

Alone

I hear the prairie wind
reach through the cracks of my cell

while a nearby oak groans
bending truth down to the ground

I see sunsets with shadows
of a barn and water tower

painting a picture of life outside
that I remember and remember

I watch the moon slide across my window
with Venus hovering nearby

I hear the west-bound train
exactly at 10:30 every night

It comforts me
as darkness seals me in

Can you hear the quiet of alone?