

JUST ONE

By Richard Paul

I never thought it would be easy

--*-- ---*----- --*----- *_-

But I thought it would still be,

-----*----- ---*----- *_-

Now as the years have borne me here

_ -_----- --*----- --*-----

The truth, at last, I see,

--*----- *_----- --*-----

That I was never shaped to share

* -_*----- --*----- --*-----

The nature of so many;

_ -_----- *_-----

Too slowly have I come to care

--*----- --*----- --*----- --*-----

Of what's not ahead of me.

----- ------- *-----

I'll often see a brace of lovers,

_----- ------- --*----- --*-----

And then I'll see another,

--*----- *_----- --*-----

A fair sight even for such as me,

*_----- *_----- --*----- *_-----

My soul is not bestirred,

--*----- *_----- --*-----

Beneath the sun I am not lonely,

-----*----- *_----- *_----- --*-----

No longing do I suffer,

--*----- *_----- --*-----

Until I linger in privacy,

_ -_----- *_----- *_-----

Then comes the feckless spur.

-----*----- --*----- --*-----

Back and forth from gladness to gloom

-----*----- --*----- --*----- --*-----

That alone I'll face my doom,

--*----- --*----- --*-----

For I am not made for open arms

* -_*----- *_----- --*-----

And that shall not change soon,

--*----- *_----- --*-----

Nor can I shake the complacent calm

_----- ------- --*----- --*-----

That through my days is strewn,

-----*----- --*----- --*-----

This fault runs deep and I cannot darn

--*----- --*----- --*----- --*-----

What I wish was just a wound.

--*----- --*----- --*-----

We can get used to so many things,

----- ------- *----- --*-----

Even the pain of the sting.

_----- ------- --*-----

I sigh for the lack of that which I scorn,

--*----- --*----- --*----- --*-----

Throughout a night's passing,

_----- ------- --*-----

I hate that this is how I was born,

--*----- --*----- --*----- --*-----

And find the world I'm spiting.

--*----- --*----- --*-----

Between two facts my sense is torn,

-----*----- --*----- --*----- --*-----

A paradox's biting,

----- ------- *-----

I want the world that I want to shun,

--*----- --*----- --*----- --*-----

I want this to be done,

--*----- *_----- --*-----

I still can dream of a hand in my own,

_----- ------- --*----- --*-----

Even as I want no one,

*_----- *_----- --*----- --*-----

And more I think of my fleshless bones

-----*----- --*----- --*----- --*-----

As to their time I run,

----- ------- *-----

And dead, as alive, I'll lay alone,

--*----- --*----- --*----- --*-----

For I can be just one.

* -_*----- --*-----

*- = Suggested Stressed Syllables

Copyright © 2020 Richard Paul

www.rmepaul.com

rmepaul@gmail.com