

Sarah Harmer "New Loneliness"

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there is just one apple on the tree
it isn't like i'd hoped it'd be
yesterday when there was still you
i looked, and i swear that i saw two

maybe a wandering white tail deer
came in the night to make it even more clear
and left me just one, a spartan no less
to remind me of my new loneliness

now there is just one oar leaning against the wall
what of our plans for paddles in the fall
with the reeds grown high in a winding maze
we were to follow old waterways

maybe a hovering dragonfly

will rest on a cattail and wonder why
there is no clamouring at the shore
of two in a canoe with each an oar

now there is just one pillow on the bed
where a solitary someone lays her head
a stack of books meant to be read aloud
closed and dusty awaiting a crowd

maybe a spider in a high corner
keeps his tiny eye on the still mourner
and waits for the other to slip under the cover
and relight the dark candle lit between lovers

and replay the melody made by two lovers

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