

## Loneliness

The stream runs silently through the woods, with the ever-flowing water chilling through the bone. It lacks something. It is not aware of what it does not have but is aware that it is not fulfilled. It has a lot of things in its life of solitude. It helps the plants, the surrounding animals, and many other beings. The water fulfills its role but still lacks something key. The rustle and falling of leaves onto the surface bring satisfaction but still fails to fill a specific gap. Warmth of all things is abundant with the blues skies overhead but that is still fleeting, with the ever-coming change of night. The warmth it seeks is expected to come but one still chases it. Does chasing this warmth bring one closer to such satisfaction? Which brings about monumental change of one's life. Or does it push it further and further to a hole that cannot be found. The river questions this feeling daily but is conflicted in chasing it. It has attempted to chase it in the past but has failed, not entirely sure if it was the fault of the river or of the attempt. Why must it chase though, surely it will come eventually to the river and fill the gap. Doubt and insecurities are still at large but cannot be shaken. Why? It is not sure. Its own creation took thousands of years, but it still chases something that will come eventually. Why? It is not sure. The feeling it chases has been described to it by the birds and the bees as something wonderful, a filling of one's soul and the creation of another. It yearns for this for what reason? It is not sure. It has a good life, it helps others, but it still feels sad. The blues and the greens of the world pales in comparison to the yellow that can be created. The heartbeat of another close to ones own, the slight rhythmically beating of the heart elegantly brings joy to it. It only experiences these feelings for a short time, and every time between feels like a lifetime. Why? Because it is intoxicating. The warmth of another overshadows the intrinsic cold of existence. Why chase it. Every individual is almost guaranteed to experience this, but the river yearns for it more and more. It imagines the beautiful moments that can come about. The sunflowers passing by as it travels down-stream. The pinks and purples flashing in an eye but still being so impactful that one must notice. The sweet scent of the pine tree that one knows must be forgotten but must still appreciate for what it taught. The rules and lessons of old must be remembered but are still taken for granted. It loves love and wants to experience this fairy tale idealism of such an idea. The ever reds and magnifying blues of existence are dull in the face of such a thing. But has the river experienced true love yet? It is not sure. It runs its soul daily trying to answer this but still lacks any knowledge. There are different forms of love that the river experiences daily but for some reason. This one has such a grasp upon its soul, even from the slightest encounter, that forces it to pursue it. Others obtain it effortlessly and take it for granted. It thinks about it too often. Can it change this habit, no. That is its existence, the shifting of dirt and feelings but still pursuing it. What does the river do, it must be patient, but it has always failed at that. It simply yearns for the

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embrace of another soul on the deepest level. Yellow of the brightest hues and red of the deepest crimson will shine upon the magenta soul of the river but still the river attempts to change its existence. It runs forever but still cannot achieve its timely goal. Does it let the goal come to it? Or will it try as hard as it can to fall into the embrace of something that steals sleep and leaves the skin tingling. It is not sure. Do others feel this, do others think that the river is too emotional. It is scared that it must change its direction to arrive at the answer. But the direction is the rivers everything, and a shift in that will destroy the nature of the river. But chasing will do a similar thing, like it or not. Along the riverbed the feeling and experience exists, it must simply wait. It must pursue it passively as that is how it works.

But in the end, it is simply a river. And it is simply not sure.