

the Lonely ONE

by Guru Mani H

Loneliness...surrounds me, like a dense cloud. I can't see beyond it in any direction. Although the future view along the path of my life may be totally awesome, it's simply not visible, because all that's before me is a layer of white; colourless white. There may be others around me, even close by, but I wouldn't know they are there. Loneliness is in all directions, distorting my view of everything. There's not a single gap of hope, no beam of warm sunshine...it surrounds me, like a dense cloud.

Loneliness...covers me, like a thick blanket. It's not the kind bringing warmth and comfort, but one so heavy that it suffocates and makes me fight for each and every painful breath. I'm alone, and it chokes my entire being, going from head to toe, body to soul, present [and as far as I can see] to future. Loneliness: total, utter, complete...it covers me, like a thick blanket.

Loneliness...drags on and on, like a dark winter's night. I think it's just a short season, soon to pass, and there appears a break in the clouds, a ray of light, but hope is always so quickly smashed; spring simply refuses to come. I look ahead and conclude that, on this date, after that event, when this circumstance changes, when that season has passed, then so will the loneliness. Winter must end [so my reasoning goes] and give up its stubborn refusal to move, letting the hope of spring break through; but it never does. Whilst others move on, and out, I'm permanently stuck in loneliness, which doesn't last for a season and then pass, but seems to have pressed the pause button, and literally frozen on me...it drags on and on, like a dark winter's night.

Loneliness...follows me like a determined stalker. Some days it's so close I can clearly see it, and at other times it's at a distance, somewhere in the shadows; paralyzing my life and making me unable to function, never free. I run, but it keeps pace with me. I try to trick it, by taking an unexpected turn in life, but it sees through my plan and keeps

its footstep firmly planted into mine. I can't outrun it. I can't out-trick it. I can't get freedom from it. Loneliness just won't ever leave me alone, AND I HATE IT. It shows me no respect, invading all my personal boundaries. It follows me...like a determined stalker.

Loneliness...is the constant noise in my head. The dripping of an old tap comes to mind as a description. I surround myself with noise, but the dribble is louder still; screaming at me. I try the silent approach, switching off all the sound, but DRIP, DRIP, DRIP...my mind is invaded by the whisper that just won't mute.

Loneliness...clings to me. Just like clothing drenched by heavy rain or honey fresh from the hive, it sticks to me. It's constantly here, like the air that I breathe, except choking and not life-giving. It won't let go of me, like a dog who's been given a new bone. It hits me when I least expect it, like someone waiting in the darkness to ambush me.

Loneliness...is my own personal nightmare. I'm reminded of a song on permanent repeat, never changing, never ending. It makes me feel alone, even when I'm surrounded by others. It affects every part of my life, with no chance of escape or respite. It doesn't play by the rules. It gives me absolutely no chance of winning.

Loneliness...is like a poison. Over time, it's been killing every part of me. With this chain around my ankles, it's been draining me of energy every step I take. I'm living in black and white, with all colour removed from my life. I'm a broken bucket, with every ounce of joy leaking away from me.

"I'm rich and famous, but I'm a lonely one."

"I'm always smiling, but I'm a lonely one."

"I'm the life and soul of the party, but I'm a lonely one."

"I'm in a committed relationship and have children, but I'm a lonely one."

"I'm never alone, but I'm a lonely one."

"I've been lonely, but not anymore."

"I've never been lonely, so can't connect with any of this."

"I never imagined I'd ever be lonely, but here I am."

"I'm lonely, and think I always will be."

"I deserve to be lonely. It's my fault."

He is a lonely one.

She is a lonely one.

They are a lonely one.

You are a lonely one.

I am a lonely one.

The lonely one.