

## A Very Long Poem About Depression

Waking up, to someone like me, is hard  
I have to live the same day in the same year over again  
Like a broken record stopped in its tracks  
Repeating the same broken line until one day  
The record player breaks  
And the world keeps moving  
I have motivators for myself to help me  
My girlfriend, fraternity, teachers and parents guide me  
Though some days they disappear into the fog of my mind  
And I am alone once again  
They help the clouds to drizzle  
But when my mind is astray, lightning begins to spew  
Some days it feels like being buried alive  
Everyone walks above me and minds their business  
Yet I know they exist, and they know not of me  
Out of bed, I will enter the shower.  
My hair is greasy, so I must wash it  
If I don't, I feel disgusted in myself,  
More than I normally feel  
I sound like an edgy teenager when I project my emotions  
I don't try to, this is just how I project  
And when I project, people stick to that stereotype  
I am laughed at, ignored, pushed away, and bullied  
All for something that is out of my control

Looking in the mirror I find myself  
Often I stare into it wondering how much better I could be  
I could be taller,

More athletic,  
Have better vision,  
Be just a centimeter or two taller,  
I could be more extroverted,  
Smell better,  
Get better tastes for different hobbies,  
Yet to me everything I do comes naturally.  
I know it's a good thing to be yourself  
But sometimes yourself just doesn't feel enough  
I feel like a white crayon in a large box of crayons  
I may think I am useless,  
Yet in just the right moment,  
I can prevail and shine through  
But when is my moment?  
When is my time to shine? To prove I am worth something?  
To me, this never becomes a reality  
I stare at myself in the mirror, fix my hair,  
Brush my teeth, wash my hands,  
And hope that today I will be the white crayon on that black canvas  
Showing the world that I am worth a damn  
"I am here for a reason", I tell myself  
As I sit there and stare at the mirror,  
Sometimes for a moment, sometimes for what feels like hours,  
And I walk out of the bathroom

It sounds cliché to say that "some people wear a mask",  
Yet to me, this is just the norm.  
Coming into class, going into the cafeteria, walking to events,  
I always try to maintain a good attitude and wear a smile  
When I return from class, I will lack motivation to go the next day  
Walking into the cafeteria, I'll be to depressed and anxious to eat  
Returning from events, I won't think of it later, and take nothing out of it.  
I return and my smile is met into the opposite  
Like a rock rolling down a hill, turned into an avalanche  
All sense of positive emotion is often wiped away  
Puppeted by darkness, I stand alone  
And I wait, wait for something new.  
A class to start, a practice to go to,  
Something, anything, to try and maintain normality.

Therapy is a pain.  
Regurgitating my issues to a “professional” in my area  
Reliving the same experiences, over and over and over again,  
Only to be met for another appointment later.  
Money and sanity intertwined in two,  
Both spiraling down into what seemed like an endless pit.  
Therapy felt like a waste  
Money was wasted, washed away  
I remain a waste on this horrid earth,  
Only to be haunted by myself  
As I waste away.

My medicine is often my escape  
I take a pill and everything goes away  
The fire is extinguished in the length of an hour  
And I can remain positive  
I ask myself “why?”, even so,  
Why do I have to take a pill to not feel anxious?  
Why do I have to take something to make myself operate?  
Why do I have to take something to be normal?  
It’s hard to process, you know?  
I’m miles away constantly from what seems to be pure bliss  
Every time I feel a step closer, I am met with a step backwards  
Like I’m sprinting on a treadmill,  
I’m moving in a direction, yet I remain stationary,  
It’s only that when I take medicine that I hop off of the treadmill,  
And begin to walk in front of it.

My head feels like a constant war  
Am I okay?  
Could I feel better?  
How could I feel better?  
Should I do this or that?  
And how will this impact me?  
These questions are constantly thrown at me,  
Yet unfortunately, they’re thrown by myself.  
Like a mirrored image of myself with a gatling gun,  
Forever firing in my direction, through every wall, floor, and ceiling  
The brass leaves me with holes as I fall to the ground,  
Only stopping when I feel as if I’ve gained control.

Through my battle I've learned how to remain positive  
I've never thought of hurting myself or others  
I've never had terrible breakdowns  
I just tell myself "I need to manage"  
"I need to do what's best for me"  
Often when I get out of a routine, I'm thrown against that same wall  
And my mentality beats me to the ground.  
And so, I keep myself busy, in an attempt to escape myself.  
So that I can remain who I want myself to be  
I want to be how I perceive the people around me  
Students and adults, smiling

My girlfriend often helps with my problems  
I could be met with the worst day imaginable,  
Yet she will always be there to help me out.  
When she's around me, everything feels so clear.  
I feel like I have a motivation, like I have control  
My mind often feels like a misty forest.  
Tall trees, large grasses, and a thick fog  
I often feel like I wander this thick fog,  
Hitting trees out of vision that make me feel negativity,  
Yet I can't stop wandering, searching for a way out,  
Gasping for what air I have left.  
But when she's around, all is still.  
The sky turns to blue,  
The world is still,  
Glistening light peers through the trees,  
And I stay put.  
She is my angel, my guiding moonlight, my beacon in the sky,  
And though only temporary, I will be forever grateful.

I attempt to find positivity in the smaller things in life.  
As I grow old, I realize what little time I have.  
Not for life, but little time to do what I want.  
I try to find times to relax,  
Go on walks, listen to music and read different books.  
To calm my head and to focus on something, anything  
I always need to focus on something,  
Or my mind will rewind to it's starting point,

But I will persevere,  
And I act as Sisyphus,  
As I bear the weight,  
And attempt to move again.

Through my experience I've learned what it is to persevere.  
Coaches telling you to hustle,  
Assignments set with a strict due date,  
To achieve success in myself, I have to go through difficulties.  
I have learned to think of my mental illness as something I have to live with  
Only when I sideline the inevitable,  
Do I feel like myself,  
I feel human,  
I feel in control,  
And I feel alive.  
Alive and in control of my body.  
My struggles are in the past and I dwell in the future.  
I will learn to constantly be above myself  
And through working on myself,  
Quelling my battles,  
Learn what it is to be alive.