

# Dorling, Withering

They never sought him out to let him know  
Withering, he stayed, growing weak  
As if his flesh would burn out their eyes  
His voice, wrench the ears from their heads,  
And shatter their hollow skulls!  
What hath he done, this creature, unknown  
In character and stance  
To be inflicted with such rage and fury?  
Ah yes, to be unknown is to be frozen in  
A barren vault of loneliness.