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# Loneliness is not the enemy

Loneliness is usually treated as an accident, something that happens later in life after a loss or a breakup or a change of city. We imagine a time when we were whole, and then something went wrong. But if one looks honestly, loneliness is not an interruption in life. It is one of its earliest facts.

Watch an infant left alone for a moment. Nothing is physically wrong; the child is fed and warm and safe. Yet the cry begins. The child simply cannot bear to be left alone. The moment a familiar face appears, the crying stops; all it needed was presence. Long before language, before thought, the

seed of separation is already planted.

This does not stop with childhood; it becomes our way of living. The ego, the basic “I-sense” we are born with, is incomplete by nature and cannot remain content on its own. It needs something to hold on to, something to define itself through. So the sentence “I am” is never allowed to stand alone; it must be completed: I am successful, I am loved, I belong. Each addition is an attempt to escape the unease of existing without support.

Loneliness is this incompleteness:



the restless expectation that something out there will finally plug the inner gap. One keeps moving, from one relationship to the next, one ambition to another, but the hunger persists. The ego can survive only in incompleteness, so satisfaction never arrives.

If this deep hunger is not understood, it does not disappear. It goes underground, and there it turns toxic. People run from it into noise and distraction and shallow bonds. But running only makes it worse. Suppressed pain does not heal; it festers.

Yet if you are honest enough to stay

with your loneliness, something begins to shift. When you stop fighting and start observing it, loneliness becomes a teacher. You begin to see how much of life has been driven by the fear of being incomplete, and in that seeing, the grip loosens.

Freedom from loneliness does not come from trying to fill it up with external things. It comes from walking into it, understanding it, letting it speak. Walk into your loneliness, and something unexpected happens. The loneliness that once chased you begins to dissolve. Not because you found better company, but because it finally revealed not just its face, but yours.