

The Lonely Veranda

The lonely veranda sits empty on a sun-setting
summer's eve,
Replete with chairs, old and modern,
Organized in a clutter of emptiness,
Void of chatter,
With might disturb the neighbors.

How I long for that missed company,
Those who have passed me by,
Even for a fleeting moment,
Exchanging words, or even less,
Just a glance as they walk by to shop or stroll.

Their footprints and voices remain,
Not at all distant as you might think,
Easy to remember the smallest encounter,
As it is just happened,
And it was important.

Now it seems, I am older, but that is just a number,
Here I sit, full of the experience of many lives,
Tears, love, shame, challenges,
Families working their way through life,
For just showing up for another day as they close the
door behind me.

While all appears empty, it is not so.
I am full of wants desires, memories,
But most of all longing.
The longing of the connection again,
For those who mean most to me.

Which is all of you.