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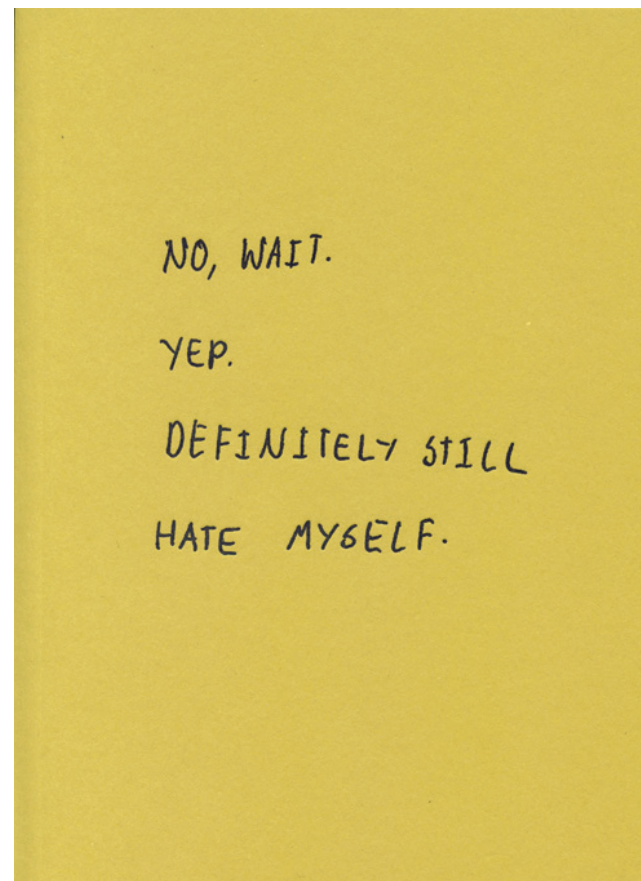
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UGLY DUCKLING PRESSE
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No, Wait.
Yep.
Definitely Still
Hate Myself.

Robert Fitterman

» Ugly Duckling Presse » Brooklyn

／ No, Wait.
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For Kim

*Black ants traverse your arm, your hand: the dog
next door got in the trash
Again: a black and husky chummy fellow, him I
can't get mad at. The days
Go by, soon I will go back, back to Chelsea, my
room that faces south...*

James Schuyler, *The Morning of the Poem*

I'll just start: no matter what I do I never
seem to be satisfied,
The world spins around me and I feel like
I'm looking in from outside.
I go get a donut, I sit in my favorite part
of the park, but that's not
The point: the point is that I feel socially
awkward and seem to have
Trouble making friends, which makes me very
sad and lonely indeed.
I am way too sensitive and always feel like
no one likes me.
I don't know what to do—I'm just super tired
of feeling this way.
I used to really like people—I wasn't always
imagining the Coney Island
Roller-coaster ride as, you know, a metaphor
for my life!
I am happy in the morning, yet at night
I'm mad, angry, sad, lonely,
And depressed, and, above all, I'm starting to feel
like nobody cares about me:

I feel like everyone is selfish and mean.
I don't want to be alone
All my life; it's scary to think like that.
I have a couple of personal
Problems, who doesn't, that have been on my mind
for the longest, and all I want
To do is get this weight off my shoulders—
it's starting to make me feel
Helpless. I went to Rome and felt homesick
I went to Greenwich Village
And felt homesick, I saw that ridiculous singing
commercial about a car
Service and felt homesick—all I ever really
wanted was to belong
Somewhere. I can't stand staying at my friend's
tiny apartment for more than
One day: all of that crappy IKEA furniture
just makes me sad and lonely.
Once upon a time I was super popular, I was
the class clown, I was a riot,
I got caught tossing our 7th grade science books
out the second floor window!
People loved me and I was happy and crazy
but now I'm like a lonely flute.
I used to blow off everyone who wanted to talk
or hang out at school.

Now look at me! Now I'm the one nobody wants
to talk to! Someone said:
if you think reading poetry can be sad and lonely,
just try writing it!

It all started when I was a little boy—
my father comes from
A very strict family and I guess that's why
he's so strict himself.
When I was about 8 or 9 years old,
when I look back, I didn't
Think that I was very good at sports, but
I didn't think that I was
Terrible either—I thought I was normal.
Once my father was annoyed
With me, again, and he said something that
really hurt me: he said that
I was weak, and that I wasn't any good at sports,
and I wasn't ever going to be
Any good at sports. I don't want to say that
this is the *only* reason for
My sadness and loneliness, but it is a factor.
Do you ever feel like
If someone doesn't come over and give you a hug
that you're going to kill yourself?
Of course that's a ridiculous question to imagine

and really even more stupid
To imagine an answer, even though I might imagine
that we're both in our rooms
Right now, at his very moment, that doesn't mean
that tomorrow one of us
Won't be here: one of us might be on the beach,
or at the movies or something.
Don't kid yourself, from this anguish and utter
hopelessness, people do *not*
Emerge to find a sense of peace. I started reading
someone's Tumblr about feeling
All lonely and, whatever, it's totally stupid sounding,
but then I felt exactly
The same way, even though I know it sounds totally
stupid and that's what poetry is!
Believe me, I'm not some happy-go-lucky person
telling you things will get better—
I'm one lonely motherfucker! Fuck it! Why do I
have to decide whose version
Of sadness and whose version of loneliness is more
severe, or worse, or more legit,
Or more real, and by *real* what do we mean
anyway? *Please*.
I'm at a gift shop holding a silver, brightly
colored bag of freeze-dried
Astronaut ice cream, which is totally sad and

depressing and ridiculous!
Just because I'm lonely doesn't mean I'm going to
kill myself. I have nothing
To smile about and zero to look forward to,
which is pretty much the case
For most people I know, too. Right now?
Right at this very minute?
Nobody wants to hang out with me—I always
call people and everyone
Is “busy.” I don't even know why this is happening
to me. Weekends are horrible:
While everyone goes out to the movies, dancing,
eating at restaurants, I just
Stay home and feel sad. I'm tired of people
rejecting me, I know
People don't hate me, but I guess I was just
meant to be alone—
I feel dead even though I'm alive: I'm at the end
of my rope. I feel
Overwhelmingly sad and lonely and a sense of
worthlessness overcomes me
All the time. First, I tried drowning myself,
that didn't work for obvious
Reasons, and about 3 hours ago, I swallowed
4 or 5 pills (not sure
What they were) and tried to drift out of

consciousness forever.
I thought I was dead for a moment until
I realized I was just dreaming—
That sucked—and then I looked for some other
pills but all I found was a near-empty
Bottle of vitamin C... great. My self-esteem is super
low because, finally, I do believe
That I suck and all of that other talk may work
for you, but for me
It's bullshit. I was going to kill myself tonight
at 1 AM, and then I decided
Against it. When there are people around,
I still feel alone,
Even my room feels lonely—all I have is my
TV, MacBook, one set
Of Chester drawers and a mattress on the floor...
sad times. Maybe you have
A physical image, a real person in mind, when
you think of this level of sadness:
Maybe it's someone who lives under a bridge
and has no food, maybe it's
A child who is misunderstood or worse, maybe
it's just someone working
In an office, maybe the guy sitting next to you
who you think is so together.
If I were in this kind of office, I would find

a way to watch over people,
But not hovering like from above, like a guard
or creepy, but maybe from
Below, like curled under a desk, by your feet.
I feel lonely and sad more
Often than I feel any other emotion. Sometimes
when I'm really angry,
I just kick my pillow until I'm finally tired.
I can't believe I just said that.
I would like to end it all but not have
anyone think ill of me
For checking out early—then I thought to myself,
who am I kidding, I hate you all!
And then I went outside and made it two whole
blocks without wanting to kill myself!
Summer's great you guys! The emptiness that these
people feel, the loneliness,
The darkness, the feeling of utter despair, seems to
stay with them day after day,
Week after week, month after month, and
before they know it,
Many years have passed by—a lot of the people
out there are living in such
Darkness right now, and I might be one of those
people and I, too,
Would have to withstand your harsh opinions,
and your judgments.

My hobbies include: being sad and lonely
all the time and my interests
Consist of people I can't have. Whenever I feel
sad and lonely I go shopping,
By myself of course. There is something specific about
living in America right now
That makes everyone prone to sadness and loneliness.
After hearing that guy's story
Yesterday, I feel completely depleted but I don't
even care—don't we all have our
Own lives to live, and our own coping mechanisms?
The sun sets in the driveway
And there's a shadow from these small rose bushes
or some other kind of shrub
(What do I know?) and they cast a sad and
lonely look, but like in a comic
Book or anime sort of way... anyway, it is a kind
of sad darkness and I see it
In everything: gloom, despair, agony, and loneliness
own me all the time.
I've never really been overly happy, but could
put on the mask so no one
Would worry—started drinking and doing drugs
to ease the pain, and here it is
Lots of years later and, yes, I have had some small

successes but right now I feel
Totally stuck. I have been trying very hard to stay
positive and immerse myself in
Productive activities, or I could just let myself slip
into some really dark and lonely shit!
That's the poem I wrote. I miss the old me:
always laughing, curious, just
Wanting to learn about everything and actually
being interested in everything...
But that hasn't been me for a while and I am
downright sick of it!
I feel like I have to make the conscious decision
to get the hell up out of bed,
Get some help, step out of my comfort zone:
baby steps first of course!
I feel like killing myself! I feel like killing myself! Right now,
I totally feel like killing myself!

I'm going off on my friend about how bummed
I am and then over
The radio I hear this story about the return of
black lung disease—
I mean, Jesus, really, *black lung disease*? What do I
have to complain about?
But I am going to complain anyway because that's
the way these things go and who

Wants to have that conversation, anyway, about
comparing my pain to the other guy—
I'll tell you right now, it'll get you nowhere, there are
no winners, only losers, and
We're all losers in this; it's all simply a question
of degree. I've got to get out
Of the house more often. I said that if the Mets
didn't win tonight, I would
Kill myself, and I meant it too. *The death of
the heart is the saddest thing
That can happen to you, or to me*—I didn't write that
myself, it's a quote,
And I only wish I could remember by whom.
I don't feel like wasting
My energy on all of the paint-less day-to-day bullshit
of life. I keep trying to
Make art that has some real meaning, I keep
reaching for something big,
But every time, all I find is a great void and an empty
feeling of the impossible—
It's the saddest and loneliest feeling in the world,
and if it isn't then maybe
You can tell me what is? You're ugly, you're dumb,
you're not talented, you suck,
And you dress like shit! Ok, you got it, that's me.
No, wait. Yep. Definitely still hate myself.

When I see an old person eating alone
at a restaurant, I just
Think to myself that that is so incredibly sad...
what if they're really lonely?
But let's be honest about it—it depresses me
because I know, some day,
That'll be me. When everyone's having a big night out,
I feel sad and lonely and no one
Really cares. Now I'm having a big night and everyone's
sad—what is this?
I used to be bubbly and happy and didn't care what
anybody said, but those days
Seem like light years away. I always feel lonely and am
always sitting in my room
On the Internet trying to kill the time, and then
I go to sleep, and days like this
If I killed myself, no one would even care.
Some days the clock just ticks
Too slowly, and I wish away my time. I don't have
any close friends, I don't have
A future mapped out for myself, nothing interests me
minus a few good shows
I love watching, plus sitting on my balcony late at night.
But back to the point:
I want to see what happens when I die, where

will I go? I feel like a zombie—
It's that time of the night when I crave singing to
sad songs. Like many of you,
I'm on the sad and lonely cruise, and I don't feel like
I'm getting off anytime soon.
It is scary to feel this alone, but I'm even more
scared of the prospect that this
Is just the opening act. Life is so unfair. I wonder
why people like me exist;
I wish I weren't here. Yet, there are others
who are really sick and
They would give anything to keep it going, but that
is not in their cards.
I don't get it. I am lonely, lonely, lonely. I was born
to be lonely, I am best so!

I'm going to rip my eyes out and shave my head
and individually pluck each eyebrow
Off of my face and cut my heart out and eat it
and pull my brain out
Via my nose and then I'll cut all of my toes off,
one by one, before cutting off
My feet and eventually my legs, and I'm going to
rip open my stomach,
As well as my lungs and intestines, and throw
the contents at everyone!

I hate people, and I am going to piss on everything
and just murder everyone, seriously!
Loneliness is a God-shaped void and vacuum within
myself that I try to fill with
Anything and everything and nothing fits.
Radiohead was wrong!
Meeting people isn't easy! I have turned to going
to bars—do you think this
Is what I want to be doing? That's not who I am
but I'm desperate. Everyone
Has a story, I guess, and no matter how beautiful
the cover may be, there's
Always going to be a chapter in there that breaks
your heart. It's not like
I'm waiting for anyone to text me back or anything,
when you feel like a ghost,
You don't feel sad or happy, you feel nothing:
you feel numb, uninspired
And empty—it can't get any worse. I tried so hard,
I got so far, but in the end
It didn't even matter. Who the hell is living around
my intestines? I think I'm paranoid,
I've tried all right, but I'm just way shy, and I couldn't
really sleep last night, Lord,
What a dumb and futile day! My mind got all
locked up. I was all shagged

And only wanted to doze off, but the merciful
 sleep just wouldn't come.
 This happens to me all the time. Yesterday, I was
 like a complete carcass.
 Sometimes I feel like just being in the way of everything.
 My system's beginning to work
 To push the poison out. In the evening, I ponder
 the contents of my loneliness,
 And during the day I chase away the snakes with
 this awesome baton.
 Just now, it would do me some good to visit
 the outside of my head,
 But, instead, now I reach for a book and now I go
 kill demons with Dante.

 I used to live alone and it never struck me
 as particularly odd.
 If you've been in New York for any length
 of time, you know from both
 Intuition and daily observation that many people live
 on their own in this town.
 But I never fully appreciated how many, and by
 extension, how colossally banal
 My own solitary arrangement was until I checked with
 The Department of City Planning
 A couple of months ago. How many apartments in Manhattan

would you have guessed
 Have just one occupant: one of every eight? every four?
 every three? The number is
 One of every two! Of all 3,141 counties in the United States,
 New York County is the
 Unrivalled leader in single-individual households at 50.6 percent.
 More than three-quarters
 Of the people in them are below the age of 65,
 and 57 percent are female.
 In Brooklyn, the overall number is considerably lower at
 29.5 percent, and Queens at 26.1,
 But on the whole, in New York City, one in three homes
 contains a single dweller,
 Just one lone man or woman who flips on the coffeemaker
 in the morning, and switches
 Off the lights at night. These numbers should tell
 an unambiguous story;
 They should confirm the common belief about our city,
 which is that New York is an
 Isolating, coldhearted sort of place. Maybe that's why
 Mark Twain called it: "a splendid desert—
 A domed and steepled solitude, where the stranger is lonely
 in the midst of a million of his race."
 In J.D. Salinger's 1952 short story, *De Daumier-Smith's Blue Period*,
 the main character observes
 That wishing to be alone... "is the one New York prayer

that rarely gets lost or delayed
In channels, and in no time at all, everything I touched
turned to solid loneliness.”
And then there was Christina Copeman: she famously
did die alone in her apartment
On East Flatbush Avenue; her skeletal remains were
discovered around Christmas time
The following year, an estimated twelve to eighteen months
after she’d died, still neatly dressed
In beret and overcoat. Even in the sitcom, Mary Tyler Moore’s
friend, Rhoda, pointed out that
There is a big difference between *living* alone and *being* lonely.
There is something to being able to
Turn on the TV any time you want to, and turn it off,
or wear whatever clothes you want,
Or not, around the house, and just having total freedom.
I’m not saying people should be alone
All the time—that would be awful and sad and lonely—
but living alone certainly has
Its advantages, particularly in a big city. It seems to me,
on the other hand, that the transient
Nature of New York City, specifically Manhattan,
would be the tipping point
For loneliness. How can we expect relationships to form
into anything in such a short
Period of time? Sure we can have love-at-first-sight moments,

but those are rare and fleeting.
It is only with time that we start to form bonds with
people, cultures, etc. I am nearly
Certain that you could find a direct correlation between
time spent in a place and loneliness.
When I spent a semester of high school in a small town
in Europe, the first month was
Exhilarating, but the next two were frustrating. It was
very difficult to meet people and
Have a social life because I could barely communicate.
I remember telling myself that
I hadn’t touched anyone in months and that I just wanted
a hug... but I threw myself
Into activities: playing soccer, practicing guitar, even
taking some language classes
At the community center. Those ties, like seeing
the soccer guys once or twice
A week, kept me sane and let me feel like I was involved
in humanity until I was able to
Form stronger ties. New York City was the same.
The little things like
Greeting the doorman, or saying hello at my corner bodega,
or to the woman who walks
A Saint Bernard on my block, helped make the big city
feel a little friendlier.

At the hospital, thank you very much, a nurse
injected me with a strong dose
Of Benadryl, causing my conscious mind to lodge itself
deep in the interior of my body.
The only reference point I had for this experience
came from the film *Trainspotting*.
After shooting up, Ewan McGregor's character literally
sinks into the floor, leaving
A rectangular depression whose width and depth perfectly
matches that of the space one
Might dig for a coffin. The metaphor is too easy,
but its ease is affecting,
And the image of the dark and lonely space fits
where I'm at right now.
I'm a sucker for emotional manipulation in film.
No matter how mindlessly
Innocuous the blockbuster, when the strings swell,
I tear up. The sadness of
The world increases with each remove, as does one's
allowance to experience it
As authentic and cathartic. I feel like I'm on drugs,
I tell the nurse, and, well,
I guess I am, but you know what I mean. Quite
honestly, the first time in my life
I ever cried while watching a movie was during
the volcano death scene

At the end of *Godzilla* (1985). It brought me to tears;
I didn't want Godzilla to die.
The music made me somewhat emotional. I tried to
hold back any signs of that
Sadness but my eyes became watery and I couldn't stop
the tears. I felt embarrassed because
My parents were in the room and they probably
would have laughed if they
Noticed me at all. Some of us have this deep sadness between
us and its spells are so habitual.

As a child I was unusually close to my mother,
and since childhood she confided
In me about her hatred for my father, and told me about
her serious health problems.
As a boy this worried me constantly: I was powerless
to help her with her illnesses but
I tried listening to her and protecting her from
any additional problems.
When I was about 9 years old, I was helping her
put away the laundry and when
I put some towels away in the closet, I found a gun.
Being 9, I didn't know
What this was for but I knew something was
wrong and scary and I made
Sure to stay and hang around her after that.

This is a big part of my story—
It's not an excuse but maybe it gives some
insight into my sadness, which is
Very sad indeed. In addition, I'm pretty sure that a lot
of loneliness today is a result of
Modern technology. I feel that is what I am dealing with.
Society has taught me to hate myself.
It's not about forcing happiness—it's about letting sadness
win. The saddest kind of sad
Is when the tears can't even drop and you feel nothing.
It's like the world has just ended:
You don't cry, you don't hear, you don't see, you stay.
For a second, the heart dies.
Most days, I wish I were a cat. I know I need help and
I know I need support.
I don't want to spend my life feeling this way, it's just
too short, but I just can't seem
To speak out and say what this feeling is all about... sad.
No job, no club memberships,
No community of friends, no religious affiliation...
do I even recognize this
Sad and pathetic life anymore? No. Do I talk to people?
No! Do I go out with people?
No! Do I cuddle with anyone special? What do you think?
What you have to understand
About me is that I'm a deeply unhappy person.

Why do people have to be
This lonely? What's the point of it all? Billions of people
in this world, all of them
Yearning, looking to others to satisfy them, yet isolating
themselves. Why? Was the Earth
Put here just to nourish human loneliness? There are two
types of people in the world:
Those who prefer to be sad among others, and those
who prefer to be sad alone.
I am a genius of sadness, immersing myself in it,
separating its numerous strands,
Appreciating its subtle nuances. I am a prism
through which sadness could be
Divided into its infinite spectrums. I sleep wrapped
up in my sheets because
I don't like being alone when I sleep: the bundles of
fabric underneath me remind me
Of the feel of someone spooning me, but not really.
Sex is a distant memory
And flirting is a lost art again. That's assuming I'd find
someone who'd want to be
With me, but no such luck. I'm a freak, that's ok though—
even freaks can get used to this
Advanced level of loneliness. Here's a thought:
I remember the friends I've lost,
I'm aware of the friends I'm losing right now, and I

can even imagine friends
I will lose in the future! I'm talking about people
I haven't even met yet!
How do I know this? Look at my track record.
I know exactly how this goes;
I know just how long I'll be friends with someone
before everything starts crumbling,
I can almost predict the day, the hour. I know how
to read those signs like
A scent hound. That's why I say that I'm a freak
of loneliness... I know the blueprint:
Past, present and future. And romance? I'm not even
talking about romance here—
The business with friends is already hopeless enough.
Yet, there's that one bit
In my heart that tells me not to give up so easily,
it keeps shoving the bitterness
Away, but the more I think about it, the quieter
that voice sounds in contrast
To the deafening silence around me, but I've got to
keep my lip stiff and keep
My trap shut: no one likes a whiner. I have often
thought about this: how can it be
So easy for others and so hard for me? What is normal?
Wanting to connect with someone
Very much, is this normal? Longing for love and affection,

is that normal? What is really
Preventing it? One word: *fear*... fear of rejection,
fear of humiliation, fear of
Being hurt. I go to my window sometimes and say to myself:
Is there anyone out there?
It's like a medium at a séance, calling out to spirits.
I can't describe what's going on
With me... there's this hunger so deep inside me
that I don't know how to feel.
Sometimes it feels like there's a sea of people around me
and I still feel alone.
Just walking down the street seeing couples arm-in-arm,
hugging and kissing, can crush my heart
And make me very sad. I often wonder if I've turned invisible
since no one seems to notice me
As I walk the lonely city streets. When I am sad,
I eat large amounts of food
In a quiet room. I am alone, of course, when I do this.
I have a problem. I am bored.
I admit not knowing anything about love. What if
some day or night a demon
Were to steal after you into your loneliest loneliness
and say to you:
*This life as you now live it and have lived it, you will have to
live once more and innumerable times more!*
Would you not throw yourself down and gnash your teeth

and curse the demon who
Spoke thus? Let me give you an idea of how hard it can be:
I ride the train and bus alone,
Stopping at a diner or coffee shop, table for one.
I sip my coffee, eat my omelette,
And no one seems to notice. The waitress will come by
and say: *is everything ok, sir?*
I will smile and say: *yes, very good*, and if she
smiles back, it'll make my day.
I will go to the movies occasionally, always seated alone.
Is there anyone out there?...
I think to myself... *a pretty lady who might be as lonely as me,*
and who wants to sit next to me?
It rarely happens or when it does, nothing ever comes of it.
How did things ever get to this?
I dwell a lot on the fact that I've never been happy, and
fear that I may never be happy.

Just finished rereading *Frankenstein*, a virtual
treatise on loneliness: *believe me,*
Frankenstein, I was benevolent; my soul glowed with love
and humanity; but am I not alone,
Miserably alone? You, my creator, abhor me; what hope can I
gather from your fellow creatures?
I can handle anyone's sadness and loneliness as long
as it's not my own.

I've been trying to stave off loneliness all weekend:
I have been making bird toys,
Been food shopping (twice), watched TV, read some
of my book, checked my email,
Straightened up the place... I even paid *all* my bills!
Everything! I'm just so freaking sad
And bored! I just want to take a sleeping pill and
go to bed already.
I heard about this experiment that was conducted
in Germany. They took a bunch of
Orphaned babies and split them into two groups:
to the first group, they gave
The normal amount of nurturing, affection and love;
to the other, they had only limited
Contact with, just when necessary, to physically maintain
their lives. The second group
Suffered from a condition called: "failure to thrive."
This second group of babies
Didn't gain weight like they were supposed to
and suffered all manner of
Developmental disabilities! Well, that's how I feel
sometimes. I've spent years
In virtual isolation—some of it self-imposed because
I enjoy being alone.
But, I can't remember the last time someone in my
real life said or did something

Genuinely kind to or for me, or the last time I had
any real physical contact
With someone over an extended period of time and
it makes me so sad and,
Honestly, I feel like one of those German babies.
A lot of my staying at home
Started because of the overdose and my drug and
alcohol abuse, from my not
Trusting myself and being afraid of what kind of ugly
messes I would get myself into.
But, I'm not totally anti-social. I interact with people
wherever I go, whenever I do
Leave the house, even if it's only to go around
to the corner store.
So, it's not like I'm a total introvert or I'm afraid
of living. I don't have agoraphobia
Or anything like that, but I am still SO FUCKING
LONELY, I COULD JUST DIE!
But sometimes the sun will be shining just right through
my kitchen window, and
I can remember that the world is still turning on its axis
and as long as I'm along for the ride,
I might as well enjoy it. Other days, I'm starting to feel like
Milton on *Office Space*—you know,
The crazy guy on there that no one listens to, who's overprotective
of his stapler and rubber binder ball?

That's how I've been feeling lately. My mother
will call me and she'll ask
How I'm doing, or, her favorite, what I had done
that day (the implication there
That I've done very little, if anything at all, especially
compared to her) and before
I've answered, she's cut me off and proceeded to tell me
about how she did this litany of jobs,
And how this one or that one pissed her off. I try to
cut in with a word or two,
But without fail, she interrupts or turns the subject
matter to herself in something
Completely irrelevant to what I have just said, and
when she's done... poof... she's hung up.
That's every day. I understand that lots of people are
sad and lonely, but today
I read that a young woman said *bless you* to some random
stranger who sneezed on the subway,
And this guy followed her home and stood outside
her apartment complex for two hours,
Claiming to be her soul mate! So I guess this
loneliness stuff is all relative.

I now have no job and because of that I don't have
any money, but I have been
Looking for jobs, but it's so hard to find anything!

I do have some so-called friends,
But my social life sucks. No one calls me or texts me
to arrange to do stuff and it just
Feels like no one cares about me and they have forgotten
that I exist. Things have spiraled
Out of control and now I live with my mom and it's
so boring. I really hate living at home,
But I can't leave home because I have no money and
even if I did, I wouldn't have anyone
To move in with. I feel so low and depressed all the time.
My days consist of either going to
Town and looking for work, which I have done
constantly and now there is nowhere
Else I can go, because I have been everywhere.
I also, some days, go to the gym
With the little money I do have. I just feel so horrible
and I don't know what I've done
To deserve this life. I wish I could change who I am
and be someone different, someone
Who has loads of friends, someone who is popular,
has a job, and all that.
But I have none of that and it sucks! And I know
I'm not the only one,
Lots of folks are jobless, but that doesn't help me.
I just read that the ranks of
The unemployed now total 12.5 million people.

One of them is a guy I know
From the gym named Al. Al was recently laid off
from his job as a columnist
For a small local paper. Al was describing to me
the intense feelings of rejection
That come with sudden unemployment. I mean
the icy chill of loneliness
I've begun to experience, too, in a culture that seems
to be bustling on by,
Leaving me as more spectator than participant,
I'm talking about the sudden
Need to put on a coat and tie and just go someplace,
any place! I see the world shifting into
New forms through a kaleidoscope of changes that don't
include me! I'm not sure that
Unemployment heightens the senses, I don't know that
being apart from the crowd allows
For any special perspective, but involvement takes time
and attention while isolation demands
No such effort. We have moments to think, hours to
wonder and days to decide.
Like Al, I mentioned before that I'm out of work too,
and Al is right about all of the
Hours we have to think about the outside world and how
it works. I say "outside" because
That's what it feels like when you're not working.

Suddenly you spend a lot of time
 With your *real* best friend, meaning your own thoughts,
 and you start figuring some things out.
 I don't want to be overly dramatic about it, but it makes me
 feel like my life is coming to an end.
 I don't even feel like talking to anyone about this stuff
 because I can't see what they can do.
 I just end up sad about everything, thinking about problems
 I have no way of solving, and drinking
 Obscene amounts of alcohol with the only spare money
 I do have. I just can't go on like this
 Indefinitely and I just don't see the point in spending
 the rest of my life just existing like I am.
 The older I'm getting, the fewer people I have in my life
 and that scares me. I'm going to finish up
 Alone and unfulfilled. I try to stay positive and plan ahead
 but I feel like there's no point doing it,
 And I'm just kidding myself. Everyone says love hurts,
 but it's sadness that hurts,
 Loneliness hurts, jealousy hurts. But love is the good guy
 in all of this. I would just like to
 Wake up one morning and feel complete and have some
 purpose in my life. But, instead,
 Fuck it, I don't even know where to start. I am sad
 and lonely and I hate *everything*!
 As I lay in bed last night, I kept asking myself:

what is this hole inside of me,
 And how in the world am I ever going to fix it?
 There are more things to be sad
 About but I'm not going to go into them. Let's just say that
 I'm already massively sad and lonely.
 There's a show that I like to watch called *House*,
 starring Hugh Laurie, and today
 They had on some reruns: there's a 2-parter from a couple
 of years ago that I really enjoyed watching.
 The first episode is called *House's Head*, and the second one,
Wilson's Heart. I want to tell you
 About these shows but you need to have seen or at least
 know about *House*, but this is what
 My life has come to: telling you about TV re-runs!
 I'm aware of this and I know
 How pathetic it sounds. My mom recently told me:
When I think of you, I think of
Sadness—I don't ever remember you ever being happy.
 Great. It's a lonely summer again
 This year, and I might as well crawl under the table
 and count the crumbs on the floor.
 I go for days without any human contact; my only
 constant is the noise of the TV.
 If I say I have friends, don't trust me, it isn't true.
 (In fact, I lie a lot, and it's
 Getting worse, so don't trust anything I'm telling you.)

If you want to know about
My social life, well, it sucks—people have used me
for money and then disappeared.
I'm sick of life. I cry myself to sleep more nights than
I'd like to admit, wishing things
Were different. I go to night class now and I act like
the happiest person in
The world but no one has a clue that inside I'm slowly
deteriorating. All I do
When I come home is lie in the dark until I finally
cry myself to sleep.

There's a place where no one likes to be,
so they save that little place
For me, they shove me in and lock the door,
they call me a dick,
An ass, a man whore, they say shut up, they say
fuck you, but none of them
Knows what I'm going through—every time I think
life can't get worse,
I watch another friend ride off in a hearse.
Sorry, but every year seems
To be the same. I wake up with nobody and
go to sleep with nobody.
Nobody to appreciate the gifts I might buy and
nobody to potentially give me

Any gifts either. It has gotten so bad that I've just
turned off completely from
The world: unable to make contact with anyone
with any substance. I keep
Hearing from everyone it will come, love will find you.
It has been a lot of years now
And it hasn't found me, and I've spent those years
wondering every holiday season
And every Valentine's Day: what is so bad about me
that I have to continue to live
Without someone. It has been so long since I have had
contact with someone who has
Actually cared about me or was glad to see me and
wanted to spend time with me,
Been so long now that I have completely forgotten
what it feels like when someone
Actually likes you or possibly loves you, been so long
that I have no idea how I might
Even act if I were in a relationship, been so long
that all hope has faded
From my heart and turned me into an empty soul.
Somewhere along the way,
I have forgotten so much about love and relationships
that I am often wondering
How long I can go on like this. My social circles and my
social skills have diminished completely.

I open my mouth to talk to someone and nothing comes out.
When I walk around, I think
Everyone can see the empty feeling I have by the blank look
on my face or the sad dog look,
Like someone has beaten me down repeatedly.
I have such a hard time
Getting up and going out now. Why dress up
to look nice when nobody
Will notice? Does anyone notice me? The sadness
has taken over, and I can't
Bear the thought of anyone seeing it anymore.
I wear a hat to cover my face
So hopefully nobody notices my sad look.
When I look in the mirror,
My eyes portray a sad, empty expression that makes me
feel even lower than what I was
Already feeling. So this is what hopelessness and sadness
looks like. I have a pain so deep
You'll never see it. I locked it away and hid the key.
Even if I did tell someone,
What could they do? I don't think they could fix
any of this, do you?
I'm so sick and tired of feeling this way—what I am,
what I was, what I will be?
What will I find when I open your door? What will I
find when I open mine?

Every day I wake up in my tomb, just to return
to my tomb where I will
Never be noticed or seen: dreams, wishes, desires,
and love... not here.
The beast prowls inside this empty place.
No man shall come here
Less he be consumed by the monster's claws.
The darkness calls my name,
And the well shall be my resting place. Such a cold
place it shall be, where hearts
Rot and eyes lose their shine. Such a horrible fate
for a man such as me,
But yet what worries lie therein after? Society is a prison,
empty men with empty hearts.
Woe is them, if only they but knew such an empty place:
a sign with no sense
Of direction ahead where the confused lie.
All eyes view the one
Who thinks differently as insane... oh, how it hurts!
Minds filled with venom
From the fangs of so-called truth. The glamour
and glitz... or how long
Will it please a man, for the sky will crack and show
the infection it hid.
What do you consider normal? For every man
has a reality tunnel,

But the wolves come out to play. The scorned one
 walks all alone, with no
 Place to call home. The voices of the alike scorn him
 and tell him there is a place for him.
 Woe is he; woe is he. In the pit of the abyss where
 others such as he will go,
 But comfortable to see men such as him. The scorned one
 views love as evil,
 Because the bucket is easy to spill: such an over-used word,
 in a heartless world.
 But yet, within him he cries for love. The dragon holds
 dominion upon the sheep,
 Oh, when they wake up? The whips of ignorance slice
 across the scorned one,
 And the bullets of the hateful writhe his inner reality.
 He views himself as crazy
 Upon the wolves, but his hope holds a rope for him.
 Watch Rome the Second
 Crumble upon its errors... will the truth touch them then?
 Oh, how awful it is to see
 The sun turn black and the beasts reign among the dead,
 where naked women dance,
 And bitter men cheat. Let it be, that it will not change me.
 Skulls reign among the machine,
 And the octopus prospers—for it gains the riches,
 and steals from the low.

The buildings of conformity prey among the young
 to mold them into
 A mindless drone. They call me insane and lock me
 in the well, but my eyes
 See the truth!... Who am I you ask? Well, I am
 The Scorned One.

 Last night, I started crying in my sleep, maybe
 because of what I was
 Dreaming about, maybe it's stress. I miss home.
 Sometimes when I am
 Crying myself to sleep, my pillow gets really wet.
 Believe me, I have a lot
 Of reasons to cry. Just all of the things in my life
 that have happened,
 The things that went wrong, the things that hurt me.
 I thought my emotions were
 Turned off, yet my humanity seems to fight its way
 back into me. I am broken,
 Worn down, sad, and yet I put on a smile to fool people.
 I don't even think twice
 About crying anymore, like saying to myself that it
 isn't manly or whatever,
 I'm way past that and don't care about impressions like that.
 I have so much anger inside me,
 Obviously, and so much pain and sadness that I will keep

inside me forever. My soul is crushed,
My future is looking bleak and my past haunts me, thinking
what could have been, or wondering
How my life got so messed up. I think it must be my
parents' fault for messing up
Our family. If I could be granted one wish in life,
it would be a "reset" button,
Because I cannot figure out where my life went astray,
and I would really like to know
What egregious misdeed I committed to validate
my life's current status.
It has to have occurred as an infant, because I have
very few happy recollections
Of my youth and even fewer as I grow older.
I continue to grope every day
And evening for an answer. The bottle offers some
solitude but, eventually, the throes
Of loneliness overcome the chemistry of distillation.
You want the truth: I honestly feel like
The absolute saddest person alive right now. I don't like
this person I have become and I want
To change. I want to be happy. I want to be able to
trust people again. I don't want
To be afraid anymore and, most importantly, I don't want to
be alone anymore. I don't even
Know what to do now. I'm just a useless person

who doesn't matter. All I can do
Is cry because I've tried everything I could think of
and nothing has been working for me.
Thinking back, these all must be signs that I'm not
supposed to be alive, and
Maybe I'm not meant to be here at all—maybe it's all
about natural selection?

Does anyone see how this has come to be... market is up...
recession over... so who are all these men
In Starbucks? I have been coming to coffee houses for many years
to get a little release from writing.
I usually shuffle in in the afternoon to a Starbucks and flop down
in an old wing chair and get lost in some
Fitzgerald, Yates, Whitman... just anything to cool the brain cells...
but lately, all the chairs are taken.
And they aren't taken by elderly women; they are taken by older men.
Middle age dudes of the forty something,
Fifty something variety. They sit in their comfort jeans trying to look
inconspicuous. These men do not read fiction.
They stare at newspapers or some jabber away at a laptop and
some have the thirty-yard death stare.
They all have a deep look of shock and disbelief. When I first
saw these men, I thought maybe it was a fluke,
But everyday they increased until yesterday the place was overrun.
We might as well be sitting in a Union Hall.

They look like they should all be in offices. You see the hands
 reaching for something to do, expressions
Trying to navigate the strange duplicity of sitting in a Starbucks
 in the middle of the afternoon
When the rest of the world is working. They go to the bathrooms,
 order more coffee, sit with legs crossed
Staring intently at nothing. They just don't know what to do.
 They are, collectively, just about the saddest
Sight in the world. And the same thing is true in the mall
 where I shop on occasion. It's an eye opening
Experience. Every time I go there, I see a bunch of old men
 sitting there, too, staring into space.
They look so bored and lonely. I tried to picture them as
 younger men who were working in great jobs
And surrounded by tons of friends, but that seems so long ago.
 I don't know... the whole thing made me
Incredibly sad and lonely... so then I thought maybe it was
 the mall itself... maybe everyone in the mall
Looks sad and lonely and not just these old guys. It made me wonder
 if other people have noticed these old men who
Look lonely and bored sitting at the mall while retired. I'm just
 wondering about this; I like to wonder about
Other people's loneliness because, basically, I am a very lonely person
 and it makes feel a little less lonely thinking about all
Of the other sad and lonely people. I find it somewhat comforting
 and it makes the lonely feelings appear more

General or public; it's more like a feeling I've come to accept while,
 like, grocery shopping. It's a normal occurrence
For me now. I am basically a happy shopper and these feelings of
 "being single" are not always unbearable but,
Nevertheless, are still there, somewhere, while all the tunes
 are playing. Sometimes while I'm strolling
Down the aisles, I picture someone holding my hand.
 Five years ago, I lost it. Feeling intensely
Lonely and needing something in the way of companionship,
 I wasted an afternoon at my local shops—
Talking to the cashiers there cheered me up a bit, but by the time
 I had returned home, I was feeling stressed
And angry. I couldn't understand why I'd had to resort to shopping
 in order to find someone to talk to.
That's the way things are with me right now: if I didn't go out
 to the shops, it would just be me and my cat
Alone in my apartment. Furious that my so-called social life
 had deteriorated to the point where talking
To a sales assistant felt like an accomplishment, I picked up a
 kitchen chair and slammed it against the wall!
I was humiliated, I was sad, and I was very, very, very lonely.
 I have been struggling with long-term loneliness
For almost four years. Yes, I was lonely as a teenager but who wasn't.
 I knew I was different. I was experiencing what
I would define as deep thoughts, or even dark thoughts,
 at a very young age. Sometimes I just feel like

Sleeping and never getting up. But I know that's not the way
to go about it. I think I should be getting some
Kind of sad and lonely medal. I should get an "A" in complaining
and feeling sad and lonely all the time.
And the sad truth is that sometimes I feel pathetic about myself,
and how much my self worth is intrinsically linked
To attention from the opposite sex. But it is! And no one will
ever be interested in a piece of crap like me.
Then again, being alone isn't so bad considering that most people
are shit. I hate happy people: so you can just
Do me a favor and don't shove your pink clouds and unicorns
and rainbows into my oh-so-gray sky.

So that's basically when I decided I'd never leave my room and
I would never socialize and I'd just read books.
You see, this is not the best time of the year for me; in fact,
this is the worst. This is the time when family
And friends get together, share in the festive spirit, get excited
over presents, and spend time together. This is
The time when families look forward to parties and BBQ's and
singing by the tree... I've never had any of that.
I think that the biggest, hardest concept to accept or understand
for us as humans is that, yes, we are all these little
Separate creatures, so does our existence mean anything? I have been
in the deepest well of solitude, darkness, depression,
And have wondered why I couldn't be happy and wondered if

other creatures, beyond humans, are unhappy and
Lonely too, and does this feeling go back to the beginning of
time? Think of yourself as the longest, most
Intricate science project: from birth until the day you die,
it's all about organizing and absorbing what
You learn. If you don't, then you can't grow or change, or, fuck it,
maybe there's no change, there's just everlasting
Darkness. Being an extremely lonely person, with literally no friends
to hang out with, and the very tiny bit of family
I have left, I don't celebrate Christmas. I am not religious, but I have
always wanted to feel part of something around this
Time. I walk on the street alone, and I see people sitting on their
balconies with Christmas lights, and holiday spirit:
All talking, laughing, and having a lovely time getting into the feel
of the celebration. I see people in shopping malls
Filling their carts with presents and decorations, and people hanging
out in groups for a night out on the town, celebrating
In their own ways together. I feel so much of the spirit around me,
I sense and see so much celebration and sometimes
It makes me feel like literally jumping into some stranger's group
and wanting to be a part of it. I imagine big family
Get-togethers, sleepovers at their houses, and gatherings for
Christmas Eve dinner, maybe even watch a Christmas
Movie together, maybe look at some old photos and open presents
all together on Christmas day. How I wish I could be
A part of something like that just once. Sometimes I think I was

born into the wrong family. The holiday season has
Always been especially difficult for me. There are many expectations
built up by the stories and depictions in the popular
Media of the “joyous” holiday season. For me, it’s often been difficult
to reconcile these expectations with my actual reality.
This is the time for the parties that I’m not invited to, or if I am
invited, I feel like an outsider as everyone else mixes
And mingles and I find myself tongue-tied in some corner. It’s a time
for family celebrations, which I’m sure don’t exactly
Measure up to the idealized *Currier & Ives* pictures that people have
in their minds. It’s the time of year when you have
To wrap your mind around how to maneuver your way around
the social dilemmas that give even socially gifted
People trouble, not to mention losers like me who have a totally
open schedule around this time of year. You know
What I hate hearing? I hate hearing about how this is a difficult time
of year for a lot of people—it’s like the most stressful
Time of the year even for folks who are pretty well-adjusted, but do
you think that makes anyone who feels lonely and
Depressed any better? Hell no! It makes me feel ten times worse!
It’s the one time of the year that I get to feel special
About feeling shitty and then I have to hear about how everyone
else is feeling shitty—and who are these other people
Who are feeling badly around the holidays? They’re probably all
depressed because they didn’t get what they wanted
For Christmas, or their kids are being bratty or they have to deal

with someone’s out-of-own parents... boo-hoo, I wish
I had those problems! Here’s another problem: how many people
are out there suffering, because they feel that Christmas
Should be like the movies? Or because they feel even more acutely
the desire to “fit in” and feel even more acutely their
Failure to do so? This is perpetuated by the movies. There are always
a ton of holiday feel-good movies that come out
Every year, plus network TV is always showing these old holiday
feel-good favorites. Who watches these movies?
And who really thinks that this is an honest depiction of the
American family? If you feel left out from this
Feeling of togetherness, believe me, you are not alone.
A few years back, I was in the Army, stationed
In Kaiserslautern, Germany, and had a scout team of soldiers
guarding a military base during Christmas week.
My best friend was a transistor radio as I was confined to a drab,
green tent and potbelly stove with MREs (Meals
Ready to Eat) alone. The sound of *The Christmas Song*, by
Nat King Cole, brought to me in mono, broadcast
By the Armed Forces Network, filled my spirit and brought back
a flood of memories about holidays and family.
It was indeed a lonely moment. I have to chuckle because my
superior officer commented: *this experience will*
Build character. Well, I don’t know about building character, but it
certainly set me on a lifetime path of loneliness.

Sometimes there's nothing to do. Sometimes I wish I were my cat.
Sometimes all you need is a little dark room
Where you can wipe your asshole on the carpet. A lot of people
are in a Grand Funk right now: distressed about
The election results, or no work, or about how their home got
washed away, on and on... no surprise if you are
Picking up on that energy. I often wish I were a kid again—I can
honestly say that my life was 100 times better then.
It's like a cold slap in the face when innocence is taken away from
life and replaced with ignorance and fake smiles.
I know rejection like the back of my hand, and I'm tired of it.
Will this feeling ever go away? I hope so.
Seems to me everyone feels lonely sometime in his life: be it that
homesick kind of longing lonely, or the oppressive,
Soul crushing isolation of depression. In the modern world, where
technology connects us to people we will never meet,
Who may not even exist, it's easy to feel alone. If people connected
with others more in the real world, and took an interest
And cared about the lives of those around them, maybe then we
wouldn't all feel so desperately alone.
I get tired of people saying things like: *this too will pass*. That thought
doesn't really help me deal right now.
I guess I could go drink and maybe it would lessen the pain or
make me temporarily forget but that's
Just running away from my problems. Maybe I should just go relax,
meditate, pray, or do something that will calm me

And help me get through this. I know most of the time I don't
have much to look forward to because my life is
Pretty sad and boring. And no, I will not go "get help" from
some therapist. I've already been to therapists and
They didn't seem to help. And no, I will also not take any "medicine"
against this. I spend a lot of my time in my room,
Wishing I weren't in my room. My sleeping habits are no longer, well,
"habit" is wrong word for it because that would suggest
Something routine and I, like, almost never sleep or never sleep well.
Typically I go to bed at 2 or 3 and wake up 10-11.
I say this because last week, between something like midnight to 2am,
I was alone in my room with my cat, and I felt
Especially terrible. I felt lonely, useless, and I just cried. I don't know
why, I don't know what about, I just often cry
Myself to sleep and it's affecting my whole life. I feel so sad
all the time and feel like I just want to move away
From everything but can't, because I can't afford it! In my mind,
loneliness has nothing to do with libido. It's far
Easier to find love, or at least sex, than it is to find a new friend.
If only there were a match.com for friendship,
But as nobody admits to needing any friends, who would join?
And who wants to meet another lonely loser like
Yourself? If you were halfway interesting, or as vivacious and funny
as you think you are, then you'd be Dorothy fucking
Parker, and Truman Capote would be inviting you for the weekend.
You wouldn't be spending the weekend with a box set

Of *Grey's Anatomy*, your dry goods wouldn't all be labeled in glass jars
in your pantry. Oh, the white of cotton sheets,
The perfect edge, the perfect pleats, the dreary walls, the lonely halls,
the soft excruciating calls: I am very lonely and sad
Right now. I don't feel sorry for myself, only ridiculous. But it's not
a character defect. It just is. You probably didn't even
Know I had it. It's my superpower. I'm like a comic-book hero with
a double life. By day I go about my business and by night
I sit at home and disappear by myself. I feel I am in so deep that I
cannot make a recovery. I feel like I'm in a corner
With no way out, every possible path I need to take to fix myself,
I can't bring myself to walk down... whether it's my
Self-esteem, loneliness, depression, or social anxiety holding me back.
I hate it and I hate the person I am: I'm so sad it hurts.
I feel so lost and lonely. I just cry randomly; it's so pathetic. I come
home from work and the lamp on a timer that has
Welcomed me back through the gloom of the last few months
burns, unnecessarily, in the sunny kitchen. I'm reading
A thriller, which is living up to its name. I sit down with my coat still
on and return eagerly to chapter three. Two hours later,
I put the book down and realize it's dark. The lamp provides the only
pool of light in an otherwise pitch-black house. It's also
Quiet, deathly quiet, without even the hum of the central heating
nor the swoosh of the washing machine to break the silence. The
mobile phone on the table beside me is also silent. It hasn't rung,
beeped or throbbed, probably since yesterday, maybe

The day before: no calls, no emails, no Facebook notifications,
no tweets, no texts, and there's nothing blinking on
The answering machine, because the landline hasn't rung since
December, except people in call-centers who can't
Pronounce my name. All these methods of communication and yet
nobody's communicating with me. There, I've said it.
I'm lonely. I'm really sad and I did not sleep well last night at all.
Strange dreams. I feel like everyone can see how
Distraught I am, more than I see it myself. All of this sadness is
starting to affect my looks. I look funny and I blame it
On all of the evil and loneliness in the world and in my life. I swear,
I used to look really differently. Sometimes when I look
In the mirror I can barely recognize the image. I feel like some sort
of evil spirit has inhabited my body and my face
And I can't exorcise the inner evil. I feel like one of those medieval
characters who has been thrown down to
The underworld! My face is all twisted and has the look of horror—
people have mentioned this to me. Maybe it's
Because I drink more now because I'm more lonely than ever before.
I drink way more than I should, smoke more pot
Than I would like to admit, and I barely sleep, although a lot times
I pass out from being so fucked up. It takes me, like,
20 minutes to get out of bed in the morning because I have to go
through this whole cycle of deciding whether or not
I should kill myself on that day. Half of the time I even decide
I want to: I get out of bed and shower and get dressed,

But by the time I'm ready to head out the door, that impulse seems
to have faded. It doesn't seem like it's too much to ask
To just have a conversation with someone about how I'm feeling.
I probably could, but I have no idea how to even begin
A conversation like that. So I keep my mouth shut, and laugh at their
jokes and discuss movies or the weather or whatever
Other bullshit usually gets discussed. I am sad, I cry, but it's ok to be
sad, it's ok not to be happy all the time. If you aren't
Happy it means you are alive, you feel, you are human. Happiness
wouldn't be worth it if you didn't feel, like, sad
Most of the time. I think I speak the truth about this and there is
a definite lack of truth in the world today.
Ok, let's get a few other truths out on the table. Here's one:
there's a part of me that's glad I'm not married
And having kids because I wouldn't want to bring kids up in this
shitty world where most people are sad and lonely
All the time, and there's very few redeeming qualities about our
civilization right now. Here's another truth:
My mom should have aborted me! I am a huge disappointment
to my family, and to myself and even to society.

I know this is a little weird, but sometimes when I'm lonely,
I like to pretend I have a little brother named
Christopher, who is 6 and has dark red hair, and likes to just
hang out and eat waffles and swim—I used to imagine
This a lot when I was younger. But I guess I still feel the need to

create imaginary friends, which is sad—especially for
Someone my age. I always think about my future and what will I do.
I see the world is running so fast and when I see
Rich people, I mean, I always thought that I was going to become
rich, but it hasn't really happened and that's why
I have been sad and lonely and worried about my life. What I really
want to do is just blow my head off! Don't placate me
With: *oh it will get better* or *killing yourself is selfish*. There just seems to
be no way out. I'm so used to being sad; it's just stacked up
Over the years. Sometimes I'm just pissed!... really, really, really
pissed! I'm tired of the short end of the stick.
I feel like there is something wrong with me. Did I do something
wrong? I'm so fucking sick of this. I feel so empty,
Like something is missing, and I want a girlfriend badly. I want
someone to hold me, and make me feel all right,
And listen to me. All I do now is sit around writing poetry and music,
playing guitar and getting high. I feel so lonely,
Like I need somebody. I even wrote a poem about these feelings
today—fuck, I just need to turn everything around—
I feel so sad and lonely. I think because I use so much energy
during the day to make other people happy,
Every once in a while I just shut down. Basically this means just
losing it, letting it all out, admitting to myself
That I'm lonely and that everything is totally fucked. It seems stupid,
but when I do this, I feel much better. This is because all
My feelings are just cried out. It's like when you really need to vomit,

and you feel it in your throat, although vomiting isn't
 A very positive thing, once it's out, it's out... and it feels much better.
 Two hours ago, I sat in my chair and stared at the mirror.
 I pointed out all of my flaws, and everything bad I had done in my life.
 I told myself that I was worthless, that nobody would
 Like me. I let out everything, but this time I didn't let it out
 in tears—I let it out in words. I let out everything
 That I've been dying to say. Everything I felt. Everything I was
 feeling when people said: *how are you?* And after all
 Of that, I felt, well... words can't describe it. Let's just say I felt
 different from everyone else, but in a good way.
 Like each of us is our own person. Nobody is like you: you have
 a different personality from everyone else,
 A different look, a different voice. You are different. This may sound
 weird but I think that it's amazing. There are billions
 Of people in the world, and I'm different from every one of them.
 So when I start to hate myself, I just remember that
 I'm different, and I think that's something everyone one of us should
 be proud of. And this idea I didn't get from religion.
 If you ask me do I go to Church, I would say no. I've been, of course,
 and my mother goes like every Sunday and she always
 Asks me if I want to go and I always have to say no—that I don't
 believe in any of that. It's annoying because I have to
 Go through the same routine very often. Anyway, none of these ideas
 come from the Church or religion. No one needs
 The Church to see that we are all different and we are all special.

I do believe, however, that some of us see this more
 Than others—those of us who are alone a lot... that's just logical.
 But sometimes the desire for physical contact can be
 Overwhelming—this desire burns within me with the intensity of
 a thousand suns, bottled up with nowhere to go.
 It's been years since I've had any kind of girlfriend. God, I just want
 to touch someone. It's one thing to know you have
 No chance with a fictional character because it's like, yeah, they're
 a bunch of drawings in a book, or the image is just
 Photo-shopped in a magazine, but when you know you have no
 chance with a real person, it's just a massive blow
 To the balls because it's actually physically possible in terms of
 the *laws of possibility* and all that crap, but you still
 Know you have zero chance with them and this makes me loathe
 almost everyone and everything, and the result of all
 Of this is that people make fun of me because they think I want to,
 or that I'm trying to, fit into a subculture or something.
 So it's a kind of cycle... I have zero chance of meeting anyone and
 then I start to loathe people, and then people think
 I'm trying to be cool and all subculture-ish. It's like people don't
 have emotions or reactions or experiences anymore—
 They only have subcultures and various attempts to fit into them,
 so anything you say is taken as just an invention or
 Some kind of proclamation of how amazing you are at fitting into X
 subculture. But I think all the subcultures that people
 Label me with are pathetic. You get stripped of all motivation to do

anything when all your participation is ridiculed and
You are treated as though you are invisible. Fuck, I would have
greater appreciation of this life if I weren't trapped in it.
I can't stand it anymore—I have no one and no one wants me.
Seriously, think about that last statement, isn't that
What every human being lives for? Yes, to love and to be loved
by that one special someone who makes you feel like
Heaven is on earth, who makes you feel like if the world were
coming to an end next week, you would just want to
Spend every last moment with them, watching your favorite movies
and getting cozy under a blanket. Well guess what,
I have NO ONE! No one likes me, no one wants me, and no one
loves me in that romantic way. What a fucking life!
Bottom line: I think I'm cursed, and what I'm describing is a kind
of curse because, after all, I'm an intelligent guy
(Even if I can't express my intelligence so well), and I'm told that
I am physically attractive, yet I have the personality of
A broken toy trying to be a man. I know my flaws now, but I see
myself in the third person. Whether it is my fault or not
Makes no difference here. Every word that comes out of my mouth
is an excuse, and my desperate way of expressing myself
Makes me come off like a nut-job. I can't control it and so I have
become weak. If we were to meet, trust me, you would
Hate me either right away or eventually: I have become so insecure
that I am like a wounded puppy. My good looks are
Contorted and twisted by my mannerisms and attitudes, which are

now mere impulsive reactions and that's all I have become.
Weird bad stuff has happened to me as if someone is trying to stop
me from improving but I refrain from opening up about that
Because I don't want to step over the line and be that kind of coward
who blames the world for everything, but guess what...
My mother accuses me of this all the time. Every breath I take is
heavy with the pain it draws from my body; I live in fear
Of anything and nothing, and sympathetic thoughts in my mind
cannot convince my inconsolable self. I am so dissociated
Everyday; I cannot feel pleasure, though I try. Do you know what I
mean? I am lonely, sure, but not the lonely most people
Think of, but the kind that hits you while you're dancing in a club
with two girls at once. The lonely that hits you when
You decline an invitation to go to a bar or dinner at some loud,
crappy franchise restaurant with people after work
Because they don't really even know you, and the idea of me being
what they're expecting is just exhausting! This is what
I find especially sad and lonely—pretending to be somebody for
the sake of fitting in socially. I mean, I don't fit in socially,
I know that, and so I can't just be myself because that would freak
people out, and most people don't want to know who I am
Anyway. They just want me to look and act appropriately and not
disrupt their fantasy. It is all just so lame! And what's
Doubly lame or even ironic is that I don't even have a job now, so it's
not like I have to worry about my co-workers asking
Me to hang out, but, still, the point remains and it's just a random

example. Not working gives one a lot of time to reflect
On different situations, and now I think I'm sad because I don't
know what else to be or something. I don't know, and
That's the problem. Nobody has told me "I love you" in years—I already
mentioned that I don't have friends to talk to about stuff.
Basically, to be honest, I don't trust people and people don't trust me.
I'm ridiculously lonely and sad. I wish the whole world
Would just explode so I could die. My life fucking sucks. I wish I
could speak to someone but I'm scared of what they
Might think about why I get upset. It's weird but I get scared that
people will forget me, I try not to fuck up things but
Everyone gets sick of me and forgets me. I'm tired of being lonely.
I think I don't know how to love and care for people
But how can I when nobody wants to be with me? Part of it is my
fault, but part of it is society's fault—it's a vicious cycle.

Let's go back to when I was in high school. I made some bad choices
of friends. I only had one, and he was manipulative.
I was weak and simply wanted to have someone to rely on, you know,
an actual friend, but he simply didn't care about me,
And I would cry about that. The hell I passed through was not
a thing a kid should suffer: having no friends, being
Laughed at every day. Imagine having to sit alone during breaks
because no one likes you and praying that the teacher
Wouldn't ask you to work in pairs. I know I might have said earlier
that I was popular at this age, but I think I'm kidding

Myself—maybe I felt this way on one or two occasions, but it wasn't
the norm. Most days I would come home and lock
Myself in my room downstairs in the basement and play guitar
for hours, just writing pathetic songs about loneliness
And despair. Maybe I was just a dark kid or maybe something else
was going on for me but I *really* tried to make friends,
I really did. And still today, why is it so difficult for me? It's not that
I'm especially ugly or dumb or whatever. I just don't like
The same stuff others do. So I would shut up during conversations
about football or most TV programs, and I guess I just
Don't find people who share my interests, but the saddest thing—
to be honest—is that I'm not sure what my interests are.
Maybe I don't have any interests besides just playing my solo guitar.
At least there was no mocking in that. I know there are
Worse stories than this one, but being all alone... God, it's a battle
every day, and, shit, someday I'm gonna lose it.
These are the extreme days: I have been feeling extremely sad and
lonely the last couple of months. If I actually go out,
It's a miracle. Most of the time, I am either sitting alone in my place,
or going to places all alone. Yes I am that weirdo one
Sees at a restaurant or movie sitting alone in the back. Pathetic huh?
I have a cat, yep, and I figure I'll be that crazy cat person
Soon that everyone sees on the news. Why am I even here? Seriously.
It's ridiculous. And I can't see any light at the end of
The tunnel. I just see me getting older and soon being the creepy old
man that one sees talking to himself. I certainly have had

Very low self-esteem my whole life, but lately I'm reaching an all time
 high. I haven't been outside since Thursday and today is Saturday.
 I feel like such a loser I've spent my entire life unhappy and I'm tired
 of it. I'm ready for a relationship but I know I can't
 Force it; it has to happen organically as anything worthwhile does,
 but it's just really difficult at times. I know I've got a lot
 To offer but what good is it, if no one appreciates it. It's as if people
 like it momentarily and then get bored and move on.
 It hurts a lot! This is one of the factors that has led me to doing drugs.
 I do way too many drugs which only makes my sadness
 Worse. I suffer from panic disorder and have nightmares almost
 every night. Every single day is a struggle to get beyond
 My insecurities and loneliness. Constantly, I think of getting a gun
 and blowing my brains across my room as I cannot stand
 These feelings anymore. Shrinks will never understand me and
 neither will anyone else. I've chosen to be a realist,
 But girls have never liked that since all they want is some pretend
 prince charming, which I am not. What hurts the most
 Is my loneliness and the perpetual despair it creates, which then
 turns to anger, and the anger overwhelms me, and I get
 Pissed at myself for my mistakes, and I dream for a better day.
 I'm not sure what to do now. I trusted many years ago
 That when people told me, *you'll meet someone and be happy*, I believed
 that they were telling the truth, but it's really a big lie.
 I've been nothing but miserable for as long as I can remember and
 I think I might throw in the towel. Who am I going to

Talk to about all of this? Obviously, no one. I haven't been able
 to have a conversation with anyone in so long that I
 Don't know how any more and I'm becoming petrified of dealing
 with people. I truly have nothing left to live for. I feel
 That when I was younger, girls were more into me, but now it's been
 failure after failure. I don't know what a relationship is,
 It's freaking embarrassing. I don't know how to come out of the hole
 that I am in. I do not even know what to say—my mind
 Has fallen into a deep, despondent, mental abyss. Words just cannot
 explain it. Ha-ha! I can't help but to laugh about it!
 If I didn't learn to laugh at my pain how could I survive? But who
 am I? Who are we? Is this a dream? I can't say I know
 Anymore... I have been hit! Not by financial things or by *what-could-
 have-been* situations, but by a deep loneliness in the mind.
 If you think you can understand, or you are *big-hearted* to try...
 know this... you can't. I don't even see things
 The way you do because of this mental sadness that has been
 with me for so many years. Sorry to say that, but our
 Minds are worlds apart and no matter how hard you try, you will
 lose yourself within your own thoughts and suffer
 Because of that futile attempt. I will watch you die inside, trying
 to save me... someone, like me, who is already long gone!
 Gah, the pain is tremendous. The agony that lies inside my mind just
 seems to overwhelm any physical pain. And then these
 Feelings are fed to my mind, which I slowly watch melt into a puddle
 that falls into the drain of madness, my final resting place.

Fact is, I haven't eaten in days since I can't bear the thought of food.
I just wish this was all over with—I think about it everyday—
It would be so much easier not to live than to go through this daily
suffering! I look back and all I see is me sitting
Alone somewhere feeling sad and alone. I listen to normal people and
their stories and it's painfully obvious that somewhere,
Somehow, I got misplaced. Sure, I had crazy parents, sure I had to
smoke weed to help me forget about my loneliness
Sometimes, but I know that is not the right thing to do. I am so
emotional and I wear my heart on my sleeve.
I just want to find someone to spend the rest of my life with—
it seems like that will never happen. After all of
My failed relationships I feel like giving up. I have a lot of issues
that I am dealing with. I know my story is not as
Bad as most of the stories I have heard about but I still feel shitty
so what's the point. I have stopped caring about
My appearance all together. I look all around and see all of these
couples who seem to be so happy and in love.
It makes me wonder what is wrong with me? My life sucks
and loneliness is killing me. I can't bear to feel this
Any longer! I've tried to be happy, I've tried to help others
whenever I could, I tried to be a conscientious,
Sensitive individual, a good citizen of the world but now I've had
definitely enough of this shitty lonely life in this
Shitty lonely world... enough is enough! So, I need some pragmatic
tools on how to go forward. I could start with some

Social skills, since I feel like such a social outcast. I have severe
social anxiety that gets even more severe when I'm
Around women, thus contributing to my loneliness. I know what
I want—it's just a question of getting there. I want
Someone whom I could have fun with: someone to talk, text, watch
movies with, hold hands, kiss, and hold. Forget the sex,
I just want the emotional intimacy we all as humans crave. I find even
the thought that someone out there may like me for
Who I am to be amazing, yet impossible. I see so many couples in
public and it makes me sick. I'm so jealous.
I just can't talk to women. I'm too afraid. I'm afraid of rejection
and humiliation. I over-analyze every possible situation
And always psyche myself out. I have no confidence and no sense
of security. I am not happy with who I am. I know,
I need to start loving myself but I don't know how. I watch with envy
how some guys operate: they just smoothly go up to
Women and start chatting and asking questions and flashing them
a smile, and I think to myself, why can't I do that?
What's the big deal? What's the big obstacle that makes me so
nervous that I can't approach people? I realize I do
Sometimes come off as insecure or needy but that's because of my
past failures. I'm stuck in yet another cycle. I'm
Insecure because girls don't like me, and girls don't like me because
I'm insecure. Every time I meet a girl, I immediately
Start obsessing and forming these grandiose fantasies in my head.
I get my hopes up and when/if I finally have the courage

To ask her out, I ultimately get rejected and sink into depression.
 After this, I tell myself that I was a fool to even think
 That I had a chance and I accept a fate of perpetual loneliness.
 Then I make a promise to myself that I will never try
 To talk to another girl again. This goes on until I meet another girl
 and I start the cycle all over again. Approaching girls
 In public is flat out impossible for me. I'm just too shy and I get
 severe anxiety. My heart rate increases drastically,
 My hands sweat, I blush, my voice shakes, I stutter, and I go blank.
 On many occasions I find myself coming very close
 To approaching a woman; however, once the anxiety kicks in,
 it becomes so bad that I decide in this moment that
 I would much rather go home and watch a movie alone than have to
 go through this. For that moment in time, the prospect
 Of my anxiety retreating outweighs the prospect of having a new
 girlfriend. I procrastinate and tell myself: I'll go home
 but next time I'll go for it. I never do. People always tell me not to
 think about it too much and just "be me"; when I think
 About that it makes no sense because this IS me. On a couple of
 occasions I have tried faking good social skills but it left
 Me feeling empty. I felt like I wasn't myself. I also enjoy sympathy.
 I don't know why, I just do. I like people to feel bad
 For me. My only guess is that I enjoy this because I'm so desperate
 to know that other people care about me. Part of me
 likes me lonely, sad, and miserable. Maybe it's because it's all
 I've ever known. Or maybe it's because it makes me

Feel alive—I think feeling despair is better than feeling nothing.
 I accept the fact that I'm on a road called *Lonely Street*.

An old woman sits down beside me and smiles. Her wrinkled hand
 rests on her thigh, right beside mine. A tiny movement
 And I could reach out and take it. I could hold her hand, turn,
 and look at her straight in the eye, my glasses through
 To her glasses. I would look at her and say: "I'm really suffering
 you know." "I know, dear," she would say, "I know."
 We would both nod and turn away again, our backs against our seats.
 What am I supposed to do? I feel like death.
 I feel like dying. I'm desperate to destroy something, I want to rip
 myself to pieces. My mom continues to insist on
 Raking over the past until I can't breathe, can't think, just feeling
 desperate to run away, to stop thinking, stop
 Remembering. So I just keep running back and forth between
 one stress and another, and I don't feel comfortable
 Or relaxed anywhere. I'm tired all the time but not sleeping well.
 I spend hours and hours in bed, slipping in and out
 Of sleep, being wide awake for a good half of every hour. Sometimes
 I feel like I'm not an adult at all—I'm a tall kid holding
 A beer and having a conversation I don't really understand. I won't go
 so far as to say "fuck everybody," because people,
 A few people, have reached out from the world of their equally
 potent misery to try to sop up a bit of mine. Whenever
 I've been able to reciprocate, I have, but the truth is that most of my

social world has stopped calling. I'm curious about how
The paths we don't take (or, in my case, the paths that were closed
off to me) still have their own strange lives, half-children
Of experience floating sadly in the imagination. New paths emerge,
time moves forward, but these wraiths still swim and
Whisper about what could have been. I donate plasma twice a week,
which is basically the only time I get out, it's the only
Place where I enjoy seeing the employees, and I talk to them
whenever I can. Every time I ride that bus it just
Makes me even more sad because the bus drives by a college
and it's a constant slap in my face—I see people,
Young people, hanging out with each other and it looks lively
and everyone seems to know everyone else, and, at
The same time, they're getting an education—none of this has
worked out for me, personally. At least I have taken
Up a new hobby: I want to be a cyclist, I love riding my bike
but I'm not in good shape yet, but I'm working on it.
I love the outdoors—it's one of the few things that can really cheer
me up, but now I know I'm just changing the subject.

I wish I were outside with the bunnies and someplace fun where
the sun was warm and the grass grew luscious. I wish
I could turn the clocks of time back to when I was in elementary school
and nothing mattered in the world! I had wonderful
Field trips with my class. I specifically remember going to this ranch
and it was beautiful. There were bunnies and animals

In cages, some roaming around, there were a lot of people walking
about, and I was just walking amongst them. *Little me.*
I was walking about, breathing in the fresh air from the pastures
and feeling the warm morning sun on the side of my head.
How wonderful it felt. I could only wish I were there in that time
zone; not in this corrupt world I've made for myself.
I'm sure anyone who feels lonely, isolated, forgotten and or
completely alone knows what I mean by this.
That's pretty much how I feel 24-7. I suspect most people never
expected to be in this situation but I also suspect
That at some point many people will find themselves here too.
I haven't been entirely honest about how I came
To be here. Of course there are a million factors, from childhood on,
but there are also more immediate things that aren't
Especially unique... actually, they are quite trite. Nobody really wants
to hear the details of difficult childhood or losing a job,
Or, on other hand, about how you pull yourself up by your boot
straps: how you took some classes, joined a dating
Service, did some counseling, etc. None of that, by the way, made
any difference for me. So here I am. It's a quarter
To four in the morning and I'm sitting in my living room, alone.
I wish I had a big family and a bunch of friends but
There's just my mom and the cats and that's it. My routine consists
of *trying* to sleep and then getting out of bed around 6
In the morning and smoking several cigarettes while waiting for
the coffee and staring into space, and wondering if my

Life will get any better. Right now I just can't see any way out of this.
 All I have to look forward to is growing old and being
 A sad, lonely old man who no one cares about! That makes me
 feel so very sad and makes me want to cry my eyes out!
 I feel that if I died during the night no one would even know I'd gone,
 let alone miss me. I've thought so many times about
 Ending it but I'm scared of pain and I'm scared that if it went wrong
 I'd be lying here in agony with no one to help me.
 So like I said at the start. Here I am. Alone. My home has become
 my prison and I exist trapped in my own thoughts,
 In my head! I've never been what I consider to be a bad person.
 I've always tried to be nice to people and help those
 In need and yet here I am. If I could press a button and just
 disappear, I would! And, believe me, I am not one
 Of those nerdy magic card playing guys with braces or suspenders.
 I'm a fairly regular guy with lots of things going for me.
 I do partake in one activity that you might call nerdy though—
 I appreciate science fiction movies and novels
 And I think a lot of sad and lonely people go in for that genre
 probably because of the escapism inherent in
 These fantasies. When people are sad and lonely all the time,
 they tend to look into the future or into futuristic
 Ideals... it's like, life is so awful now but in this other parallel universe,
 in some future situation life is cool, and all of the alienated
 Individuals rule! This is all probably very obvious, but to me it's really
 the first time I've thought of it... as a kid I wasn't especially

Interested in science fiction, but I'm starting to see the point more
 and more lately and why it's so popular, especially in gaming.

I can't stand walking this Earth with my head down when I have
 always been strong and willing to work on stuff,
 But it's been too long and so many years are lost and I am in severe
 pain. I feel like an abortion trapped in a mannequin.
 Some days I cannot move and I don't know why, and every fantasy
 I have to escape involves having girlfriends, or just
 Friends, or some form of communication or simply being respected:
 obviously, I've lost my mojo again. My entire life I have
 Been sad and lonely. As the years have passed, I kept hoping that
 things would get better but they never did. I have too
 Many problems and I don't know how to deal with all of them.
 The feeling is hard to describe, but imagine that you
 Have 10 balls in the air, and then 20, and then they turn into dishes,
 and then the lights go out, and you realize you're not
 A juggler at all, but you can't tell if you're awake or in a dream and
 then—and here's the real kicker—you don't have anyone
 To tell this to, to describe it to and to see if you're really insane,
 or just funny. That's how I feel at least once a day.
 I feel like my youth is passing me by and there's nothing I can do
 to change my life. I want to fall in love and get married
 Like everyone else but I don't see that happening anytime too soon.
 I feel utterly and completely helpless. Everyday I wake
 Up and say to myself that I want a better life for myself but I don't

know how take that first step. How can I turn my life
 Around? What can I do to change things? Everything around me
 has been going down hill fast. I have been through a lot
 For weeks now and just when I think things are slowly starting to
 look up... then, *no*, everything just goes back to being a big
 Mess, and my hope starts to slip away from my grasp... it's pretty
 much on life support. *Man stands in his own shadow and*
Wonders why it's dark. That's a Zen proverb that I heard and I really
 find it helpful. I can't even begin to list all of the things that
 I've tried to do to make things right, but, finally, I accept that I am
 a deeply sad and lonely person. So this is the new normal
 And even though I try to keep a positive attitude and project, at least,
 the appearance that everything is all ok, truth be told,
 I am a very lonely person, and sometimes the loneliness just about
 overwhelms me. I'll be walking down a street at night,
 And as I pass by a busy restaurant, I'll look in the window and see so
 many people at quiet, intimate tables sharing smiles
 And conversations over candle light... suddenly I just can't take it any
 longer. My mind becomes flooded with all of these
 Thoughts like: *why is it never me in there with someone?* or, *why am I*
always alone? Is there something wrong with me?
 Before I know it, I am crying right there, while walking down
 the street. It all just seems so futile. What's the point
 Of living if I don't have anyone to share my life with? That's not my
 proudest moment, by the way. That was likely one of
 The lowest moments in my life, at least when it comes to loneliness.

No one can enter into this dark place. No one gets it.
 The way I see the world is on another level only because of this utter
 darkness that has been at my very core.
 Sorry to say, but our minds are worlds apart and no matter how
 hard you try, you lose yourself within your own thoughts
 And suffer because of that futile attempt. And here's another really
 sad factor: I'm totally imagining who this "you" might be;
 I guess one could say it's a fantasy because I'm not really talking to
 anyone, I'm not really relating to anyone, and it's not
 Like I'm going out and meeting anyone, so when I'm saying "you,"
 I really don't know who I am addressing...
 And isn't that even doubly sad and pathetic? Of course, "you" don't
 have to answer that because there really isn't a "you"
 And I don't even know who that "you" would be if there were one.
 This just adds another level to my pain and desolation.
 The pain is tremendous. The agony that lies inside my mind just
 seems to overwhelm my physical pain. And then
 My emotions, these feelings? They are only fed to my mind, which
 only makes it worst. I smoke cigarettes in hope of
 Dying slowly, breathlessly, then watch my mind blow up in a puff
 of smoke and disappear somewhere far away.
 And that's where I'll end up, with nothing to look forward to but
 despair and emptiness. At this point I have to ask
 Myself this: how many times do I have to ask myself the same
 questions about how I got into this wretched situation—
 Or how I'm not a bad guy or creepy or ugly, or how girls and women

ignore me and shun me, day in, day out, year in, year out.
 I'm even tired of hearing myself complain about the same bullshit.
 But I keep going over the same stupid crap because
 I'm stuck, obviously, and there's no way out of this extreme sadness
 and loneliness. You might think there is, and you might
 Have some suggestions, but all that means is that you haven't really
 been there, because if you had been there then you would
 Know it's not so simple and you don't know what you're talking
 about actually. And if you really have been there, then
 My heart goes out to you and I hope you find a way to get off this
 hell-ride, this lonely cruise. What makes this situation
 Especially gut wrenching and tragic is that I am partly to blame
 for this sad situation. As a teenager, to be honest,
 There were a few friendly, pretty girls who asked to date me
 or tried to be friends with me, but I stupidly refused
 And these golden opportunities are gone forever. I'm angry at myself,
 to say the least. I refused and ignored these golden
 Opportunities because I was: 1) immature and mentally stunted, and
 2) by the time I got to high school, depression,
 Hatred, anger, bitterness, and alienation developed within me,
 and I developed a hatred for girls, schoolmates,
 And teachers... in fact, I became so full of hate that I couldn't think
 straight at the time, and because of the evil, nasty
 Girls, I failed to connect with the sweet and good ones. It's too
 fucking late for me now. Since then, there have been
 Almost zero opportunities for me to get a date, even when I am
 the one who is doing the asking and initiating.

Not in a zillion years am I going to get another opportunity. Why?
 Because I have personally and sadly discovered that
 Girls and women outside of school are a lot colder, more unfriendly,
 more impersonal, more aloof, more dehumanizing,
 More fragmented, more disconnected, more cruel, and more
 evil than they are inside of school. If only I had
 Known then what I know now, and if my mental state were normal
 during my school years, I would have had a girlfriend
 A long time ago. I believe some evil satanic force stopped me
 at the time, evil forces who thrive on hatred,
 Misery, failure, hopelessness. This fucked up world of evil and
 suffering is being ruled by the Devil, as *all* of history
 Sadly illustrates, and as my own sad life also illustrates. Bleak and
 hopeless is the future, and we have a God who doesn't
 Know how to help his creatures. Truly pitiful and embarrassing.
 I think I'll admit myself to a lunatic hospital, as this is
 A sick, screwed up, fucked up, sad sack, crap sack world. People are
 cruel, and nature is cruel to the umpteenth degree,
 And the end results are thousands to millions of years of evil,
 cruelty, suffering, death, and extinctions. History
 Is like an endless horror novel or like an endless horror movie,
 and the Devil is the writer and director. I'm angry as shit.
 There's a lot to be angry about, and a lot to worry about. Intense,
 unrelieved loneliness fills my life, day in, day out,
 And it puts me on the brink of disaster, it's the stuff that makes for
 alienation, it's why I live in my world and you in yours.

It has been hypothesized that there are different types of loneliness,
and that not everyone suffers from, or experiences
Loneliness in the same way. For instance, is there a difference
between aloneness and loneliness: I don't feel lonely
Very often vs. I feel lonely all the time? When I think about it,
I'm a very shy person, I have problems communicating
And sharing with others. Many people report feelings of being lonely
in a crowd, that even though they are surrounded by people,
They still feel lonely. I know that feeling too, but, for the most part,
I don't have to worry about that because I am almost never
In a crowd. On the other hand, there are those who have written
about the virtue of being alone: hermits, monks, and other
Religious persons treasure their time alone for contemplation or
whatever, but I have too much of that on my hands...
I have a surplus. In other words, I can use some alone time to
contemplate life and whatever and still have plenty
Of time to feel shitty about myself. Some people, I imagine,
experience loneliness only like on a long rainy day
When he or she has nothing to do, or when traveling away from
friends and family in a foreign place. Now, imagine
That every day is like that, and that's where I'm at right now.
This is the type of loneliness that follows you everywhere.
Some theorists believe that loneliness results from a difference
between how many friends you have, and how many
Friends you want to have. For some people, maybe for you,

it's simply that you are in the wrong place at
The wrong time. This discrepancy between the desired level
and quality of friendship, and the *actual* level
Can cause feelings of loneliness. But what if you're just shy?
Shyness and loneliness make for sad bedfellows.
Shy people, I think, have a major obstacle they have to overcome.
The biggest obstacle is mental... like, if you are
A shy person, then you believe that if you go and talk to people
They will reject you, or at least that has been my
Experience. When you go and talk to people, you don't know
what to say, or you say something stupid so they
End up (maybe politely or maybe not so politely) excusing themselves
from talking to you. On top of this, if you are a shy
Person you probably lack simple conversational skills, like I do,
to make new friends. How do you approach someone
If you don't know how to talk to them? What do you say? How do
you carry on a conversation? Sometimes I share too much
Information with the other person, sometimes I may not say enough,
sometimes I don't know what to say! Often times I feel
Like I don't understand the other person, or that the other person
doesn't understand me. The simple fact that I lack some
Of these conversational skills works against forming friendships of
any length or quality. Research conducted has also
Shown that people generally tend to reject lonely people because they
act so lonely all the time. Who likes the person that is
Always stuck in the corner and doesn't talk to anybody? Not many

people. Most people like those outgoing, friendly people
 Who talk to everyone and are friends with everyone. If you don't
 make the effort to make friends, very rarely is anyone
 Going to make the effort to make friends with you. And so
 the loneliness is perpetuated. It's another vicious cycle
 That I need to get the hell out of. As a result, I have learned to hide
 who I am and what I am from both myself and others.
 This is one of the more severe types of loneliness, and I have this
 type covered. But, then again, there are a lot of
 Shades to sadness and loneliness and I have most of them covered.
 A guy I know, let's call him Jeffrey, told me the other
 Day that he thinks that the reason people are lonely is simply
 because they are selfish. Naturally, I was a little taken
 Aback when he first made that statement, so I asked him to explain
 further. He said that if you really stop to think about it,
 Lonely people seem to be wrapped up in themselves. They are,
 for example, wrapped up with the thought about why
 People don't like them. I mean, I have to admit that I'm guilty of
 that, obviously, even if it's true. I have heard lonely
 People say that they think they have special thoughts that other
 people don't, or that other people are very judgmental.
 Jeffrey continued his thought: have lonely people ever thought that
 perhaps to have a friend, or partner, or spouse, you first
 Have to *be* a friend or partner or spouse? If you're constantly focused
 on your needs all the time then, clearly, people are going
 To get tired of you and leave. I responded that sometimes it is

difficult for lonely folks to establish friendships.
 Sometimes there are social anxiety issues and it is really difficult
 to meet someone because of the fear of rejection,
 The fear of putting yourself out there and being turned down.
 Sometimes lonely people have trust issues,
 I continued, having been betrayed in the past, they are more
 careful about trusting others and being open.
 To some degree, painful past experiences limit lonely people's
 abilities to form new friendships. "Fair enough,"
 Said Jeffrey, "but social anxiety or trust issues still revolve around
 the issue of selfishness. Because these lonely people
 Are so focused on their own emotional stability and avoiding
 rejection and betrayal, they inevitably lock themselves
 Into their own loneliness. Their selfish self-focus leads to their own
 imposed isolation." Wow, that's pretty harsh, I thought,
 But certainly there is some truth to it. If we get too wrapped up in
 ourselves, it could inevitably lead to loneliness.
 It reminded me of an article I read recently based on a study that
 found those who over-value happiness put too much
 Focus on themselves and in the end damage their relationships
 and their sense of well-being. Maybe by focusing on
 Others and by trying to be a good friend first, we might have a better
 chance of forming a relationship. But there are cases
 When some lonely folks try to be too good of a friend, and they
 sacrifice their own needs and wants because they'll
 Basically do anything for friendship. And I'm not saying I'm like this,

because I don't think I am, but I have also seen lonely
 Folks who have a martyr complex, and they will do anything and
 everything for others at the expense of themselves.
 In the end, these relationships turn out to be one-sided and drain
 the life force of the poor folks trying to be a good friend.
 "Well..." Jeffrey said, "those folks are only nice to others because
 they think that if they are nice, then the other person
 Will be friends with them." I countered him by saying: "you just said
 that to have a friend you have to *be* a friend."
 Jeffrey argued further that it was about being a friend, not about
 being likable. Everybody likes someone who is focused
 On them, but that's not necessarily being a friend. Being a friend,
 in Jeffrey's definition, means that you create a reciprocal
 Relationship, where you support your friend as much as your friend
 supports you... it's a two-way street. I appreciate what
 Jeffrey has to say. It beats the usual "advice" I've gotten over the past
 5 years, like: "time heals"; "your turn will come";
 "Stay positive"; "good things happen to good people"; "focus on you";
 "living well is the best revenge"; "find a hobby";
 "Take a vacation," etc. If I get one more piece of crappy, cliché
 advice, I'm gonna snap. I've heard it all—I've done it all.
 I'm still at ground zero—so now what? I can sit here and lie to myself
 all day and make myself believe that it's ok to be a loner.
 But it's not. I hate it. It's very lonely. I even feel like, somehow, I am
 secretly lonely or like undercover lonely. I don't like it.
 I wish I had more friends and I did things for and with them

or that's my fantasy anyway! You probably know this
 Already but, actually, all of this is speculative bullshit. Basically,
 I'm in my room all day and I can't get a job, so I can't
 Get out of my rut. I can philosophize all day long about loneliness
 and my level of loneliness and how I might go about
 Changing it and how other people in the world act, but, finally,
 I don't know anything because I'm not really out
 In the world. Instead, I'm here in my room. This is a safe space,
 a space that no one enters... only gloom and despair
 And sad thoughts enter this space. All of these other ideas, these
 other spaces... I wish I knew more about them but I don't.
 What I do know, however, is my own inner darkness. I know that
 shit, like, amazingly well. I know its every contour,
 Its every shard. I could paint a picture of it but I don't really need
 to because I've already memorized every dark detail.

The lonesome star has faded far into the grave of cosmic storms,
 the dying rays of silver light, all form the sign of Satan's
 Rise, falling dead star, crushing God's throne, spinning heavens,
 death reigns as King. Fire burning, cosmos freezing,
 Portal opens, glooming altars, night of the black sorrowful moaning
 winds blowing through these melancholic woods—
 How I feel so dead here, sad and cold, as I hear crypt sounds of moan,
 only thoughts of sorrow bring me down to the pits of
 Bottomless black. In this endless extreme tomb of weeping sadness,
 I am embraced by the cosmic force of night: pain dooming,

Death coming, shadows of misery are cast'd on the full moon, light
and stars of hellfire shine like a blinding bolt of lightning.
Dying alone in the woodlands, isolated in my empire of solitary death.
Total sadness, total darkness, total coldness, total pain.

