

Uncharted Backwoods

A lost shoe... an hourglass lost...
In a forest... in a desert....

Objects that belonged somewhere else,
At destinations one doesn't just arrive at.

A broken lock... a missing windowpane...
What happened to you?

Surely at some point you felt connected,
Loved.

Rather suddenly, support is
Non-existent, and you're left in expansive,
Uncharted territory.

Perhaps you remain lost in this forest,
In this desert,
But the time will arrive when
Those alien destinations become familiar.
Even comfortable.

When people leave you feeling dead, you can at last feel alive.
When you are left behind, you eventually find beauty and solace
In the change;
Although it may take a lifetime.

Who did this to you?
Say it once,
One last time,
And forever leave it
Behind that broken lock,
Through that missing windowpane,
Move on.

Move away from the house, the comfort,
The sadness, what you thought you knew-
Habit.

If you refuse,
The forest brings about new predators,
The desert sun beats down on your vulnerability.

You may seem lost at first
Uninhabited;
But while you scavenge for new residency,
Remember you are on a journey.
Things, people, and traits may become irrelevant,
But on a quest,

The only thing that remains found, is you.