

## Links

I stand there  
talking to some guy,  
trying to take in  
everything he says.  
Giving him all my attention.  
But my eyes notice,  
that my shoelace is undone.  
A white lace,  
lying on a black tile.  
My lace and foot are  
connected to the floor.

I try to focus,  
but my eyes keep  
returning to the floor,  
with it's checkered accuracy,  
Square Black,  
Square White.

Looking forward  
I see a chair,  
attached to the floor.  
On the chair  
there was a word  
- "Shit" -  
Why is this there?  
I doubt the person  
who made the chair,  
is named Mr. Shit.  
Maybe a boring class,  
or a stupid person,  
is the cause.  
Or maybe it was a note  
of something that had to be done.  
I don't know!  
It's useless!

From the chair to  
the floor, my eyes return.  
Advancing across the floor.  
Square Black  
Square White.

Then the floor links  
to a foot, which links  
to a leg, up and up  
it links to a head.  
It's a man.  
Some guy.

He's talking  
For how long?  
I don't know.

Our eyes meet,  
he stops talking,  
and waits.  
I smile,  
nod and say  
"I completely agree."

He says  
"Good-bye,"  
and steps away,  
Square Black,  
Square White,  
out of the room,  
which connects to  
a hall.

Who was that guy?

—Alex Field

