

Richard Wright, Hidden Fear

Why do we feel this adult pain
And hold these secrets that don't belong?
This loneliness has no place with us
The silence grows, it has no place with life.

You outward joy holds back the fears
Which deepen inside of us.

We travel all alone
And carry the guilt of those who disappear

Our childlike hopes,
In disarray
This pain no child should feel
We disappear.