

The benched man

by
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Not long ago, I was a money-making man like all the rest –
But now I sit on the bench with little interest to invest.
I watch and see who comes and goes,
Even the seemingly-small fourlows*.

A little kid once came walking to me –
She asked where was the great big sea.
'Close yours eyes,' I said, 'and keep'em shut.
See with your heart.' And she called me a nut.

A man in his twenties came sitting next to me –
He laughed and said: 'boy don't you seem free!'
I denied his statement by stating that time is precious;
That there's more to life than making wallets capacious.

As subtly as he left, another had came –
It was a lady who had asked for a flame.
I told her that I do not nor should she smoke,
And she left taking my view and advice a joke.

Throughout the hours, many came and gone,
And the sun span shifting dusks to dawns,
But not a single one of them had an opinion I could call shady,
Or even different from that of the girl, the man, and the lady.

Now you ask what is it I am talking about,
Why is it that in every one I have doubt –
Here I flash a painful smile and reply with a simple reply:
'To society a bug is always seen as a bug and so is a fly.'

*Fourlows: insects.