



When Loneliness Came to Visit

Marina Makram¹

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I dodged her conversation,
Turned the corner when I saw her,
Sent her calls to voicemail.

To acknowledge her was
to allow her access to the intangible I'd buried;
Memories of sticky fingers, more than just mine,
Waves of laughter echoing off of wine stems
A gaze across the room, returned and kind

And to respond to her request to enter was
To quell a numbness I wasn't ready to feel:
Sterile, clean countertops
Unfamiliar, unemotional noise
Unoccupied corners and mirrors reflecting just one

But she was persistent and so
After I'd exhausted all possibility of escape
After seasons and visitors of other fragrances
Had come and gone
I let her in on a cold afternoon.

“Hello, Loneliness,” my voice defeated, tired.

She glanced over me softly
But neither my dragging feet nor my exasperation
Towards her presence seemed to matter;
Her visit was intentional, ineludible

Loneliness made herself comfortable.
She made tea and baked cookies.

✉ Marina Makram
mmakram@student.touro.edu

¹ Touro College of Osteopathic Medicine, New York, NY 10027, USA

She let the light in through the shades
And dusted off the book on my nightstand
Loneliness stayed.

She planted lavender and watered growth
She tucked me in and whispered affirmations
And in her company I paradoxically learned
The quiet essence of self
We became friends, she and I; inextricably tied

Until one day I arose to find her things packed and sitting by the door.
My anxious wanting followed her, my voice lagging behind
“I don’t believe you’ll be needing me anymore,” Loneliness smiled

The same smile she arrived with, now the taste
Of the brown sugar that adorned my kitchen
Soft, like butter and the truth she incanted over me

I was not ready to accept her leaving
But she was persistent and so
With one final glance towards the trail of warmth she left
“It was so lovely to share this with you” my voice
Or hers: I wasn’t sure.

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