**Lonely time**

that wasn’t lonely time.

this is lonely time

through fog thick with trouble

i’m driving home

or maybe i’m standing still

and the distance is increasing

we are ghosts on a balloon

inflating slowly, but with purpose

every breath my last, and seconds gone

i have written this before

thought myself steeped in the bitter brew

i was mistaken, mistaking

aloneness for loneliness

where are you?

why are you not wrapped around me?