

Pastoral

I don't know how I came to be here
- the windmill on the horizon
turned to face to another horizon
where we don't figure; your flock
making no safe connections but staring
apart, unverified. No one speaks, not
even me, and I don't know
if something bad has happened,
or if the path the sun puts down
across the water is an offer
of consolation or a threat; if the leaves
falling red at your feet are an offer
of consolation or a threat; if the path
behind me is one you might leave by.
All I know is that empathy
is something I can do within myself
but not an honest recourse; a way
to sharpen and calibrate my sympathy;
and if these thoughts ever reach you,
as a disturbance, as a surprise, or just
too much, then know that truly
(if such a word might break upon
this thorough and inverted silence)
for that, or this, I'm sorry.