

Morgan Sierra Brown

I have found solitude one of my better companions.
In my younger years, it was kindly remarked to my mother
my tendency to drift from the other children.
Dragging pink fingers along wired fence.
Unleashing the dandelions.

the desire of seclusion,
felt at times even amongst the beloved.
Wilting eyes, dulled face, spell of delay
appear of insult.
I beg:
an exhaustion
of articulation, tread.

With oneself, accountable to none,
there is ascent to the dreamt.
Tracing a past home
or elementary school,
encountering the ghosts of those once known.
Reminiscence of the sweetened ease.
Recalled are the nights worth remembrance,
even those of solace.
the nights thought ruinous ease with age
Ah, for don't the thoughts of youth seem mad now, grown we are?

Even the absence of any thought at all,
besides the presence of task.
A clearing of dregs indeed,
those of resentment or melancholia.
For reckoning is best conceived
crystalline.

I hold less concern as time continues
that some assume this disposition an affliction.
For I possess in my relative youth my truths
of person and purpose.
For rumination,
that is the propellant of maturation.