

## Un-(en)titled

Once you start spotting sad people  
  you can't stop  
  lonely people too  
or people who look like they are being slowly  
  pressed inwards by some force we can't see  
or children with adult problems  
People whose day has maintained  
  the leftover taste and smell of the week  
or people with rounded shoulders  
  and hardened spirits  
or whose shoes tell a sad story  
Those who carry a bag of white bread rolls  
  loose and stale  
Or those who walk a bit too slowly  
  or who look around  
  or down  
  or not at all  
whose eyes have actually, silently  
  rolled inward to traverse a hidden landscape  
People who nibble at their lip  
or whose face was set over a fight in the morning  
  with someone growing ever harder to love  
  and hasn't unfolded yet  
Those who go about their tasks  
  having forgotten who they are  
  knowing only what they are doing  
  or what they must do  
Or those who remember only  
  what they did  
  or didn't do  
People who sit a moment longer in the car  
  with hands still on the steering wheel  
  once they have parked  
  before getting out  
People on the bus whose bag sits next to them  
  their silent companion  
Or people whose inner wire is pulled taut  
  or hangs slack  
Those whose problems you can see  
  and those whose problems you can't see  
People who talk too much  
  or too little  
  or not at all  
who can't find words, or family, or lovers,  
  or themselves  
People with a small stone in their shoe  
  and whose path is narrow, or long, or hard,  
and ever uphill.