

Lonely

Codi Vallery-Mills

Somehow, lonely fit her. Those around here couldn't picture her any other way. It wasn't that she wasn't happy. She was. It wasn't that she didn't have friends. She did. It was that she was carefree, independent and completely living by her own rules. She wore her life like it had been tailor-made.

There was no time clock. No social engagement or soccer game she must attend. Life asked nothing of her and she asked all of it. She saw her life as well-lived. She drank good wine, read great authors and found pleasure in the simple things.

Others saw her life as a loss. No children, no husband, no civic importance. They said she brought it all on herself, didn't mind being alone in this world. Was more comfortable where she lay.

It may be true. Loneliness is chosen some say. But I think maybe it chose her.