

“The (Elusive) Answer to Lonely”

by

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You're like chasing dragonflies,
Or trying to swat a house fly:
A wasted effort for something doomed to die thereafter,
Regardless.

I don't even know your name;
Cannot picture your face.

I can sketch you in simile,
Paint you in shades of metaphor,
Leave miscellaneous others awed at your dragonfly wings,
Or as eager to pin you down as I -
But in the morning,
You are only a blurred portrait of the answer to Lonely,
Half-forgotten but for the body.