

## Abraham Cloud "Company Of Strangers"

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the company of strangers

hi, how are you ? how was your weekend ? and what are we going to do. today ? No. I'm OK. It's just that this office is starting to feel like a cage. in the distance, it shines like a beakon. offering shelter to the lost and the weakened. but here. in this room. I've whiled away hours and planted the flowers of doom, in my life. smiles, like they say, can wipe away saddness, but this little game's here to stay. FOR AN INSTANT I thought I knew you. That day you broke down and smashed up the cooler. crystal cool water drencend all the carpet. wild nervous laughter filled out department. as you screamed out, " Hey what you say ? Why don't we start our own company, and we'll call it the Company of Strangers."

for twenty-five years I have sat by your side typing letters and memos for people who hide behind doorways with titles in hallways of horrible crime. we never had time for the things that we wanted to do when we saved up enough to be happy. it's true in the end all you have is a moment or two. but, "Hey what you say ? Why don't we start our own company, and we'll call it the Company of Strangers."

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