

Comfort of Lonliness

by Skipperdoodle Productions

Oh, the comfort of loneliness!

Of isolation, of desolation.

I wander alleyways past dumpsters,

My thoughts and I, alone.

Discomfort only comes when I enter the thoroughfare,

Teeming sidewalks of festering cretins.

I am cloyed by my happiness for the businesses, bursting with consumers of their tchochke.