## Arcturus, Alone

[Poem by Edgar Allan Poe]

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 lighting in the sky As it pass'd me flying by -From the thunder and the storm, And the cloud that look the form (When the rest of Heaven was blue) Of a demon in my view.