

Love and Loneliness

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I wrote this poem about six months ago. I was tired of being alone all the time and I had nobody to speak to. This was actually one of the first poems I wrote.

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Love and Loneliness

By Sophie Reznjak

I sit at home all alone
I think of what love might feel like.
I wonder if there really is someone out there for me.
I ask myself why do I have to be a person who knows
too well what she wants, or is it that I just don't
know what I want?
I wonder if there still is a gentleman out there who
is from my generation.
Is it too hard to find him?
I wonder if I'm just not what a guy wants.
I wonder what a guy really wants anyways.
Do they want a girl to hide herself and to be a
possession or do they want her to speak up?
Do they want her with a perfect body?
So, I still sit at home all alone,
like I've been doing for many years and try to
imagine it and try to see what it might feel like.
Is there a man who wants a woman for her personality
and not as much for her looks?
Well, even though I haven't felt it, I hope that all
women and men out there will someday.