

Alone

For the woman to scream,
"To the I love."
This thing god not grant
From the heavens above.

Lonely as the long-set sun,
Far away-in isolation.
No food for thought
No adoration

The passer-by offers comfort,
But soon he too is gone.

I travel here
looking round
For someone to share
This thing I have found -

But no one dares,
To come so near -
For being alone
Sends all with fear.

Denim Day