**Miles Apart**

The earth he steps on,

hasn’t been touched in years.

The pack on his back,

heavier than it was before.

He's thinking of her face,

how she would have loved

to see this yellow field.

She waits for him - lonely.

I sit on my kitchen counter,

eating chocolate ice cream.

The dryer just buzzed,

the dog is whining at the door,

Yet, I just sit here, alone.

In this noisy empty house.