

ALONE

by sara t.

A baby is at one with world
His mother and he are one
He is part of everything
And everything part of him

One day he notices his toes
With wonder he knows they're his
They don't belong to his mother
They don't belong to the world

As a separate being he goes forward
Decides who to love and whom not
Dreams and plots and plans his life
Chooses what he likes and doesn't

The world it has no patience
The people need and demand
Man is pushed and pulled
Here or there when and where

He sees he is all alone in this life
Choices he makes affect those others
Chances he takes can go both ways
Nothing is certain everything is false

How blissful were the days
When he was ignorant and unaware
In his tiny fist he held the world
In his other his mother's hand

