

Loon

Karissa Wehri

There is the strangest empathy
Found in the eerie cry
That traveled on the lonely wake
One happens to preside

A forlorn satisfaction
Only known when you're alone
To hear a foreign sadness
Of the likes oneself has known

The Loon will give one company
As though a grim ally
And ride with you along the bay
Beneath the darkening skies

At times, in but a fraction,
He will dive and appear gone
But with downcast allegiance
Shall return to you, ere long

***Karissa Wehri** was born and raised in Grand Forks, North Dakota. She has always been interested in other cultures and moral viewpoints, and she uses her writing to explore these themes. She plans to use UND's Study Abroad program to expand her knowledge for even more stories!*