

The After Party  
Kaydyn I.  
Old Donation School, 8

The laughter is distant,  
The drinks are all gone,  
Silence slowly ebbs its way  
Around the room.

The time has ended.  
The loud, velocity  
Has skidded to a stop.  
The retro cadence  
Changed into the long cries of violins.

The sky's flame has been blown out,  
The glistening silver  
Shines through the windows,  
Highlighting every breath,  
Every sigh,  
Every whisper.

The smile is gone,  
Paling, trembling hands  
Pick up the remnants of the  
Happy, joyous life that is  
The untouchable.

The table that was filled with  
The cacophony and the  
Laughs of K,  
The prolonged stories  
That carried an energy that would never die  
Reeked of the stench that is loneliness,  
That's always there on the deepest corner,  
On every object.

The mask of happiness  
Was finally taken away,  
The red, puffy eyes

With dark necklaces  
Covered the remnants of the  
Joyful eyes that were all fake.

No one stayed when the sun went down,  
No one cared for the long hours  
Of decorating, serving, talking, smiling.  
Nor did they offer help to clean the  
Cold, despondent room.

Once the clean up was over,  
The hostess  
Sat at that round, wooden, once exuberant table,  
Alone.  
Talking to the glistening moon.