

# How Could We Have Known

*Laura Hamblin*

that loneliness is like  
the whole of the moon  
rising in a sky so lucent,  
the clouds cast shadows  
and make the night  
suddenly aware of darkness;

that loneliness is the comfort only  
a running man feels when his body  
repents of its image of god,  
when his heart cries out darkly: don't  
leave me, don't leave me behind,  
but the running man runs alone;

that loneliness is balanced  
on a line stretching fine and thin,  
the darkened one which holds all things  
angled, axled, and endlessly spinning,  
defining this odd symmetry,  
this abbreviated gift of flesh.

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