned it empty? "

The Stranger glanced askance
at his watch where time had
stopped years ago,
he wondered aloud where
the waiter might've got to
with his drink?

" If we don't feel the suffering of others,
how will we know if we have blood in our veins? "

The Stranger got up,
bid me adieu;
after he'd left
I saw in the mirror that
there was no longer a reflection there
of me.

CLICK

Screams get closer
and louder,
shouting and panic
from up ahead,
they're straining forward to see;
All around the familiar
metallic sound,
people on their phones
click,click,click;
They don't know what else to do,
Click,
they photograph and they scream,
Click,
they are bewildered,
Click,
and horrified
Click,
and frightened
but they click,
and click
and
Click..

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!