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Loneliness

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Description (Optional)

Loneliness isn't a person but, rather, an absence of people. Or, to be more precise, the feeling of no one's presence except your own. To be lonely, then, as in this poem, is to feel the presence of absence, the companionship of no one, and the company of a person who isn't a person at all.

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About the Contributor (Optional)

Rebekah Erway is a lover of words and how they fit together to roll off tongues and into minds, presenting ideas that people knew but didn't recognize, pointing them towards God and his truth.

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Poetry by Rebekah Erway

LONELINESS

I first met him in the elementary lunchroom
When I sat on the red bench, looked down,
My feet not touching the linoleum.
He sat beside me.
“The other kids are talking.”
“I know,” I said. And he was silent.
And so was I.

He came again to Camp Bayouca
When I looked at the blue bunk beds,
My two backpacks at my feet.
He stood beside me.
“Everyone else chose a bunk-mate.”
“I know,” I said. And he was silent.
And so was I.

He traveled with me to college
When I stared at white Tetris walls, hugged a pillow,
My feet kicked up towards the ceiling.
He lay beside me.
“Your parents would be home by now.”
“I know,” I said. And he was silent.
And so was I.

I think he wants me as a friend, because
No matter what colors prism in my eyes
Or where my feet choose to stay,
He’s still beside me.
“At least you’re not alone.”
“No,” I say.

But he is silent.
And so am I.