

Alone,
By Hamish Roberts

No other eyes would ever read the sentence
It would be deleted like the one before
She wrote it anyway.
“Five million oak tree seeds
doomed to die
So one might live.”

That’s not it, she said.
She was alone
A loner, she told herself
When she needed to be.

“The dark is a camera.
The quiet is a canvass.”
Delete, delete, delete
She imagined the future
Staring at this moment
Keeping it on life support.

Is this brave or stupid, she said aloud
“All those seeds,” she wrote,
“They are all brave,
And all stupid,
Without any hope.
But I am no seed,
I am the oak.”