

A time ago I came across a boy sitting alone
smiling with rue at some children, discreetly.
He did not play but stayed sat on a square white stone
on which his full name was chiseled neatly.
Who were those that he watched closely so?
He said they were each a very close friend
He knew their names and I wanted to know
if they called him when the days would end.
He cried some but then he smiled again
and said they hadn't called him for many a day
But he was content with existing until then,
waiting in silence 'till they called him to play.
So the exister was happy and I bid him adieu,
he watched his friends gladly, but there was a tear too.