

IN THE LUXURY OF LONELINESS

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It had been two years since Iâ??m living all by myself. Initially, it became difficult for me to focus on any tasks all alone. To decide loneliness was a gift or a curse that took hold of my life, am I strong enough to handle things all by myself it took some time.

SLEEP THE FIRST CASUALTY:

The glowing hands in the wall clock raced to strike twelve, tucked tightly in a blanket; sleep seemed reluctant to collect on my eyelids. The sounds of vehicles, coming from the road beyond the window receded slowly creating a stilled silence in my room. I saw, no trace of trance coming in for me. It had been my daily struggle for tight sleep until Iâ??m exhausted with nothing left to slam and helpless. Added to the discomfort, the whirr of random thoughts threw me into plight where I found the eyelids brittle open refused to shut. The timepiece honestly has done its job, moving past its midnight mark, I figured out the impossibility of sleep, my mind ran blank, none of the tricks such as deep breathing, closing eyes tight shut, ruminating a few pleasant diversions â?? no worthwhile effort lured my drowsy body to slumber.

There, you get a glimpse at psychologically demoralizing and disadvantage of loneliness, which I had given to and unwittingly accepted as my bedfellow.

Often I settled for this daily rote: As I woke up, pushed myself out of blanket as if I saw an emergency. In my hangover of fitful sleep, I half wondered where Iâ??m, sat up and took in the situation; no homely sounds hung around except for the ruffling of my furry dog near my feet. Wakeful with restive eyes, the reality bites as if splashed by a

rapid downpour, â??Iâ??m alone, quite snug in the house, and the next three hours before the maid arrives to prepare breakfast; I have no one else to count on.â?•

I stumble out toward the main door; move past the other two locked bedrooms. Behind the closed curtains, beds kept cleaned and ready meant for my sonâ??s family, who stay six hours away, and whoâ??s visits unpredictable, and the other, my daughterâ??s â?? a once in a year guest as she lives in the US.

THIS IS MY HOUSE:

This house is my home, most of the household activities silenced harshly since my wife passed away two years ago. Its sanity and shine irreversibly gone away, Iâ??m left a refuge in rooms infested with loneliness, and silent echoes.

However, I never wanted to wake up in the monotony of damped moods, instead hoped for a good feeling that ran through the feet, stroked my hands and drew a spur in eyes. Thatâ??s how I wished my day sprang a few good vibes to care for my expressive eagerness.

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I walked, across the hall before I opened the front door for the day. One glance, at the sofas and the tables that stood in exact order: no litter, no dust, so clean as if none had stepped on the floor for days. I wondered there should run a bunch of juveniles to mess things up. As I squinted at the shafts of morning light rushing in, a sharp twinge kicked in, â??Iâ??m the single soul in this house, learning to be an expert in the art of living alone.â?•

From outside the hallway, the windows, the tiles, the glass panels no longer showed the shine as they used to. The walls looked needing improvements.

A remark of my daughter rang in my mind, before leaving to the US after a brief stay of ten days, she rapped in an admonishing tone, â??when I arrive home next time, perhaps after ten months, I want our little kingdom repaired and perfect in every wayâ?•. I nodded giving my consent with a slacken look.

But inwardly I nourished a more assured idea, â??In this empty house, Iâ??m waiting for the ray of sunshine yet to come to stay, Iâ??m waiting for the good things to come. Since two years, my moods, my living style had taken a significant hit.â?• But I still have my willpower; I still have my passion for reading, I still live in the courage Iâ??ll finish writing my book, I still have a love for my wife to keep her memories fresh in my weekly blogs. Iâ??ll one day leap out of my loneliness and invite hope back into my home â?? brightly made up and attractive.

Meanwhile, I have my friends calling me;

They sing an altogether a different bonhomous chorus, â??Come out and relax, mix with friends, be around with people, distract yourself, get into gatherings, just entertain yourself.â?•

FIGHTING LONELINESS:

It has been for two years, I have simplified my life. I could find easy resonance staying alone. Time was all mine no soul around who disturbed me, distracted me, keenly intent of doing things of my choice. Itâ??s much like â??taking it easyâ?? status where many self-discipline factors that supported the totality of being what Iâ??m. Itâ??s enjoying what Iâ??m left with, disconnected with the pain Iâ??m not entitled to, and hone the creative luxuries the solitude could afford only for me. I quickly merged encouragingly being myself. And it felt comfortable about how I dealt with planning time and writing assignments. I have no qualms of nearing 60; Iâ??m able to sit back and reflect what life offered in the past â?? all good, bad and glorious; basked in the solitude, I did manage to put in place everything of what Iâ??m, what Iâ??m with my wife. I knew my writing means exposing about what many were unaware of, looking vulnerable, exposed as an easy pawn viewed in cynical terms. Today I felt a gall happier, and better, as Iâ??m living with my true self, not hurting my identity of who Iâ??m and what Iâ??m capable of.

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Iâ??M MOODY, AND Iâ??M LAZY:

Do you realize why all this lofty talk about being myself, bettering myself? I hid a notorious puzzle; a trait I cried out Iâ??m not born with.

â??Iâ??m plain moody, lazy- bones. On many occasions, I silently had admitted to myself its harmful dominance, and I knew that I suffered at various stages of my life because of this unrecognized part of my character â?? my secret layer of veiled laziness â?? my biological crony.â?•

To counter such odd streaks, it became an emotional urgency I had to commit many psychological somersaults to wear a garb of a fighter. Every day as soon I wake up I insisted on taking a nine-count, pulled my wits together, shed the scraps of laziness and say to myself, â??get up, dust yourself of the soot of inertia, wear the winning clothesâ?• and look beyond the chorus of negativity.

Combating the demons of loneliness wasnâ??t an easy affair. I met darkness when I sought light when I asked for warmth; the heat was what I got in return; when burdens were heavy, ethics never favored me; the future never held a glowing guarantee. The temptation to abandon hope was relentless, but I didnâ??t. I knew I had to wait for my bidding; I knew Iâ??m holding more ropes, and ladders out of pits of gloom. Itâ??s with a little persistence, a little more effort Iâ??m sure I could look at promise, and laughter waiting around the corner.

THE BEST TIMES OF THE DAY:

When I lay -back on my couch, late noon, drift into a short snooze, some subliminal ideas pop up giving a clue to my writing job, I feel itâ??s the best part of my day. When I sit before my computer, could complete a thousand-word blog at one go, and find no weariness crept in my eyes itâ??s the best part of the day. When I wake up fresh in the morning, no reminders of fatigue in my eyes, mind roaring with fresh lines of imagination I deem it the best part of the day. And my daily routine included collecting and enjoying as many â??best partsâ?? as I could in a day. And, I look ahead for many such good days in the future.

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Category

1. Uncategorized

Tags

1. #loneliness
2. #luxury

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