

Conversations in a Chinese Restaurant

by Connie Schlosberg

I'm feeling almost better than you know
A little bit better than the day before
Waking up to a deafening scream
Please, please don't hurt me no more
Why do I feel like a lost dog?
Staring outside the window pane
How come I become dark?
When the clouds begin to rain
Don't be afraid to speak to me
Although I might not be listening
As my mind can't help but wander
When I am listening
I feel ashamed that I am not enthusiastic
Or have a smile on my face
I'm concerned about the strangers around us
And admire the staid pictures in the place
Why is it so easy to hurt the ones we care about most?
And so hard to face them with our needs
Anger and resentment — I can relate
Run away little girl while they bleed
Selfish girl, my station could be worse
Your expressions are just mime
My being is well but not far from disaster
So my head is cluttered - what is my crime?

