

Erin Harnum
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Isolation

I watch as the baby ducklings
Follow their mother.
Train cars, subsequent after the other

I throw my seeds at them
They don't come closer.
Beautifully cautious, smart things.

If I lay in a bed of grass laced with fresh moonlight
Between gangling trees I can see the very slightest hues of the sky.

Their spirits pull me
into an of silence.

Can anyone hear my thoughts?

No,
Only snickers of squirrels
Laughing at my comfort.
The birds whisper to one another
Telling secrets.

I am not alone.
And I don't care what they think.

Yet,
I wish I could talk to them.
Under a melting sun
Surrounded by minds who will listen.

But our lives move on
Like flowing water
On a planet we'll never see.