

## New Boy

Subhumans

In the lounge of class distinction  
Rank and number neatly sprawled  
In the luxury of income  
Sat the new boy feeling cold

Sat there thinking "Where's the toilet?"  
Dropped his cigarettes and coughed  
Waiting for a chance to pick them up -  
That's when the lights went off

Sat there thinking it was funny  
Fears subsiding with the lighting  
"Turned the lights on" someone shouted  
Found himself alone and smiling  
Shattered by his own deception  
He looked round for helpful clues  
Men in suits and glaring glasses  
Calmly watched him look confused

Carpet silence stifled whispers  
When did something mean so much?  
Just the emptiness of silence  
Just the feelings, not the touch

Nervous words of introduction  
To the instant silent stares  
Felt as if he wasn't wanted  
And finally he wasn't there

Then he wished that he was back  
To somehow make the silence crack  
Concluded, like we all have done  
Some people make you feel no-one