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.

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