

***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..

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**Bio**

Louis is editorial administrator at [www.DestinyPoets.co.uk](http://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