

I was sailing on a vast ocean, alone.

One dark and stormy night, my vessel was hit by a large rogue wave and capsized.  
Under the water's surface, I was.  
Surely to die, my thought.  
With that, consciousness I lost.

On the sands of an island's beach I awoke, alone.  
How so, I don't know.  
So, I began to walk.  
Coconuts I found, nourished and sustained me.

Exploring this island, I determined I was alone.  
There I was, day after night after day after night,  
wandering and wondering, how can this be?  
Indeed, what of me?

One day, while walking on the beach of this seemingly deserted island,  
I came upon footprints not my own, and realized I was not alone.  
So, I searched high and low for the soul  
who owned the footprints not my own.

I looked and looked to no avail.  
And, again, determined I was alone.  
So, I sat, head hung low.  
My heart at the bottom of my soul.

When I raised my head to sigh, my eyes then did meet the other soul.  
A maiden, standing nearby, staring straight into me.  
Yes, staring straight into the eyes of this poor lost soul.

Suddenly, much like the large rogue wave that sank me, joy engulfed me.  
And, naively, obscured the tender of my heart.  
Sadly, being startled and frightened, the maiden ran.  
My clumsy immaturity betraying me, and her.

Alas, my lament I recount, I am alone.

Dear maiden, take courage and fear not.  
Come back, and warm yourself.  
Yes, embrace and caress this child.  
Indeed, kiss me and know, it is not just I that will be ~ not alone.