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The Lonelies

My hands are dripping.
 Forever soaked from the influx of dishes
 Passing through the kitchen.
 They are dispensable.
 One sits in the wash bin, dirtied.
 Sent to do another's job.
 Uncommon yet dozens more like it.

I curse the man at table three for making my life just a little
 more difficult.
 It's eight o'clock on a Monday night and my hopes of getting
 out early are scrubbed away. I bore my eyes into the back
 of his head as he takes a bite from his burger, he must be
 moving in slow motion.

Even more slowly, the lonelies stumble in one by one.
 The late night philosophers and newspaper addicts,
 Unpublished and undermined.
 Just looking to catch a warm meal on an otherwise cold night.

I stare more closely at the man.
 Half collapsed on himself,
 He again struggles to lift his fork to his mouth.
 Held together by some single invisible string,
 Keeping him from shattering into a million pieces on the
 lounge floor.

I soon realize
 That he does not move sluggishly because he's a slow eater,
 But rather because he has no one to move for.
 No music in his head, or hand in his.
 He's just another lonely.

Maybe he's addicted to
 The waitress's perfumed affection,
 Laid on heavy to make up for last night's loss of profit.

Or maybe he just likes his burger,
 How it comforts him and never fails to let him down
 The way he imagines a woman would.

You know, when God created with his perfect hands
 everything we know,
 He pardoned the sinners and allowed them to walk free.

Don't tell me you forgot him,
 Failed to include another,
 Could have been me or the next person.
 Deprived him of something so precious as love,
 How you, God, let something so big slip through your
 divine fingers.

Lover, I'll cry when you cry
 And smile when you smile,
 Laugh when you laugh.
 Because I know as well as the man sitting at table three
 that we were not meant to die alone.