

The park was extremely crowded for a Sunday afternoon. The sun was high in the sky and even though the air was crisp and the ground was covered in leaves everybody seemed to be taking advantage of what warm days were left. Among the people jogging and walking their dogs, there was an elderly man sitting alone on a worn wooden bench.

He was wrinkled with age spots and the way he had his salt and pepper hair combed over made his hearing aid a prominent fixture tucked behind his ear. His burgundy sweater was pulled over a pristine white dress shirt and paired with a navy bow tie and slightly scuffed brown sandals. His cleanly shaven face was tilted downwards and his eyes seemed to be boring holes into his dark brown corduroy pants. He reached into his pocket and pulled out a shiny silver pocket watch, rubbing his finger on the inscription on the outside he opened it and checked the time. Placing it back into his pocket he noticed his yellowed handkerchief had fallen out of his pocket and to the ground when he looked at his watch. Leaning forward he reached towards his handkerchief and snatched it off of the ground. He flapped it in the air a couple times to try to remove the dirt that stuck to the fabric. He sat back on the bench and started to stare at everything around him while twisting the golden band on his left hand around his finger. Everyone who passed paid no attention to the man on the bench while he sat there looking at the faces of the strangers that went by, waiting for someone that would never show.

When the sun disappeared behind the clouds and the chaos of the park calmed, the old man rose from his bench. Taking careful slow steps and still playing with his ring he walked towards the exit.