A Single Man and Christmas

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He has no one to be near, so there is fear he is not really alive at all. He feels the downfall of his single life like the fall of snow that his lonely steps tread.

He knows there is only time, and that Christmas is no different. The hour still has its minute minutes in its being, a person with time to decide his determined necessities and limits — of existence from his consciousness of person.

So he follows his style and desire in his reason of reflected imagination.

He allows his hands room in his pockets and walks the town in winter air, dressed in his hand picked selection to the way he wished to look.

His steps are uncertain, but their repetition passes the time.

So he walks long distances, through day and night, to exist with the natural forms and forces of winter nature.

Hoping to find peace in the day’s air that he listens to, like another person listens to another person, air which is the person of himself. He walks and walks, thinking of human affection and adventure.

Knowing his bed will at least be there to fall into, because his many lonely steps have tired his single form.

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