

Loneliness; reflection of my life



**ASSIGN
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Describing loneliness is a difficult process; it is a complex emotional phenomenon which cannot be simply defined. Though, one thing is certain: humans feel compelled to belong, feeling sad when isolated and happy when belonged. It almost seems as though groups of individuals make up perfection while an individual alone translates into loneliness. To Be the Brightest At night, I was staring at the window, While childishly hugging my pillow,

Letting my time to flow. Has it been long ago, Alone in my room, I looked at the stars. The brightest one, shone as if it wasn't far. Yellow and bright it was, it was a lot brighter Than any other stars, but not looking better, Its single light, surely the brightest, Yet never was, per se the greatest.

Imperfection, that was. This lonely star shone only a small part. But others, less brighter stars together made the night a piece of art. – Sung Woo Hwang

Poems give different opinions and ideas about what it means to be lonely, while the complexity of human nature does not easily let the solution available to foolish human beings. Some poems associated with this theme focus on these natural feelings and they attempt to find the true meaning of loneliness. For this modest reason, my interest in the poems related to loneliness has been especially large, and through reading numerous poems I could arrive to an understanding that loneliness translates to however we desire to make sense of its meaning.

Perhaps human beings meant to belong together, but- only God knows- this may be our fatal flaw or our simple belief in the reality of sophisticated human nature. Lonely is just one word Lonely is just one word chosen to

represent so much To tell of feelings inside that the sense cannot touch
Lonely can be in the teardrops on a bereaved person's cheek Lonely can be
in the silence of sorrows too deep to speak Lonely can haunt a deserted
room that Laughter once made proud Lonely surrounds you when you're
alone or finds you in a crowd

Lonely is heard in echoed footsteps of a departing friend Lonely penetrates
the solitude of nights that will not end Lonely will not listen to the pleadings
of a broken heart Lonely stays and torments until new Love shatters it apart
Mary Havran Even in complicated modern societies, individuals tend to make
sense of meanings around loneliness through perceptions; in other word, the
sense that derive from their previous experiences creates a world of their
own.

This specific component is what forms diverse human dignity, for every
experience of individuals is different and infinite in number: for Mary Havran,
loneliness is an artless anatomy of love; and for me, the reasoning toward
the feeling of loneliness can be explained with the experiences and paths I
took through my 16 years of life and, as ordinary as every human life is, the
valleys and rivers in my life taught me to feel loneliness.

Although the first moment any creature ought to suffer the feeling of
loneliness would be the instant of birth- while not even knowing how
loneliness feels-, quite obviously genuine as it is, the memory is lost almost
completely in its mind. As a creature, loneliness gradually became a part of
me, and I noticed that it is the foremost feeling inevitable within the nature.
The lofty moment in my memory of encounter with the feeling of loneliness

happens to be right after the immigration to Canada, and for the reason it was extremely traumatic to me, I tend to avoid an expositive conversation about it.

One day in March 2009, I flew on an airplane, which was full of passengers I had not seen before. Weirdly enough, some of them were pale as a banana and some were dark as my hair. Having watched movies about these people before, I was convinced that soon they would be my new friends. A week has passed, my parents insisted that I start going to school and socialize with new people. I agreed, with full of confidence, thinking that sooner or later I had to find a school anyways. I went to the school early in the morning, because I didn't want to be late on my first day, but also, I had no idea how distant the school was from my house.

Not knowing anything, my schoolmates welcomed me but I was depressed. I had nothing to do- no one to talk to or socialize with- but to miss my best friends who I left behind. I noticed that I wasn't real me at that moment because I was one of the loudest kids back at my old school who express their opinion about everything. ' This is loneliness I guess... ', I would think to myself. As if God had already made up my destiny in the new school, my life was plain as it was on the first day of school with no change for several months.

Somehow I got through and lived up with my new reality. If you ask me what I mean, there is nothing more I can tell you. If you want to analyze me, you can but you will find no more than what I tell you. And, I am telling you. I only remember the sadness of loneliness, nothing more. I am almost trained

to deal with it now, but, at the same time, I am now almost numb of it. To me, it is merely a matter which exists to be the way it is by the nature. And yes, this is how I came to believe loneliness to be.