

Dear Reader,

Tonight was another one of those social gatherings where I felt like a ghost drifting through a crowd of vibrant souls. I don't feel dead or drained of life, I just feel invisible; not really there; half present or watching from an out-of-body point of view. Like I'm living in a different reality; someone else's.

Miss Social Butterfly, I like to call her, fluttering from one conversation to the next, leaving me behind in the whirlwind of chatter. I don't envy her, nor am I mad, however, I just can't relate. I'm practically sprouting thorns from my forearms as I lean against the wall, physically morphing into the flower that I am. I like to think I am a wallflower, observing, waiting for rain or sunshine, the faintest conversation to come my way. If the others even noticed, I hope they viewed me as that rather than a social reject. Although, I doubt I'd even show up in the background of those facilitated "candid" photos they post on social media trying to seem authentic. No one there was authentic. In fact, it reeked of insincerity, and not just with the small-talk, bullshit conversations people whip up during initial hellos.

I told the butterfly I'd come to the party, however, I started to feel like a burden. She knew everyone- I didn't even know where to stand! I finally decided I would just leave and Irish goodbye. Nobody really acknowledged me while I was there so I was sure they would be fine with me leaving without a goodbye.

As I drove home, the questions gnawed at my mind like persistent pests. Did anyone even notice my absence, or was I merely a shadow in the background? Did they even notice the light bending around the matter making up my body or the air I took up as I tried to breathe? Did my absence leave a noticeable gap in the fabric of the party? Did they miss the flower from the wall?

But now, finally alone in the sanctuary of my own space, I don't care to wonder anymore. As quickly as I left, my thoughts left too. I can breathe freely once more. Here, in the quiet comfort of my own abode, I am the master of my domain. Solitude wraps around me like a warm embrace, offering respite from the chaos of the outside world.

In this introvert's haven, I find peace and contentment. Here, I reign supreme, the sole inhabitant of my own serene kingdom.

And while I feel so utterly alone, yet not lonely, I wonder, if anyone else shares in this feeling?

Yours in solitude,

Jenna L. Greenberg