

Queen Street West

An old man stands on his tiptoes to look into a mirror on the pillar of an old hardware store.

The mirror is worn away and he only sees splotches of himself, a little boy laughing at him, and a black boy with dreadlocks yelling at him, 'You're crazy mister, take a bath!'

The old man stumbles down the street.

The mirror is not for him.

He walks past a flower shop, looks in the window.

Rhododendrons. Carnations. White roses.

They are not for him.

A stuffed pink panther stands in the midst of the flowers,

Around his neck hangs a sign, WE ACCEPT CREDIT CARDS.

Not for him either.

He shuffles on, looks inside THE TENNESSEE, newly renovated with its formica tables squared with hardwood, the pillars covered in glittery mirrors, the blue-padded chairs.

He closely examines a piece of cardboard in the window

Notifying customers of a new dress code.

He stares at the holes in his running shoes.

His last place of refuge; it is no longer for him.

- Hume Cronyn. (written in 1986 writing workshop)