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## Alone

Van Deusen Clark

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## Alone

*By* VAN DEUSEN CLARK

A sorry music we play with all earth's spheres,  
A lonely voice crying out ten thousand years  
Down all the dark wilderness and still lone,  
Cries across the world. And as sea's foam  
It heard for the idle moment, only to be  
Clutched by an unseen hand and back to sea,  
So am I—alone in this forest of waste  
To watch old Time in his plodding haste  
Crook a long finger and beckon with his hand  
Slowly—Slowly and always across the land.  
And so am I always—alone to cry  
Without a friend—always not even I.  
God! To feel secure—if only fast rock,  
Dumb and unfeeling even to beauty's shock  
Would be something I know—but this one  
Lone figure—bending and bowing before the sun  
And crying aloud ten thousand years the sorrows  
Of useless todays and all endless tomorrows—  
And ten thousand miles of waste, dark and deep,  
Alone and even to myself alone—to keep  
A song that no one hears. Perhaps it was planned  
That no one (nor even myself) should understand.