"Alone"
Edgar Allan Poe

From childhood's hour I have not been
   As others were; I have not seen
   As others saw; I could not bring
   My passions from a common spring.
From the same source I have not taken
   My sorrow; I could not awaken
   My heart to joy at the same tone;
   And all I loved, I loved alone.
Then- in my childhood, in the dawn
Of a most stormy life- was drawn
   From every depth of good and ill
   The mystery which binds me still:
From the torrent, or the fountain,
   From the red cliff of the mountain,
   From the sun that round me rolled
   In its autumn tint of gold,
   From the lightning in the sky
   As it passed me flying by,
   From the thunder and the storm,
   And the cloud that took the form
(When the rest of Heaven was blue)
   Of a demon in my view.