

FAVORITE POEMS TAMUK

ALONE

Edgar Allen Poe, 1809-1849

To be alone is where I believe I have found myself. To be lonely is where I am lost. Two different ideas, being lonely or being lost, are reflections of one another whose reality we must test within ourselves. What does it mean to be lonely? And what does it mean to be alone? This poem plays around with the two conflicting themes of being alone and being lonely, which, by the way, are two completely different feelings. Is it a blessing to be left alone, or is it a curse?

Alexis Ramirez
Student

From childhood's hour I have not been
As others were—I have not seen
As others saw—I could not bring
My passions from a common spring—
From the same source I have not taken
My sorrow—I could not awaken
My heart to joy at the same tone—
And all I lov'd—I lov'd alone—
Then—in my childhood—in the dawn
Of a most stormy life—was drawn
From ev'ry depth of good and ill
The mystery which binds me still—
From the torrent, or the fountain—
From the red cliff of the mountain—
From the sun that 'round me roll'd
In its autumn tint of gold—
From the lightning in the sky
As it pass'd me flying by—
From the thunder, and the storm—
And the cloud that took the form
(When the rest of Heaven was blue)
Of a demon in my view—

Poe, Edgar Allen. "Alone." c. 1829. H. Furlong Baldwin Special Collections MS 1796. Unpublished during Poe's lifetime. The Poetry Foundation. <https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poems/46477/alone-56d2265f2667d>