

Anyone, Someone, and No One

By Judith R. Merz

"I'm not talking to anyone right now," you said,
To let me know I was not alone in being left...alone.
And, somehow, I wondered at this

Was I so wrong?
I didn't think I was "anyone"
I thought I was "someone"
"Someone" who was there whenever needed.
"Someone" who embraced the light and dark of you
relentlessly and freely.
"Someone" who reached beyond to put you first
and guard you from the "anyones"
intruding on your loner world.

Perhaps it is arrogant to think one is "someone" to another ...
I to you ... as you to me.
But in making me "anyone," have you made me no one?
—no one to share, to care, to guard with and for you?—
And have you doomed us thus ...
each and both ...
to be alone.