On the other side of the glass a young couple is enjoying a delicious pasta dinner. I can smell the rich sauce whenever the door opens.

On the other side of the glass people are laughing and sharing anecdotes, telling each other of their family, their friends, their jobs. But their mouths move mutely and I hear nothing for I am outside.

On the other side of the glass people are drinking – not whiskey or a liquor substitute but expensive wines imported from Germany, France or California.

On the other side of the glass the waiter is collecting the money for the meal, more money than I’ve seen in a year. The couple don warm wool coats, hats, scarves and gloves. I shiver as the cold November wind gusts along the sidewalk.

On the other side of the glass is warmth and comfort, love and friendship, reason and purpose. Inside, there is no need to reach out pathetically to strangers.

On the other side of the glass there is life.