

Alone

By: Kevin M. Harker

Solitary is the breaker of dreams, the sole cause for lost memories. One does not track time in a timeless land. Here I stand all alone, wishing for voices other than the ones in my head. How many seconds in a year pass by? What about two years, four years or many more? When I think of life inside this box I know I am the master of my thoughts. I am the only ruler in the recesses of my mind. I think thoughts no other could ever think nor comprehend. The sheer thought of facing challenges in a world other than this one. It's a life for this hero. The one who crushed the mind menace. An entity unto itself, which is the stuff legends are made of.

I want to be a hero one day but first I face the dragons of solitude. If one could share stolen and forgotten memories they would share many that flow like water. One adventure after another and I never gave up. One tragedy is multiplied into many. A day will come when most may ponder this thought, who am I? I am the one who travels the darkness, the one who never walks alone. Even in this box the force of will, strength and determination wins the day.

Do you truly believe in a life you'll never have? Such is life for the lost ones.....