

Lonely Man

By Danny Schwarze

A man walks in and sits down at the bar
He settles at the end by himself
The lines on his drawn and haggard face tell a tale
of a time he's lost and cannot find again

His eyes don't see, his ears don't seem to hear
as he stares into the depths of his drink
Heedless of the world around, the only thing that's real
is the bottom of his glass and what it holds

No one else seems to see him there
huddled on his stool, his head bent
Lost within himself, a lonely boat out on a sea
too vast to even know he's there

No one knows the lonely man
No one heeds him at all
No one grieves the lonely man
No one needs him at all

It's late and he decides it's time to go
He calls for one more drink before he leaves
And as she pours, the barkeep says to him, "Good night, and safe home."
He pauses and stares into the gin
as this woman shares a moment with him
Then he simply walks away and grins