Alone

Green Carnation

From childhood's hours I have not been
As others were --- I have not seen
As others saw --- I could not bring
My passion from a common spring
From the Same source I have not taken
My sorrows; I could not awaken
My heart to joy at the same tone;
And all I loved, I loved alone.
Then --- In my childhood --- In the dawn
Of a most stormy life --- was dawn
From every 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 rolled
In its autumn tint of gold---
From the lightening in the sky
As it passed me flaying by---
From the thunder and the storm,
And the clouds that took form
When the rest of Heaven was blue
Of a demon in my view

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