

Alone

July 30, '98

Ever wonder what I'm thinking?
Ever watch it pour?
A mind's complex and always ticking;
A heart's kin to the storm.
Alone, awake, it's two a.m.
'Does he even care?'
Alone, awake, it's three a.m.
'Does anyone out there?'
The mind goes numb; the heart grows bitter.
I struggle to stay sane.
No calls, no visits, not even letters,
So each day stays the same.
I watch the rain come pouring down--
So little now has meaning.
I write, and tears come pouring down--
It's all I've left has meaning.