

I am with my family
In this dining room of mine.
Spoons and chopsticks clatter.
It's finally dinner time.
My aunt begins to gossip
About the girl next door.
The women turn to face her.
They're desperate to know more.
The men began to yell.
They shout, "This team is better!"
My uncle is so angry.
His face is getting redder.
The little kids are boasting.
They show off their new toys.
The teenagers ignore them.
They talk about their boys.

I am simply by myself
In this dining room of mine.
A novel lies before me.
I'm on page number nine.
I start reading my hardback.
I'm distracted by the heat.
I glance at my backyard
And curl up in my seat.
I continue with my book.
My mind goes far away
To a place I've never been
But hope to visit someday.
When I finish with the book
I have nothing else to do.
I just sit there and listen
To the baby robins coo.

When I am with others,
Or it's me, myself, and I,
I love my dining room.
There's no real reason why.
Perhaps it pleases me
Because it brings me calm.
The mood soothes me
As if it were a balm.
Or maybe it's because
I gather there with folks
And talk about the good life
And tell each other jokes.
Some find peace at the beach
Or at a far place like Khartoum.
But I find tranquility in
My very own dining room!