

Alone At Last

Never having thought about being alone,
she is now alone,
and thinks about it.

She does not care now for windy nights.
The house creaks:
is that the wind walking up the stairs?

Winter, too, is not as friendly as it used to be.
It flows through the old house
in unbroken currents,

makes sudden cold doorways
where there are no doors.
She walks through, shivering.

Spring is more urgent than she remembers.
The climbing rose, with thorns like shark's teeth,
has eaten its way through the garage wall.

Lying in the sun is a little better.
She is not so alone then:
something warm is touching her all over.

But then the flowers must be dealt with
when they blossom. They are so intense they take
all of one person's energy to appreciate them.

Later the door flies open in a gust of autumn wind.
It is no one. Dead leaves blow into the kitchen.
The pages of the calendar, caught in the wind,

race through the year. Some months take longer
than others to turn. The year repeats itself
over and over in the wind.

She shuts the door and goes to bed,
wearing warm clothing to keep the chill out
whatever season it may be.

She looks at the clock frequently.
Yes, she is certainly alone.
She thinks about it nearly all the time.