**Starbucks guy**

there’s a weird guy beside me

he’s been chewing his nails for 15 minutes now

i wonder that he has any nails left to chew

i’m going to write a poem about him

so he’ll feel guilty about looking at my computer

poor guy

every minute or so

he examines the room

to see if there is a chair

with a more advantageous position

whatever he considers advantageous

i have lowered my hat on one side

so i will not have to watch him

i find him disturbing

i cannot imagine the loneliness of his life -

hanging out at the coffeeshop

doing nothing.

every day he’s here

i have my computer and books

to keep me company

(and my phone for my love,

i’m never alone, even when i sleep)

he seems to love this place

but he never does anything here

i wonder about a mother

a sister

a whore who pretends to love him

at the worst

i was lonely, homeless, broke

he isn’t homeless or broke, by the look of it

what are the true disabilities?

paraplegia

blindness

schizophrenia

ugliness

loneliness

unbelovedness