

Loneliness by Ann Liu 劉穎蓁

Tide! He is tide.
In subdued tone,
He holds his trident to issue the billow high.
Oh!
I am drowned in the surge of the tide.
Silent darkness,
Gloomy sadness.

Air! He is air.
Bearing a pale face,
He speaks scornfully to make men overawed.
Oh!
I am choked in the thin air.
Transparent existence,
Indifferent glances.

Flame! He is flame.
Having a peevish temper,
His eyes flash fierce fire to blaze the infinite prairie.
Oh!
My heart is engulfed by fearful flame.
Scorching wrath,
Arduous breath.

Loneliness! It's you
Transforming into
Tide, air, flame
Hour, day, year.
Oh!
Like a frail and injured greybeard
I am too weak to get rid of it
Or fight it back.

He haunts
And creeps
Up the unsuspecting victims
Ever
And
After.