

# ALONE

By John Stone

A wandering yearning soul; with no kindred spirit,  
no comfort on the inner side of the skin;  
pale of heart, soul drained of serenity;  
spirit numbed from constant isolation from the warmth of a caring touch.  
Calling from the hollow within; with a whispering mourn,  
More shrill than a siren, yet softer than a whimper.  
A canyon without echoes; a river without current,  
a sky obscured; with neither brightness nor darkness,  
its palette washed of all color, with tear clouds coving the rays of hope.  
That silence that prevails between the wails of the loon;  
entombed in a shrine of unrepressed detachment,  
indulging the immersion of the 'all-aloneness'.

© 1995 John G. Stone