

Depression (A Poem)

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A short poem



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Ah, you are here I see. To be honest, I knew I would see you some time soon. This week has taken its toll on me, and I have been feeling you under my skin. It is late in my life; I do not have the time to start over.

When I was relieved of my job, I saw you. To make matters worse, I arrived home to my door being stamped with an eviction notice; again, I saw you. I tried to evade your presence; I tried to fill my congested mind with happier thoughts. Thoughts of times when I was truly content. But with reality comes your pitch black hand, wrapped around my neck as I try to breath whatever life I have left in me.

Although, in a way you are beautiful. When you lie in bed next to me at night, I want to scream; I want to cry; I want to end this legacy of failure. All because of you, and somehow I still fancy you a gift. Why?

Because you make me appreciate whatever good I do have in my life. When I see your aura in the streets, tied to others as they plaster their face with a sewn smile, I know that I am not alone. I realize that you are eternal, in that everyone knows you. Everyone feels you, and everyone is impacted by you. Whenever something good happens, it is a direct result from the overcoming of you. That is why you are great in some ways.

So I apologize. You can not have me now, nor could you ever. I cannot engrave my wrists by your doing. I cannot tie your noose around my throat. I cannot swallow your pills to make my pain go away. No matter how many times you visit me, you will not have me.

You will never have me.

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