

# In the Dark: The Truth About My Loneliness

By: The Theological Maniac

There are nights when solitude feels less like peace and more like punishment. I do not choose to be alone; it happens when the rest of the world feels distant, or when I feel too tired to keep up with everyone else's pace. I lie in bed, staring at the ceiling, wondering if anyone in the world would notice if I just disappeared for a while. Sometimes, the silence in my room grows so thick that I can hear my own heartbeat, and it feels like proof that I am trapped inside a body and mind that no one will ever really know.

Loneliness is not just an ache, it is a slow poison. It creeps into everything. Food tastes dull. Music sounds hollow. Even the sunlight coming through my window seems to avoid me. I scroll through messages and photos, watching other people's happiness from the outside. Their laughter feels fake, or maybe I just cannot remember what it is like to feel that way. When I try to reach out, words get stuck, or I start to believe that nobody really wants to hear from me anyway. Sometimes, I do not text back just to see how long it will take before someone notices. Usually, they do not.

There are moments when solitude turns into self-doubt. The mind becomes a dark tunnel, echoing with old fears and memories. I replay everything I have ever said wrong, every moment I could have acted differently, every friendship that faded into nothing. It is easy to start believing that I am alone because I deserve to be, that something about me is broken or hard to love. I am haunted by old conversations, things I should have said, apologies that came too late, people who promised they would stay but drifted away anyway.

Philosophers like Kierkegaard and Camus write about isolation, the weight of being conscious and alive in a world that is indifferent. Kierkegaard's "dizziness of freedom" is not some poetic gift. It is more like vertigo, a feeling that I might fall off the edge of myself and keep falling forever (Kierkegaard, 1846/1992). Camus describes life as absurd, a search for meaning in a world that refuses to answer (Camus, 1942/1955). I understand that. There are nights when I want to scream into the emptiness, but I know it will only echo back.

Sometimes, the worst part is not the pain, but the numbness. There are days when I float through the hours, untouched and untouchable by anyone else. My face in the mirror looks blank, as if my real self is hiding somewhere behind my eyes. I want someone to reach in and pull me out, to remind me that I am still here. I have tried filling the emptiness with

noise, with screens, with endless scrolling, but the silence always returns. It waits for me at the end of the day, patient and cold.

People talk about self-care, about learning to love solitude, but I am not sure I believe them. Sometimes I do not want to be alone with my thoughts. They are heavy, and they do not let me rest. There is a darkness that comes with too much time by myself, a voice that whispers that this is all there is, that nothing will ever really change.

And yet, I keep going. I wake up, I go through the motions, I pretend to laugh when people tell jokes. Maybe I am waiting for a day when the darkness will lift, or when someone will notice that I am missing, even if only for a little while. Maybe there is a lesson in this, something I have not found yet. For now, I just keep breathing. I write it all down, because at least these words can be honest, even if I cannot say them out loud.

Solitude is not always healing. Loneliness is not always a path to growth. Sometimes it just hurts. Sometimes, it is just dark. I am still searching for something to hold onto in the silence, still hoping that someday, someone will see the real me, even in the shadows.

## References

Camus, A. (1955). *The Myth of Sisyphus* (J. O'Brien, Trans.). Vintage. (Original work published 1942)

Kierkegaard, S. (1992). *Concluding Unscientific Postscript* (H. V. Hong & E. H. Hong, Trans.). Princeton University Press. (Original work published 1846)