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Alone

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The water was calm.
The birds they were like me, alone.
No one to talk to,
Or chirp at a friend.
There was nothing to watch
But the big pine trees.
Not a move they made
That a squirrel was in this tree.
Not a sound he made either.
And then there was a little spider
What was wrong with him I know.
But a wasp had hurt one of a friend
Of another spider.

The Seagull
Is like a feather that is aloft in the breeze
And two of a friend in a sea of wind.
There was a frog on a stick in the water.
Alone, not a frog around
On the other stick or on a lily pad.
There is a wind to be on the way.
Drift the birds will until they land in the tree
Or on the ground not a sound they made
Or a whisper they heard in the wind
Of all the but one animal that was the woodpecker.
He pecked away as I left the beach.
As I left.

WILLIAM HARTZEL
Aged 14