

A Deserted Door At The End Of A Lonely Lane

I often walk by a deserted door at the end of a lonely lane,
And wonder how the people behind it are doing,
Days pass and seasons change but I do not see anyone.

They say a young widow Thelma lives there with a dog called Sunny,
She is blond and thin and no one has heard her voice recently,
She is rarely seen on her deck or in the yard.

Her husband Dennis died in drag racing many years back,
And their only child went West after his death and was seen no more,
Thelma's mother visits sometimes and her raucous laughter reverberates from the neighbors' houses.

At times I thought of ringing the house bell but refrained,
Not wanting to create a ripple in the placid lake of her solitude,
Not wanting to disturb her truce with her destiny.

One evening when I was walking by the house,
I saw a thin figure cast against the gray evening sky,
The movement of her lips suggested that she was singing.

I much wanted to know what she was singing,
But realized she must be left alone,
Loneliness brings us closer to God than anything else.

Suffern, New York, 12.4.10