

Isolates

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On Sunday, April 19, 2015, I discovered a collection of little poems in one of my file cabinets. They were stapled together in a bunch, along with a piece of paper labeled February, 1969. I suppose that they'd been in my files for a long time. This is one of the poems from that collection. There isn't any date on this poem except for the date on the bundle. So, I don't know exactly when I wrote it.

There comes a time in all our lives
When things have gone so far
That we must stop and cast about
To see just where we are.

Our friends are at each other's throats,
Our enemies at ours.
The world spins on an axis held
By dark and awesome powers.

We see a place where darkness reigns,
Where people don't forgive,
A place where life can only die
And only death can live.

We realize we'd like to leave
But life's our prison guard,
And death's the only other way
And death's a way that's hard.

We cannot get away. Instead,
We live in many shells.
And there we'd gladly spend our lives
As Isolates from outer hells.

But outer hells are seldom still.
Even sleeping dogs can't lie.
We're not alone within our shells.
We room with loneliness, and cry.