Palliative and Supportive Care

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Alone in the crowd

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Poetry

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In the midst of laughter, I stand still and mute,
Faces blur around me, like shadows in pursuit.
Voices rise and fall, but no symphony I can caught,
Yet my heart beats in silence, in this bustling crowd.

Eyes meet mine briefly, then quickly turn away,
Connections lost in moments, in the light of day.
Hands brush by in passing, without a second thought,
I'm here but unseen, a presence that's forgot.

Conversations swirl around, like leaves in autumn's breeze,
Fragments of stories, from lives lived with ease.
I wear a smile, a mask so well rehearsed,
But inside, there's an ache, a loneliness that's cursed.

I drift through the crowd, an island in the stream,
Longing for a bond, a friend in this dream.
Yet the noise only deepens, the silence in my heart,
A crowd full of people, yet we're worlds apart.

In this sea of faces, I search for a sign,
A kindred spirit, a hand that might find mine.
For though I feel alone, amid this lively scene,
I hold onto hope, that connection can be seen.

For in every crowded room, there's a soul like me,
Hidden in plain sight, longing to be free.
For even in the crowded sphere, A single heart can draw one near,
And in that moment, eyes will see, The end of loneliness might be.

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