

# *Sonnet Scroll*

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## **Sojourn in Paris**

By Bruce Bennett

I felt that I would have to be alone  
and some place other than a place I knew  
where I'd be taken care of. It was true  
I'd always managed to be on my own,  
but this was different. I would have to be  
truly apart. I did not know quite why,  
but knew it with a certainty that I  
never once questioned. Somehow I could see  
there *was* no other choice. That die was cast.  
I did not choose to argue or explain.  
I simply went ahead. From first to last,  
I trusted to my instinct. I remain  
convinced that only that could save the day.  
I couldn't imagine any other way.

I couldn't imagine any other way.  
I went ahead. Once there, I felt no doubt.  
I was alone and lonely. Night and day  
I simply made it through. I worked it out  
by reading, writing, walking. It was bleak  
much of the time, but I didn't pay much mind.  
I went to shows, museums. Week followed week.  
I made some friends. Had fun. Yet I couldn't find  
what I had gone for: *proof* that I could write.  
I came up empty. When the time rolled round  
for me to leave, I did. I'd seen no light.  
There'd been no revelation, no profound  
awakening. I still was on my own.

I'd have to find *new* ways to be alone.