

She Sits...

She sits
slumped
watching
but never quite seeing the gold, blue and green
Only shades of gray
rushing past the window as if late
as if the scenery is desperately trying
to catch a speeding train in the unseen distance
Isolation wraps around her
A cold and sodden wool blanket
so heavy in it's darkness
It separates her from the world
Nothing can reach across
that cavern of desolation
Her silence lies like dead stones upon her lap
dusty and neglected
Her thoughts that buzz and crackle
like a tired radio station just out of range
static
and more static
Tears that will not
can not see the light of day
Swallowed down like battery acid
burning and weaving a trail to her very toes
The numbness surrounds her
cold comfort
Emotions that have frozen
her cries of desperation
silenced