

## Uninvited Guests

I have no goals.  
No ideas come to me.  
Only Weariness comes.  
She sits in the corner, wrapped in damp rags, silent.  
After her — Despair.  
It lies down on the floor and doesn't move.  
Then comes Meaninglessness.  
It fills the room like gray smoke.  
And Hopelessness.  
She stands by the door, sighing, blocking the way out.  
But Existential Loneliness...  
It doesn't come in.  
It only peeks through the window.  
Checking.  
Is everyone here?  
Has everyone gathered?

I sit among them.  
And wait.  
I don't know for what.  
Maybe for someone else to knock.  
Someone I want to see.  
But only they knock.  
Again and again.