

A World of Hermits

The sound of one person

shouting into the wind.

Alone no one to affirm you

or give you reason to be.

We are as we came into

this world, solitary unencumbered.

We are as we will go out

of this world, cold and solitary.

Or are we?

are we ever

truly alone with our thoughts.

No,

there is always the comforter,

now the world is silent

we can hear his heartbeat

next to ours,

for eternity.



M. Green, March '20

Note: part of the lent series, the image is from the web. After just hearing of the complete lockdown for the UK, now everyone must learn to live together. The image reminds me of beauty we can see every morning, delicate, transitory, the wild flowers gone in an instant.