

## Loneliness

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The young people have no manners anymore.  
I discover alone in a bar  
I catch a glimpse of myself;  
old age sits next to me

*and frightens me.*

As I contemplate the movement  
of salt and pepper through my hair.

It's so obvious  
Like the stain on my shirt  
Loneliness settles in  
and shows signs of the future.