

I Am Enough

By Eileen Lettick

I am alone,
And today, it is enough.
I am enough.
I inhale the bittersweet aroma of a fading green and orange September day,
Pressed against the backdrop of a cobalt sky.
No children call.
No phone intrudes.
No need to make excuses for moments spent “just being.”
I have released summer and her constant demands.
My mind is clear, cleansed, one-dimensional.
My spirit drinks in the quiet.
And today, it is enough.

A cat crosses the yard—a familiar, recognizable puss.
A wide, black and white face, almond-shaped, curious eyes.
She stops to stare and holds my gaze.
“Leave me alone,” we hiss in unison.
She stands her ground and I stand mine. I grunt at her.
She cocks her head to one side and slinks away.
Once again I am alone,
And it is enough.

Why don't I yearn for the company of a familiar face as most my age?
“I could live the life of a hermit, thank you very much,” I joke.
But it's not a joke.
I am forever jealous of my time alone,
Satisfied to spend days settled in my own routines.
Selfish and solo.

I consider nothing but my own thoughts,
Planning independent adventures.
Perhaps years from now I will be sorry,
Envious of those surrounded by admiring, jocular souls,
Reminiscing over shared moments.
Yes, I'll be pitied, begging passersby to smile my way,
Or pat my hand in a kindly gesture.
But not now.
For today I am alone.
And it is enough...I am enough.