
Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Astrid: "Alone vs. Lonely"

Astrid · Wednesday, February 7th, 2018

Solitude

is defined as the absence of human activity.

It is also defined as a remote or uninhabited place.

This is the fence between alone and lonely I struggle climbing over.

I sit on top,

Humpty Dumpty towards the ground.

A cracked eggshell people carelessly stepped on.

I was broken.

Solitude

became four white walls designed by Jigsaw himself.

An insane asylum testing my will to live.

Hair falling, weight gain, face full of acne.

A representation of the men I lost,

the enemies in my way,

and the gluttony exhausting me.

I was slowly dying.

Brings me memories of studying during finals week,

cramming my brain with stacks of thick history books under dim lighting.

Sitting for hours analyzing my story.

I needed seeds of love in full bloom.

Flowers who could survive April showers

and a hot, Summer June.

Then the breakthrough flashed over my head.

A bright light breaking this egg into a new perspective.

Solitude

is now sandy beaches,

warm rays of sunshine,

and cool breezes for clarity.

The blueprints for my future.
Blueprints developing structures for the home inside me,
doors wide open.
I can throw a house party no one wants to fuck up.

The home of a welcoming neighbor,
a contributing member of society.
The conscious individual
explored by Plato's mind,
scripted by Da Vinci's words,
painted by Picasso's hands.
I am a true piece of work.

My flaws hang for interpretation in their natural form.

I
am the books written to escape my mental paradise.
The sometimes good, bad, and ugly.
The Galapagos Island inside me,
adapting to survive.

I've developed the patience of finding myself,
like an overlooked novel in a book shelf.
The long-lost folktales of my dreams.

I
am an unknown vinyl in a record store.
I listen to myself over and over.
My voice is the music I grow to love.
I sing "that funk,
that sweet,
that nasty,
that gushy stuff"
and a little off key
but I still make it work.
A tool unlocking my happiness
while I craft a master key.

Hair long, eating healthy, clear skin,
I'm fucking glowing.

A representation of the love growing inside me,
the spiritual orgasm arching my back into ascension,
and the manifestation of all things I've earned.

Leaving my anxiety in the past
it turns into fossil stone,
delicately excavated by higher entities

holding the power to break my bones.
They brush gently against the surface
and remove all of my old dirt,
only to discover the rare species
of a woman
who can stand

alone.

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