

Loneliness

Sitting here alone,
Counting things and stuff
Let time pass away
In a dreadful pace

Outside, I hear a bird singing
Out of tune, out of time
Not knowing it's lonely
And innocent in its unawareness

Day and night it's so quiet
I turn on the T.V
And watch an old man reading
Poems about love
And joy and sorrow
Just like he has never been old
He says
One can drink a sea of Sadness
But only some can have a little fun
Of Life
He says
Sometimes the sky is azure
And the sun is high and bright
And the man thinks of the woman
Write poems for her
And life is so beautiful
Is it true?
Does anyone know it?
Am I lost, or the old man?

The screen becomes black
And the man fades away
But his voice still speaks
Echoing as the music play
When I turn away, and try to run away...

I hate to wake up
From the dreams and lose myself
In the maze of feelings and thoughts
What will come tomorrow?
Do you remember it?

Written Winter 1999