

Nothing Special

by Adam Sifre

There's no ambition in me.

I desire nothing.

I want nothing to do with anyone,
other than doing nothing with you.

When we sit across from each other,
(or next to each other when I'm feeling smooth)
And the waiters are gone,
the bars are closed
and there's only us.
Doing nothing.

Not leaving.
Not saying goodbye.
Not parting.
Just sitting, doing nothing.

What could be better?

