

ALONE

DONALD SHEPHARD

She heard the silence of the dead  
And saw the visions of the blind.  
She wandered lanes of crippled minds  
And cried the mother's tears unwed.

She found a path from twisted maze  
Gazed at the blue of youth's bright eyes.  
She heard the moan of passion's sighs  
And slipped away from tortured days.

Agéd, alone in loveless bed  
She sat still, staring, numb and dry  
And as she watched her time go by  
She heard the silence of the dead.