

TIME, OLD AGE OR A LOBOTOMY

By
Carol L. Bluestein

Alone, I have learned

To cope, get through life's little road-blocks,
tests and jokes, both good and bad;

To experience a personal sense of satisfaction
and achievement that does not have to be shared to be felt;

To define priorities, understand and meet needs
that had hitherto been repressed, ignored or subjugated;

To identify and freely pursue activities that pleasure,
feed and stimulate mind, body and soul.

I was a wife, partner and companion for more than half my life.

Alone and lonely were interchangeable.

As a widow, it took time, and more time, to separate the two.

Reaching out to family and friends dissipated the loneliness.

Resolving the "alone" part was harder.

Alone, I have learned

To recognize the endless, frustrating questions of the ages
and search for answers, unable to deny their importance;

To take responsibility for, answer to, forgive, accept,
like and love myself for who I am and becoming;

To make the most of every day and live completely the
moment.

Alone works for me. It does. Really. Most of the time.

Except, of course, when I am aching for the looks,

hugs, intimacy, admiration and respect of
someone who loves me - unconditionally.

But, given time, old age or a lobotomy,

I'll get over it. I will. I know it. Honest. No problem.

#

I live in denial.