

# Losses

The cold old wind has left  
with a clatter and a bang.  
Party animals are at a loss  
no one to admire their new pelts.  
Stillness replaces the babble  
dropping pins echo about.  
Danger all about inside and out  
nowhere to hide from yourself.  
The maze of your life unravelling  
only four walls for company.  
Look for the patient man at the door  
all you have to do is knock and enter.  
He is waiting for you.

M. Green, March '20



Note: part of the lent series, the image is from the web. We are forced to physically distance ourselves, or many will die. No need to socially distance ourselves, that is still our choice. Some feel isolated in their echo chambers of life, to those I suggest look within and find the eternal comforter waiting in the maze.