

Poem Title : He Is Calm, and I Am Too

He is calm,

And I am too.

He drinks lemon tea,

And I drink coffee.

(this is the only thing different about us)

He, like me, wears a loose striped shirt,

And I stare, like him, in a monthly magazine.

He does not see me as I eye him discreetly;

I do not see him as he eyes me discreetly.

He is calm,

And I am too.

He asks the waiter for something;

I ask the waiter for something.

A black cat passes between us,

And I touch its night of fur;

He touches its night of fur.

I do not tell him: The sky is clear today,

More blue;

He does not tell me: the sky is clear today.

He is the seen and the one who sees;

I am the seen and the one ho sees.

I move my left leg;

He moves his right leg.

I hum the melody of a song;

He hums the melody of a song.

I wonder: Is he the mirror wherein I see myself?  
Then I look towards his eyes, and I do not see him.  
I leave the coffee shop in a hurry,  
I think: Maybe he is a killer,  
Or maybe he is only a man passing through  
And though I am a killer.

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