

## JOYCE PRATER

### *As I'm Looking*

As I'm looking  
I see a young woman  
walking through a field.

The sun is slowly sinking  
into earth, the world  
tinted a fiery but soft orange.

The air stirs, the tree  
under which she stands alive  
and breathing; it engulfs  
and comforts her.  
Rains come.  
One by one sorrows  
fall to the ground  
to be washed away.

The one she loves  
will be forgotten.  
Time heals forever,  
the earth enclosed in darkness.

