

## SOLITARY

Another Fall comes,  
I have lost myself  
I am not afraid  
I am not at awe  
I must harness my world  
I must not be imaginative  
I must be practical  
I will be boring  
I will be bored  
But I will not be stagnant  
I will grow within myself  
In appreciable ways

No one loves  
It is a lie  
Love only your own  
And power  
Only respects itself

I will be old  
I must not be poor  
I will not be  
That old man  
Who begs for food  
Who rots alone  
And no one cares

*—Daniel McNulty*