

Solitude & Loneliness

A Poetic Exploration of the Silent War and the Sanctuary Within

POEM I: THE INVISIBLE WEIGHT

He sits in a room crowded with his own thoughts,
carrying a heavy, quiet exhaustion.
To the world, he is simply quiet,
but inside, a silent war rages against his own worth.
He looks at his hands and sees no value;
he looks at his achievements and sees only a ledger of failures.
Every plan he builds seems to crumble before it begins,
until the effort to try feels heavier than the choice to give up.

He has entered an unwritten race,
a silent competition with ghosts of his own making.
He watches others walk by, convinced they are miles ahead,
moving with a grace he believes he can never possess.
An agonizing paradox traps him:
he demands perfection from his every step,
yet the fear of falling paralyzes his feet,
so he stays exactly where he is, frozen.

Silence has become his armor, and his prison.
He swallows his words because he is certain they have no weight.
He avoids the eyes of friends, convinced that beneath their smiles
lies a harsh, waiting judgment.
He fears presenting himself to the world,
believing that to be seen is to be rejected.
Even when he tries to whisper words of courage to his own heart,
the shadow of doubt grows taller, drowning out his voice.

He retreats, seeking safety in the quiet corners,
telling himself that isolation is a shield.
But the walls do not protect him; they only narrow his view.
He is alone in the crowded room,
and he is agonizingly alone in the empty one.
He longs for a hand to reach through the dark,
yet when a hand appears, his trust is too fragile to grasp it.
He is safe from the world, but entirely unsafe from himself.

POEM II: THE SANCTUARY WITHIN

To step beyond the heavy gate,
he must forgive the fractured glass,
and realize the phantom race
was only shadows on the grass.
The world is not a court of law,
nor every eye a searching judge;
the heavy breath he holds inside
is allowed to soften, allowed to budge.

He breaks the lock with one true word,
spoken to a single soul,
proving that the fragile dark
cannot destroy the hidden whole.
He steps into the quiet space,
no longer running from the crowd,
but putting down the heavy shield
where secret doubts were shouting loud.

Now, empty rooms are not a cage,
but soil where a life can grow.
He paints, he writes, he breathes, he builds,
with nowhere else he needs to go.
In true companion with himself,
the bitter ache begins to fade;
he walks into the world again,
no longer hidden, unafraid.