Weaver of Thoughts

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College of DuPage

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It’s the guy that sits at the hole of the subway, the one with newspapers and wrappers, guy with gloves and hairy face who smells bad and talks funny the one who’s closed his eyes

Maybe deep in thought in that sheltered head on top of a skeleton with baggy gigantic clothes. What’s in that mind of his?

“Hello” he says, acting as his own tour guide. “My, what drama can I think up for myself today? Oh! I’ll believe I was adopted, orphaned or hated, with new parents, stupid or smart no, no, no...that’s too boring, lets have a new one.”

“I know— my marriage was arranged, to either some pretty girl, or death. One way or another I’m bound by “deadlock” or “wedlock”. It’s such a good story, but who’ll listen? Maybe I should add a twist: A guy who loves my girl... or I’m dying, dying ... of what?”

“No! That’s too twisted, who’d like that? Abb... I’ll weave the tale of destiny I must be the one, the One destined to rule the world, who’ll bring ultimate peace... or bring ultimate death war and love... Oh NO!!! What have I become!!”

I’ve learned so much from this weaver of thoughts, this taciturn man, sitting frozen in time. This yeti of a man, who does more in a second than anyone else in a century, simply sitting, quiet and hungry, on his bed of news.