

Major Depressive Disorder

GL Thomas

Defines my borders, saves my failures like a hoarder.
A mouthful to share, even with those who care.
Why do people stare? What do they see there?
My vision of the world is twisted, thrifted, lifted.
Gifted.
It works against me, prevents me from being understood.
How can that be good?

“Sad” is faster to say, to portray, and those letters do not get in the way or delay the truth.
Despite the label, I am able and stable, yet I remain the talk of the table.
I pretend not to hear it because I am too near it, washing fear down with beer.
Sit up straight. It’s hard to relate.
So, I at least look the part through the hole in my heart.
I’ve committed no crime, but I still did the time.
I build my own jail every time that I fail.

If I only knew who I am meant to be, you would see a transition in me!
The things I would do, the words I would say—I would rule my world in my own way.
“Look at him go!” With head held high.
Nothing to prove. What a fabulous guy!

With my mask in place to hide my face.
I join the dancers’ fabled, labeled, stabled; we twist and twirl, adored by the world for the tricks
we do, but I don’t fit that shoe.
I can’t find my rhythm, despite all I’ve been given.
I watch the masters who are never disasters, their fame set in stone, while I sit alone.
Or prone.

Please do not say, “We dance our own way.”
As you offer the trap of looking outside to feel satisfied.
Deep inside, I know it’s a lie.
All that matters is how I see me—reality.
But I am not ready, with legs of spaghetti.
I banish the hope; where did I put the rope?
In the absolute corners of my mental attic, protected by static, so GD dramatic. Diabolical tactics
I use all the time.

The reason does not matter because someday I might shatter, laid out on a platter.

I examine my mind and wonder what they'll find—nature left behind, too late to rewind.
Shame is the name of that which pulls me under.
The dark in my head, when I'm feeling half dead, huddled in bed.
Who am I to fight day and night? It does not seem right.

So, what do we do? Change our view?

Take a breath, clear the mind, leave the battles all behind.
I'll stay up all night and sleep the next day; I think I will say. "World, go away."
Do I have the right? While my hands are clenched tight.

From nowhere it arrives. How did it get inside?
Am I too late to hide or step aside?
But it does not work that way; it jerks, it flits, it perks.
A gentle breeze that brings you to your knees, chills you like a freeze, a disease.
I lied when I said, "gentle." Don't call me mental, not even accidental; I don't fit your stencil.

How can I muster an energy cluster? I do not want to rust or lose my luster.
You expect me to thrive when I'm barely alive; honey in the hive, I can't seem to survive.
I look up from the soul of the well, closer to Hell. I am not doing so well. Can you tell?
You blame me, you shame me, you name me, but you cannot explain me.
If you could, I would burn it into the wood; I would never give in to "should."
It is a downhill slide, a terrible ride, a feeling inside all the times that I've cried.

When I see faces in different places, it erases, chases, and displaces the darkest of graces.
I notice the sun, and I go for a run; do something fun, even after it is done.
Shame knows my game, whispers my name, withers my brain, derails my train.
I tangle myself in my history, looking back at a mystery, wond'ring how this could be?

But I feel alive.
I plan to survive. Maybe thrive?
I try harder to stay in *this feeling* as long as I live. I give myself a mind like a sieve.
To filter the good thoughts and drain the bleak, the weak, the meek, the freak.
I am left with magic, hidden by fabric, tucked in the attic. There is no need to panic.
Now I look down at the hole in the ground, dark chocolate brown, where I melted down.
I serenade Mars with my favorite guitars because I am made from the same stuff as stars.

Have I always felt like this? Abandoned kiss, parties missed, not invited, perhaps ignited?
A pilot light, orange bright, burns through the night—fueled by slight.

Deep below my broken heart, a rhythm starts. Do I trust? Yes. I must.

I finally discovered, uncovered, and recovered—words of transition compelled my admission.

I am wonderful! Who I am is just enough.

I am.

Enough.

I am starting a rumor that I'm a late bloomer!

Pathways wait for my swift gate. Now I have found both feet on the ground.

Life is right here. And nothing to fear.

I want to explore, to learn more, and to stop hiding in the back. My plan of attack is to walk to the front like a bull elephant—big eyes, big size, big planet—and dammit, break free from despair.

Replace it with dare. I might grow out my hair. Why do I care?

Who am I not to give what I can, to survive and understand?

The me that I am.

I love myself anyway, every day, no matter what the echoes say.

Neither too high nor low. I'll follow the flow.

Here I am, pen in hand, making my stand, wherever I land.

I cannot see ahead; instead, I write. Stories come every night.

My ideas take flight, even when they're not bright.

It is wonderful, despite it all, that I answer the call, even though I may fall.

I still have my words, send them soaring like birds.

My mind is in order.

Major depressive disorder.