

# Echoes of The Self

-PBC

A Cold wind whispers past, like a forgotten path in  
The woods.

A shadow falls long, like the fading light of a lonely  
Dusk.

The earth feels vast and empty, like a field after the  
Harvest, bare.

Each footstep a dry leaf falling, unnoticed on the  
Forest floor.

A silent river flows within, its currents unseen,  
Unheard.

The mountains stand tall and distant, unmoved by the  
Smallness here.

Is this seed I carry, of wanting to belong, destined  
Never to sprout, in this barren landscape of hearts?