

Exile

by JM Prescott

Banished fields of wild flowers refuse my company, 'though they themselves have lost their way back to root and seed. Dandelions wither as I approach and the grass dies under my feet. Birds drop from the sky if they are so foolish as to fly above my head.

I don't remember what it means to be a we, to call a friend, to hear that friend speak my name.

I wonder from field to field, forest to forest, with no where to go and no way to return: leaving wasteland after wasteland behind me. Death is my only company, but even Death won't walk beside me.

