

The Sting of Loneliness

While staring out of the window of an empty house watching the rain drizzle and sit on the blades of dead winter grass, life seems to move so slowly. Nothing will soothe this feeling in the heart that stings every time it is realized loneliness is the only thing around. The dust has collected on the cold, dull furniture and the phone seldom rings. When thinking back to times past, it feels as though it was lived in such a fast pace, almost as if those times were never lived at all. With no one around and nothing that can effortlessly be done as it used to, there is the constant wondering of when the last breath will be taken.

This frail and aching body can barely drag one foot behind the other because of the weights that seem to be snatching these tired feet to the ground, never allowing a chance for rest. Being ever so careful not to fall as a baby taking its first unsure, wobbly steps a sigh of relief is exhaled when the destination is safely reached. The question is now asked silently "What next?" resting is all that is easy to do. With no one around to lift the spirits of this worn, hungry heart, a smile never raises the deep wrinkles of this sad countenance.

Being old is one thing, but being old and alone is hard for one's mind to digest. With so many people rushing around here and there with their own schedules, an old body gets ignored. Moving swiftly past leaving behind only a slight breeze and a faint fragrance, they rush to their loved ones that are there to greet them in their cozy homes after a busy day. Trying to recollect what that was once like is becoming harder and harder to do. With no one here to remind this decreasing memory, eventually everything will be forgotten.

To hear the laugh of the man that stole this heart so many years ago would be like hearing praise choruses ringing in glory land. He was taken too soon, now here alone is this worn, tired soul who no longer has even a familiar face to glance upon for reassurance. Even the

aroma of this home is no longer comforting. It once rang with laughter and singing, now just the sound of the old floors creek and wind blowing through the cracks of these ancient windows, chilling these dry hands.

When will peace be found? Time is moving too slow with nowhere to go. Loneliness and sadness is all that is left to this aging body and never for a second will it be forgotten. Today this old heart may give and no one will care.