Loneliness

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Loneliness

Abstract
In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"Loneliness. She habitually smiles to the countless faces who greet her, knowing nothing of her cares. Determined, she vows never to reveal what lurks within her real self. Frequently, she shuts herself off and builds a barrier between what she has and what she wants, unfulfilled dreams obeying society and neglecting her own desires. Do the right thing and no one will shun you, betray the norms and no one will respect you. "Do the right thing ... " rings loud and clear in her head, discouraging her to "dare to be different." Thus, so it's a game we play, the one of life, she knows it well."

Cover Page Footnote

This prose is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1991/iss1/21
Loneliness
by
Susanne Bartz

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Seclusion. She arrives every evening to greet an empty apartment. Her body is drained from the nine to five world she faithfully resents. Her head swarms with thoughts of another useless day spent. Even she is unable to ignore the exciting thoughts which lurk about her like fiery nymphs. Her whole being becomes possessed by a death-like sleep. She surrenders without hesitation.

Through a heavy, penetrating fog the echoes of a familiar voice, woman's voice, her very own voice is heard. "Is there hope for someone like me?" The shrilling cry sends shivers crawling about her body. "What am I to do? Is there any hope for me?" She begins to shake and tremble. The reply is silent, responseless. "Please! I must know! Is there any hope for me?" She pleads with her last breath. No answer is given. Instantly, the floor opens up, sending her flying through the air without any destination. Loud scores of piercing laughter fill her ears until she wakes, screaming. Sweat and tears cover her face. Her hands shake with a terrible unease. Her head pounds with a persistent pulse. Her fears increase.

Despair. In the deepest, darkest dread of oh-too-familiar night, she sits pallid and in a transitive state. The chill in the air cuts through the strength, her own strength. The facade is exposed, the mask revealed. She alone cannot hide from the truth when the emptiness fills her whole being. Let the walls breathe, the wind howl, the shadows cast their mighty forms and nonchalantly devour the helpless moon. For only when she is amongst no one but her own cavity is the emptiness and despair filled within. She is alone.

The Edge of it All
Jennifer Kircher
Loneliness
by
Susanne Bartz

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