

Surrounded

For David Wagoner

Frozen still. People and stores tower around you,
Reaching into the sky like massive redwood trees.

You are as alone as one can be while surrounded by people.
Isolated in the commercial forest.

The sounds of normal conversations
Reverberate through your head,
Like a flock of birds launching into panicked flight.

People know where you are.
They see you as they pass,
But they do not stop for you,
Continuing their march like worker ants.

Like a boulder, you wait patiently,
Petrified at the thought of getting lost further.
The trees you ran around,
Going in circles as you followed your nose,
Chasing the smells of fresh food,
Got you right back where you started,
Surrounded by strangers,
Even deeper in the woods.

You don't know where you are.
You know that, eventually,
A passerby will someday aid you
Decipher the map you have in your hands.
They will guide you
Out of the forest and back home.

You know that someday,
You will be found.