

Author: Stacy David Thurston

## *Not Only the Lonely*

Unfortunately, there are heroes who were lost to depression. In the 60's, Marilyn Monroe. In the 90's, Kurt Cobain. This decade had Robin Williams and Anthony Bourdain.

Anthony was a rolling stone with travel on his mind,  
He knew where the tastiest noodles, one could find:  
Noisy shops in Hong Kong, hawker stalls in Singapore,  
On the streets of Bangkok, Hanoi, and Kuala Lumpur,  
Chinatown in San Francisco, New York, and London,  
Side alleys of Taipei, Tokyo houses of ramen.  
He was blown away as he was hit with spice,  
Bowl of noodles that were saucy, naughty and nice,  
That filled him with sensations of delirious pleasure,  
Salaciously savory tastes beyond measure.  
He meditated on the flavors and the memories of past,  
As he slurp the final noodle tail, it was great to the last.  
He sat in satisfaction having had those noodles supreme,  
After traveling he had fulfilled his life's dinner dream.

But his mind was in trouble, depressively pained,  
Each time he tipped his glass, his senses drained,  
His thoughts were a tangled forest, the light grew dim,  
Lost in the woods, he feared Brothers Grim.  
Forlorn, how his emotions were like a bell,  
Tolling him back to his soul's dark well,  
Back to his fears, darker than I've ever known,  
Causing him to shake, when he stood alone.  
Darkling he whispered to the Reaper in rhyme,  
Calling the Specter's name too many a time;  
He was half in love with easeful Death,  
To take into the air, with his last breath,  
And in a moment of delusion, he ended his pain!  
We only heard silence as his soul screamed in vain.

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Wishing my friend with me as I drift and roam  
Down country roads where I'm far from home,  
I pine for his friendship beyond tomorrow,  
Aware of lost time, full of sorrow.  
Sad are we, whom he had at one time cherished,  
We feel dazed and confused that our friend has perished.  
Thankfully there are flowers at our feet,  
Fragrant tree blossoms, colorful and sweet,  
Refreshing our thoughts on this new day,  
As our friend is with rock stars on heaven's stairway.  
Spring and hope will return each revolving year,  
The flowers, the bees, and the song birds reappear.  
His bright eyes and laughter, we'll remember anew,  
Happier are we, for his happiness we knew.

### About

*Not Only the Lonely*, is an original poem by Stacy David

Thurston, California, United States of America. Percy Bysshe

Shelley had wrote Adonis to honor Keats after his passing from tuberculosis. This poem set is my way to honor those who have fallen to mental illness.

### My Writing Credits

My poem, *I am Canadian*, was published in my alma mater's magazine, 2007 issue, University of Manitoba.

*Getting Started with Sun ONE*, is my computer book published 2004 by Prentice Hall.