The Loneliness of a Discarded Soul

I watched her from a distance as she tended her garden. Loneliness is tragic and often goes unheeded until it

is experienced by one's self. It was never established as to what caused her condition. Some say it was statins

that she had taken to reduce her cholesterol levels or perhaps the Covid vaccine that had brought on a

temporary blood clot. In any case, she had suffered a mild form of dementia which had robbed her of her

short-term memory.

Friends who remained content in their married lives discarded her, either through frustration at her inability

to remember their conversations or simply because they lacked empathy. Even her own family remained

distant, although in fairness her two sons had always been distant, thanks to their wives. Not that there was

any discontent but the long-distance telephone conversations always remained the same.

Now she sits quietly in a chair embracing her long-term memories and holding back tears. Nobody visits,

nobody cares, and the younger generation are too busy with their lives. To all intents and purposes, she has

become an inconvenient responsibility.

The telephone seldom rings!

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