



## Alone, Alone

by Jessica Rae

He sits alone on soaring peaks of manmade concrete towers,  
Where falling stars and shifting planets mark the passing hours.

He rests his head against the wall and, silent, gazes deep  
Into the reaching depth of space where the universes sleep.

He walks alone through tunnels dusty, fears running through his head,  
One mistake, one misstep above - he could be caught, or dead.  
Why would none wait to see him truly for who he could really be?  
That question, heavy, bitter, burns into his thoughtful reverie.

He sits alone in a quaint dark room, a unique and inviting place,  
The soft red glow of a candle melting cast shadows o'er his face.  
A pensive frown again was spread over gentle cheeks of tan,  
And e'er the dreamer, *Great Expectations* was held by careful hands.

He lay alone in the underground river, that steamed up from the earth,  
And dreamed of having her there beside him, for what that dream was worth.  
The water trickled and echoed around him, like the ticking of a clock,  
And he began to ache at its voice so bright, what was once a song, now mocked.

He stood alone at the ocean side, the waves shouted their taunts and jeers,  
And in each crash, there echoed to him his terrors and his fears.  
His dreams belong to every man as he reaches for the joys of life -  
Dreams of children, dreams of laughter, dreams of a loving wife.

He stood alone in empty chambers, where he'd hoped his dream to see.

He lets the ache wash o'er his soul for what he knows can never be.

A great full moon is rising tonight, and foretells the fleeing dark,

For the answer to his prayers - those grieving prayers - lay abandoned in the park.