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## A-loneliness

Zoe Rachael Gunn

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# A-loneliness

By Zoë Rachael Gunn

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Feeling lonely in that busy kind of way  
Bodies like phantoms passing around but not through you  
As people pass near one another  
in a world they think they share  
Feeling lonely in that busy kind of way  
that creeps upon you uncalled for at parties, dinners, or  
while walking the sidewalks of cities.  
Those shocks of perspective as you are suddenly aware  
of the walls of your mind.  
Walls through which  
no one  
can pass. Ever.  
Feeling lonely in that busy kind of way  
as hustles and bustles and  
appointments and obligations and  
this-es and thats and heres and theres and  
people and places and things  
make you forget to sit and  
have a conversation with yourself and

take yourself out on a date because  
you miss yourself and no one else will do.  
Feeling lonely in that busy kind of way  
as words and phrases  
hellos and gestures  
pleasantries and conversation  
bounce right off your skin and fall to the floor  
splashing there in a pool called society  
drenching us all with the facade of unity.  
Sure I have family and mentors, lovers and friends.  
But we are all alone in our minds  
and always will be.  
We paint a picture of ourselves upon others,  
and of others upon ourselves,  
hoping against hope that they will be enough of us and we of  
them,  
that we might feel not-so-alone-for-a-while,  
and that we might relieve some of the pressure of the knowledge  
that I alone am I, and no one else can be I for me. I must do that  
myself.  
Alone.  
I am alone.  
The "I" is a mystery, unKnown by all and discoverable (only partially) by yourself. Discover it.



The “alone” is terrifying, if you let it be. Embrace it.

The “am” is the freedom of life, is the awe of life, is the power of life. Use it wisely.

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