

# Almost Alone

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In the Morning I sit at the window, almost alone.

But I am entertained by the Blue Jays eating my peanuts.

The peanuts will soon be gone.

There won't be any more.

The chickadees are pinching the sunflower seeds.

When they are gone,

The chickadees will leave.

At night I curl up in my sweater, almost alone.

Actually, a friend's sweater it smells different than me.

I will not wash it,

For a very long time.

When I fall asleep I dream of picnicking with friends.

Children play.

Suddenly it's an ER.

I paint, I write, I dream, almost alone.

I search photos of friends and family

Rendering; faces, gestures, known by heart.

A voice, a joke, a tired goodnight.

I smile at the memories that are crisp and clear.

I am afraid they will not last.

Then I will be all alone.