

Numbered Lithograph

John Vanderslice

When you left me at the table to go to the ATM
I've never been lonelier

Your cell-phone it shuttered and blinked, it was your
boyfriend again
I've never been lonelier,

A light-skinned black held a Charles Rennie Macintosh
numbered lithograph

I moved to the end of the southern line and lost most of
my friends
I've never been lonelier

A bird flew in my house one day, and he panicked and
thrashed
Up against the window glass he crashed and crashed
I've never been lonelier

The boy recoiled as he got out of the heated pool
It was midnight