

# Silent Pub

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Old men sit, smoking pipes, saying not a  
word.

Old men sit, silently loathing their lonely,  
bleak lives.

One thing in common they all had, they  
never sought love, never sought life!

Whom among us has God blessed, when we  
couldn't bless ourselves?

Who among us is still alive? The odour of  
tobacco drifted about.

They sat, these old men did, in a pub. It  
might as well have been their grave.

Not one said a word. Not one reached out to  
life. Not one dared to dream of the  
future, to make plans.

No, all they did was sit, and smoke, alone.