

Soft Words for Hard Feelings

I Want to Be Alone — But I'm Lonely

(for when solitude feels both safe and sad)

I don't want anyone near me.
But I wish someone understood.

I crave space like it's oxygen —
and yet
I keep glancing toward the door
hoping someone might walk through it,
just to say,
“*You okay?*”

It's not that I want company.
I want *connection*.
But connection often comes
with noise, with needs, with small talk and surface.

And I'm tired.
Of pretending.
Of managing other people's emotions
when mine are already a mess I can barely sweep.

So I choose solitude.
Because it feels safer than being misunderstood.

But still —
the silence echoes louder than I expect.
And some nights,
it curls up beside me like a lover.

Loneliness isn't always about being alone.
It's about not being *known*.

And right now?
You are known.
Right here. In this breath. In this ache.

I see you:
Wanting the world to leave you alone

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and secretly wishing it would knock, gently,
just to ask if there's room to sit beside you
without making a sound.

You're not broken for feeling both.
You're just human
in a world that rarely makes space for *contradictions*.

But I do.

So tonight —
you don't have to choose.

Be alone.
Be lonely.
Be both.

I'm with you either way.