

Lonely

by Janet Renard

I see faces in every corner
and hear the pleasantries exchanged
while waiting in the
checkout line
to buy my Cheerios
and Campbell's soup,
just like homemade.
And at school
in a dormitory with 350
American-heart-of-the-mid-west
18-22 year olds, I hear the same
words said again and again.
Frustrations in every face
and disappointment with
life in general are
on the tips of their tongues
But the words come out sounding like
"I like your new shoes,"
and "How drunk were you
last weekend?"
Eleanor Rigby would feel
quite at home here.
I, too, have a jar by the door
for my face,
and though I want to think of myself
as fuller than
the shadows I see around me,
I sometimes find myself watching
Family Feud or
All My Children
or talking about the
latest thing in a French Braid.
And what is worse, I
catch myself thinking about such
things, and I understand.