

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?**