

Anonymous

Though he sat
at a table
in the middle
of the room,
nobody noticed him,
couldn't have told you
what he looked like,
what he was wearing,
the length and color
of his hair,
or if he was
sitting with anybody.
He was invisible
to the point
of non-existence,
and while many would shrink
into loneliness and alcohol,
he relished this moment,
these minutes of anonymity,
the seconds
before all eyes
would be on him,
when he'd jump up
on the table,
and scream out
to the corners,
"Alright! Nobody move!"