

The Lonely Season by Paolo Reyes

The lights are strung, they gleam so bright,

Yet shadows linger in my sight.

A tree adorned with silver and gold,

but its warmth, is distant, distant and cold.

The holidays they say should bind,

but loneliness clouds my heart and mind.

I wander the streets where laughter spills,

an echo lost in winter's chills.

But somewhere deep, a hope persists,

though fleeting as a winter mist.

Perhaps one day, a hand will find

this aching heart, so long confined.

for now, I light my candle's flame,

and whisper softly, just my name.

It flickers back a steady glow,

a quiet strength, I strive to know.

Though no one calls, though none appear,

I vow to carry throughout the year.

For even when the world feels stark,

A spark can grow within the dark