

Bitterness: Poem

by megan e. evans

Standing hard at the window
Cold clouds move, slow
Blue horizon in the distance—
It's just a slice of blue.
All this beauty
I miss it in the bitterness.

I'm consumed by the missing
The emptiness
The unfairness
Always some unfairness cropping up
and capturing joy.

Glancing high into the overcast sky
Bare trees, gray and brown
I see a moon, swaying
It's not the only moon, you know.
And then geese fly, quietly,
through the trees.
Like whispers, whispers, quieter now.
All this beauty
I miss it in the bitterness.

