

Alone

Arcturus

Poem by Edgar Allan Poe From childhood's hour I have not been

As others were - I have not seen

As others saw - I could not bring

My passions from a common spring

From the same source I have not taken

My sorrow; I could not awaken

My heart to joy at the same tone;

And all I lov'd, I lov'd alone

Then - in my childhood - in the dawn

Of a most stormy life - was drawn

From ev'ry depth of good and ill

The mystery which binds me still:

From the torrent, or the fountain,

From the red cliff of the mountain

From the sun that 'round me roll'd

In it's autumn tint of gold -

From the lighting in the sky

As it pass'd me flying by -

From the thunder and the storm,

And the cloud that look the form

(When the rest of Heaven was blue)

Of a demon in my view.

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