


LONELINESS



I'm a lonely old bird in a paddock so vast
With only the sheep to share.
Both summers and winters, the years drift past,
I wonder just why I am here.

For an emu alone in this place I call home
I'm depressed and a little bit scared.
I have water and grass and places to roam
But no company that's to be shared.

Over the fence there are horses in pairs.
Lucky things; they can neigh to each other.
But I can't talk with ponies or mares,
For me, no sister or brother.

If that's all there is, I may as well die
'cause here, my mind will just rot.
I stand in the paddock day after day
With no one caring a jot.

It's a singular life being ME all alone
Farmer Jim only comes twice a week
My value seems spent; I'm a really old crone,
But it's chat and laughter I seek.

So why don't I die and see what's 'up there'?
It can't be more lonely than this.
Perhaps I'll find emus to talk with and share?
To feel useful again what bliss!

Sheila Twine 2017

Written after seeing a lonely old emu in a paddock and thinking the same could be said about thousands of older people who are living alone with long days to fill, and feeling isolated and disconnected from the community.