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# Lonesome

Missy Ward

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# Lonesome

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## missy ward

as a long pale bed  
glowing like moonlight  
under a window that is being  
pelted and smeared silver  
by forlorn angry raindrops.  
And the wind is heaving the trembling trees  
while a tiny frightened star peeks out  
of the cloud-ridden purple Bangkok sky  
and cries

*But child, you've never been to Bangkok*

Shut up. This is not so much about  
where I haven't been as it is  
about where I have been.

*Regardless, you've never been there.*

And neither have you. So  
for all you know, I'm right  
about the way leaves shaped like valentines  
are thrust from their comfortable perches  
by teardrops that echo like  
deep rain in stone corridors.