

the circumstances of existing

by mazaher

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Living is
standing in this lift at uni,
headed to 2nd floor
after having eaten a roll too quickly
with lukewarm milk at the bar
Stopping at the bathroom
with the ugly grey-and-brown tiles
eighty years old
where someone just left
a scent of roses,
and
walking along the corridor
to my new, smaller room
as the shadow of a pigeon flits across the window
and another world, another time
fills my mind like the fog outside.
Writing all this
because
nobody listens.
Nothing more, nothing less.
Will I remember all this fondly when I'm dead?
Will I remember at all?

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