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.