



Alone

I remember back to those days of old,
Wintertime Summers warm,
or Wintere Cold,
no friends to bring home,
I was alone.

I'd look out my windows,
Wishing to be like all the others,
With groups of friends and Sisters and Brothers.

Now I look out a different window,
and it's so macabre what I see.

I lay in bed wrapped in wool,
I rise to eat a meal that never makes me full.
Pop. Bang. Single. Trump. Single. Screen. Bang.

I call that music these days,
as I wander long in this "dist" maze.

Numerals replace the alphabet,
twisted politics replace morals,
but this is Corroctiva.

Weakly I watch mother cry,
infants scream.

Levied eyes fade from the picture,

like darkness at dawn

help? is something I hold on.

if they want to survive, cut off will man locate alive.

I sit in my concrete coffin, and think of home often.

I haven't felt alone, and I'm troubled by what I have

now come to see, that I am no longer alone because,

there are two million just like me, looking out windows
in this land so "free".

Ray