First Solitude

These many years later I remember   
the scent of wet stones,

the wash of pink lilies splayed at my feet-

it had rained all night,

and the grass that morning was cool,   
a field of green darkness

shot through with dew-bright sheen.

But the single thread of a spider's web   
held my gaze--stretched and trembling   
between sumac limbs heavy with fruit.

I couldn't see the spider from my distance   
nor tell if that glistening strand

was a beginning or an end,

but I knew this was solitude--   
not loneliness, not longing, not yet.

Kimberly Green