

# *A Winter Night's Requiem*

“It’s time to go home” I thought as I shut down my computer, grabbed my coat and headed towards the door. My lungs burned as I breathe in the cold winter night’s air. It’s starting to snow. The wind picks up and the snow flakes swirls around in intricate patterns. A cold dark night to match my mood. My footsteps create tracks on the freshly fallen snow, only to be obliterated by the wind and more falling snow. My tracks vanish almost as quickly as they are made. It’s as if my entire existence was transitory. It was as if I had never existed.

I pull up my collar to the cold and damp, and head for the local pub to grab a brew. I’m all alone tonight. It seems like no one that I called was available to keep me company tonight. Oh well, it’s just as well since I needed time to think and to reflect. Simon and Garfunkle’s song “The Boxer” begins to play as I walked in. At least it’s warm and cozy inside.

The lyrics seem to catch my attention. *“I am just a poor boy and my story’s seldom told, I have squandered my existence for a pocket full of mumbles such as promises. All lies in jest still a man hears what he wants to hear and disregards the rest,.. .”* It seems like my entire existence was all about striving for a dream. A dream to achieve and to belong. I had sacrificed myself for others but in the end they always leave me. Yes, it’s true, nobody really cares about me. They don’t appreciate all that I have done for them.

*“...in the clearing stands the boxer, a fighter by his trade, ...”* It’s not fair that they don’t care. If they don’t care, then I don’t care about them. Yet why am I so sad? I’m all alone. Why should I care if they don’t care?

*“... in his anger and his shame”, ... “I am leaving, I am leaving but the fighter still remains, ...”*

It's all hopeless to find anyone who really cares about me. Even my wife and children don't care. I am all alone. If I were to fall off the face of the Earth, nobody would miss me.

The song is getting me too melancholy, so I finish my beer and head for the door.

As I walked, I reflected upon my life and wondered what I had done wrong to come to this. It's a sad state of affairs to realize at my age that I had been living a lie. The mist from my breathing swirled thru the air and vanishes as if it had never existed. I continued my walk home.

The house is dark and quiet as I walked up to the front door. I turned the key and opened the door. Stamping my feet to get the snow off my shoes, I entered the hallway. Suddenly the lights came on and a chorus of familiar voices shouted "surprise". All my friends and family were there to greet me. My wife came up and gave me a kiss, saying "happy birthday dear". And that was when I had something caught in my eyes.

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