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A Cry in the Night

Hilda Trapp Keeton

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HONORABLE MENTION POETRY

Hilda Trapp Keeton

A CRY IN THE NIGHT

Loneliness,
 Destitution,
 Why must you always find comfort
 Bedded so near me?
 Why has my company found special
 Favor with you?
 Ah, even you turn your backs and
 Refuse to face me.

Loneliness.
 Why do you appear so strong?
 Why can't you look more peaked
 As though someday your tainted
 Wordless face might fade away?
 Why is the opportunity always
 Mine to befriend you?

Destitution.
 Why do you appear as though you
 Think I welcome your repulsive sight?
 Why do you offer your bargain
 So cheaply to me?
 Am I in my misery unique,
 Or is my submissiveness uncommonly apparent?

Curses!
 On both you fiendish followers
 Of my life.
 But I pray you, don't leave.
 I did not mean to offend you.
 Too many times I say things to
 Hurt those closest to me.

Stay!
 I beseech you, don't leave!
 Why?
 Because without you I would be alone.