

Some Solitudes

You told me you found a busy café
where hot tea painted rings on your page and
cinnamon on your smile,
and you got several
strange looks at your table
for one.

You told me you took an impromptu bike ride
where an open trail left petals on your bag and
sun on your shoulders,
and you got lost
at the fork so you drew
your own map.

You told me you entered an empty bookstore
where bent shelves printed dust on your shirt and
words on your fingers,
and you circled
the second i in resilience
to find an identity
in silence.

And me?

I told you nothing.