New Loneliness

Sarah Harmer

There is just one apple on the tree
It isn't like I hoped it'd be
Yesterday when there was still you
I looked and I swear that I saw twoMaybe a wandering white-tailed 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 lonelinessThere 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 waterwaysMaybe a hovering dragonfly
Will rest on a cattail and wonder why
There is no clamoring at the shore
Of two in a canoe with each an oarThere is just one pillow on the bed
Where a solitary someone lays her head
And a stack of books meant to be read aloud
Closed and dusty, awaiting a crowdMaybe 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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