

Richard Schnap

Roominghouse

I walk down a hallway
Lined with closed doors
Hearing voices within

A man on a phone
Pleading with someone
To tell him what to do

A woman laughing
As she watches a show
Of staged romance

A mother accusing
Her son of being
Possessed by demons

But when I reach
The corridor's end
There is only music

A sad love song
Somebody is playing
Again and again

Richard Schnap is a poet, songwriter and collagist living in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. His poems have most recently appeared locally, nationally and overseas in a variety of print and online publications.