

Drowned

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A poem about "The Jackal", Sydney Carton, from Charles Dickens' "A Tale of Two Cities".

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Chapter 1 - Untitled

2

1 - Untitled

Drowned

By Pauline Luong

Drowned and far from life, swallowed up by a sea of tears,
A vain struggle to reach the surface, to overcome the fears,
Fears of loss and solitude, of suffering and chaos,
Lost from what was once there, everything was a loss,
A man, like so many others, afraid of love,
Which could cause those like him or those above
A torrent of pain from knowing him and his heart,
He kept away and drowned, all of his own part.

Pity only looks to him and cries to see it,
The hatred of himself locked up on the decrepit-
So decrepit - outside, while his true self was locked within,
To the belief that his entire life was all sin.

Wounded many times by the ones he knew,
Cursed by the ones that have already flew,
The ones that had flown above his head to mock,
It had been done so much before that it was no shock.

Three wounds on one heart, draining out his life,
One from Fate, the smallest wound from the smallest knife,
One from Men, a bigger wound from shunning,
And one from Himself, the biggest and deviously cunning.

Grieve for the drowned man, who kept away,
Just for your sake, to separate you from his decay.
His poor heart died young, under that blood red sea,
While his body kept living, no longer one free.

*This is a description of “the Jackal”, Sydney Carton, from Charles Dickens' “ A Tale of Two Cities”.
Truthfully, Carton was swallowed up by a sea of wine and tears as he suffered from his unallocated fate.