

Lights and Shadows

Volume 15 *Lights and Shadows* Volume 15

Article 12

1971

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Recommended Citation

Balch, A. (1971). Thought Fragments in Rhyme. *Lights and Shadows*, 15(1). Retrieved from <https://ir.una.edu/lightsandshadows/vol15/iss1/12>

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Thought Fragments In Rhyme

by Anthony Balch

Loneliness is cold and bare
It's made of love...with no one to share.

Are we searchers in the night
Or are we blind men in the light
Grappling for a torch to light?
Just unaware we have no sight?

Echoes ring through empty heads
Exalted words of the long since dead.
Scheduled rings exhume great thoughts
From a land of yawns and mental drought.

To some the summit is not so high
Threatening neither space nor sky.
A fence post to some is a nifty climb
With many a coffee break 'tween time.
To a few the jagged peak is a curse
Because its pointed top won't nurse
The hunger of the spiring soul
Whose death lies in a lack of goal.
And then, blithely blindly
There's me.