

Have You Ever

by Jack Ales-Oruam

Have you ever
Felt
As if you were
Alone
In the world?

Have you ever
Wished
To be
Alone?

Has
She
Ever taken
You
In her
Bosom
And sighed it
All out?

Has
She ever
Shown you
Her empathetic
Blind fury,
Her dark eyes
Clouding over,
Her tears mixed
With yours?

Has she ever
Shown you her

Cracks,
The gorges that cut so deep?

As she is my closest friend,
I talk with her,
And she with me.

And, though, she may laugh
When I'm not in the mood,
And cry
When I'm quite happy
We even each other out.
Make life better.

She's put sanity in my
Mind
Once,
Twice,
Thrice...
I fell asleep counting.
But she was not a sheep.
Although, with her lovely quilted
Blanket, she has comforted me
On many an occasion.

Her raking fingers
Scatched me once.
And with the delicately probing
Fingers of another,
She made me better.

Sometimes raindrops fall
When it's not raining.
They course down my cheeks
And burn

Of the unreturned dedication.
The undying
dedication.

I may wander,
But she would
Always be there

To catch me,
Roll with me
Playfully down
A hill.

I hug her
When
I can.
Closely.
Inhaling
The vigorously refreshing
Scent
Of her
Verdant locks of
Spring's liveliness.
And of the
Vivaciously fiery-red and
Rich, baked browns that
Sweeten the
Cold months
When Persephone
Must retreat with
Her King.

Yes, I have wanted to be alone.

But, she has led me
To the calm, pacific
riverbanks.
To the seashores.

Her figure nondescript,
Shrouded in
Her usual garb,
she has sat with me.
We have watched
The serenely cawing birds
flapping doggedly
Into the
Unknown reaches of the sky,
Eaten by the big blue.

Our eyes have
Caressed the sun
Into daily submission
And long after
Watched the rise of
Sweet Luna
In her
Impeccably brilliant
Dress.

We have
Whispered with the grass
Until our voices
Went hoarse.
Horse after horse
ran with us on the open pastures.

We sat,
quietly.

She was good company
When I wanted to be alone.

She would blend in
With the rocks, the grass, the sea.
Sometimes she would disappear,
Only to steal up beside me with
A sweet embrace.

This is not an ordinary poem,
For she was not ordinary.
She is
Not ordinary.

She is the
Restive lost souls
That
Wish for company.
She found me.
We enjoyed it,
And she rested in my heart
From then on.
Calm,
Sometimes.
But always restless.
Like the wind.

