

## Solitary Sojourn

Carolyn Dandalides

She returns from her day  
to an empty house  
that knows her not,  
surrounded by fragments  
of former lives,  
bits and pieces  
of what might have been,  
artifacts excavated  
from a distant past.

The face in the photograph  
returns a blank stare,  
barely able to recognize  
the face in the mirror  
across the room  
on hollow wall.

She lights one candle  
in the kitchen,  
its growing flame  
gives a spot of light,  
perhaps a ray of hope  
to the depth of dark  
in the shape of her heart.