

The Walk

The walk didn't
sound pure enough—
the steps not the right
length apart.

My hope built at the
initial, distant crunch,
the crack and shuffle
of feet over gravel.

My hope for you to
walk by,
my need for you to
sit and visit with me,
shortly rebuilt
itself, only to
crumble with each
passer-by.

I am, for the
first time,
lonely.