

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE GLASS

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.