

"Alone"

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

I'd look out my window,
wishing to be like all the others,
with circles of friends and sisters
and brothers

Now I look out a different window
and it's so much more what I see,
I lay in bed wrapped in wool,
I rise to eat a meal that'll never
make me full,

Pop. Bang. Sings. Thump. Sings. Scream.
Bang.

I call that music these days,
as I walk down in this "Just" maze.
Numerals replace the alphabet, twisted politics
capture morals, but this is Corruption.

Usually I watch movies, my infants scream, loud
and fade from the picture, like darkness at dawn,
hope is something I can hold on,
if they want to survive,
not all will ever learn again.

I sit in my concrete coffin,
and think of how 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".

