

BEATRICE K. BALKCUM RENAISSANCE LITERARY AWARD WINNER & POETRY AWARD WINNER

Loving Loneliness

Hannah Burroughs

the morning fog
gathers her skirts and
dissipates.
the golden tresses of the sun
fall down over ivory clouds
shadows are cast, and in them—
frost needles into the ground.

i am here, trembling
silence pulls the breath from
my lungs and paints it
before me
between us
the heron in the water

he dips his yellow
harpoon
into the black, living surface
of a narrow running ditch
is there anything to gain from
these shallows?

brown leaves
curled into themselves
skeletal hands that claw
at the trampled ground
skitter like frantic refugees
from him
to me