

# 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.

