

“Simply Not Simple”

I don't know what depression feels like
I picture it as a twisting and turning
An interminable strife
Like a shower of bullets
Perhaps a raining parade of bad days
Or a feeling of this simply couldn't can't shouldn't
Be happening to me
Why to me?
I'd rather be free

That was my first impression
Of the meaning of the word depression
The final answer to my question
What else could it mean
Other than a deep recession?

The closest distance between two people is a story
After making some friends I found a common allegory
People are sad
It might sound bad but people are just so sad
It most likely stems from something like a problem with a dad
Or a situation that was out of control
Something that made them mad
Time and time again until it just turned sad
Or something like a comrade turning on them
But all these dead flowers come from the same stem
I've learned that these are just the roots
To the beginning of the end

The end
What a time of uncertainty
Certainly it will come but when?
When the time is right
Is the answer from some
When you lose the next fight
The end could be the outcome
But giving meaning to why we go
Has a way of working the world into ebbs and flows
A network of coincidences has crystallized

Into a spider web of truths and lies
Lies
Are all they see through the kaleidoscope of what the people feed
Their children
People wonder why they seem to always give in
And die
A toy consisting of tiny mirrors and pieces of colored paper
Is stolen from their children at a young age
Logic is an eraser
Forcing them to foster rage
A child raising a demon
Running mile after mile with this thing they have to feed
It grows larger and darker
And eventually bites the hand that feeds them
Another petal falling from the stem

Observation of body language is very helpful
The image of a person who never sleeps is typical
Messy hair don't care right?
T-shirt slogans don't really mean anything
But have you ever asked the girl with the t-shirt slogan how she's doing?
You're in class with her
She laughs everything off like she's the happy-go-lucky poster-child
But you don't know her soul is screaming because she feels like an exile
She is beaten everyday but all you see is a tired smile
Tired because how can she have time for sleep
When all she hears is the deafening sound of her own weeps
She's closing her eyes in class when the teacher points to her seat
And scolds her for not paying attention
Assigning yet another detention
The distance is short but still there
You don't know her story so you don't care
Her petals are dying but no one is aware

I don't know all but I know what it feels like to fall
Because heartbreak has a way of getting the best of us all
It's called heartbreak because it feels like someone is taking out your soul
And stomping on it to later be replaced with a breath of stone cold
After the feeling of falling
We have a hard time loving again
Even when it's our true soul mate calling

Salt rains down on us to heal the wounds of the past
But salt hurts when it falls into cuts fast
Especially when we're the ones putting the slits there
We build walls around our soul to keep out the heartbreak
But what we forget to do is build a gate
We foster hate
Because we're afraid that love will tear us apart
That it will be the end
Our fate
More petals dying everyday

I watch the boy in the window through a glass frame
I see blue eyes filled to the brim with pain
I want to ask him how his soul is doing but I'm too afraid
Because I know what depression looks like
His lips can't take anymore talking
He just wants to get up and start walking
Away
But he can't because he can't find it inside of him to leave the glass frame
Because it's bulletproof and he's too afraid
That love will tear me apart
He feels like an anchor tied to the ankle of everyone who knows his story
He doesn't want the pity or the glory
He wants to be alone to deal with it himself
Along with blue eyes I see dead petals drying on a shelf

Rejection never feels good I'll tell you
But what feels worse is when it's for a cause you can't help
It feels like slipping into a glass shoe you know is going to break
Because once you take the first step in trying to help
It comes back to bite you like snake
And the poison doesn't immediately kill you
Death comes to mind for a while and you don't do anything
Why would you try to help yourself when you have nothing to live for?
Why not drown in the poison of the world?
Everyone else is fighting their own serpents
They don't have time to save you
They have to worry about breaking their own glass shoes

Sometimes I look over my shoulder at my people
Who are running from the devil

And wonder how their souls are doing
If they're running towards their steeples
I'm trapped in my own glass frame
But I built a gate to let out the hate
Now I ask my people to know if they're at peace or in pain
I don't want their petals to die on a window sill in vain
With their hearts afraid of love and their minds living enchained

I've started to gather a different view of what it means to be depressed
I see it more now that I know what I looks like
It can be beautiful on the outside
But once you close the distance between you and someone who's oppressed
When they tell you their story
That's when you find out you should have been praising them all this time
With open arms and glory

I don't know what depression feels like
But I bet it goes something like not eating for an entire weekend
Rather staying in bed for the season
Never finding the strength or having a reason
To live
Because living is hard work and people don't have the time to lend a hand
They have their own demons knocking down their doors filling their mouths with sand
But depression must feel worse than that
It must feel like falling down floor after floor
And never really reaching anything
A bottomless pit of darkness and once in awhile
If you're lucky you'll meet a friendly stranger who wears a smile
But then they'll keep walking because the kaleidoscope was taken from them as a child
The walls are built higher because people are not something to be relied on
They are all pawns on the chessboard called a universe
And it's simply not simple
To get better sometimes we have to get worse

“The Boy in the Pink Socks”

Looming over the boy stood the shadow of death
Hollowed cheekbones and pale skin letting out shallow breaths
A cloud of melancholy wrapped itself around the boy
And told him to stay silent

To not make a sound
Sit down
Down he sat and let the rain pour from the clouds and drench his clothes
Never told
To stay strong and be bold
He sat waiting on a savior to lift the cold

Before the time of looming
The boy's heart was booming
Feet zooming
Across the football field
Always winning never losing
Filled with life and love
Waiting for him on the sidelines was his girl
His dove

Days of splendor spent with her
Were a delight and when they occurred
He felt like flying
Like he could conquer the world
With her, everything was right
He could take flight
From his dreadful homelife
She could make times together feel bright
She wore robes of white
He held her tight
All was golden in the sky
When the day met the night

The last day
Of freedom was spent at the bay
Tidewater sinking like her fate
He laid down
Running his hands through the sand
White pieces of light
Falling through the funnel in her hourglass of life
Hand in hand she took a stand
Hair whipping in the wind
She walked to the water
Smiling, she fell back
He caught her

The sun kissed the moon with charismatic love
Overhead pure white clouds became laced with gold light
Their love took flight
And never came back down to earth

He held her hand tight
Along with the memories of the ocean
He could feel the motion
Of the wind
Pushing her closer to him
The last swim
Before his whole world turned dim
The tidewater rose to the brim
Her time left was becoming slim

The hospital bed looked to him like dread
But she smiled with optimism as she laid there
He kissed her head
“All was true, all the words we said”
Her soul rose to the heavens but
From the land of silence her body remained
Detained
In a prison of pink ribbons
He cried tears of blue
Like the water of the last day
He stayed there until her hand grew
Cold
Never would he grow old
With his whole world
He sat wishing for his girl
His dove
“I’ll never forget you my love”

Black was his color of mourning
Red was the color of his night
All the time
He was trapped in his own mind
There was no way to find
A way out of her image of death
If he could only meet her again
He wanted to end

The suffering and pain
He took to cutting his veins
Until her ghost whispered disapproval from up above
He know it was her when he saw a white dove
Up in a tree waiting to wait
On the sidelines
For her love
For him to forget the pain
And stop living his life in vain

He dropped the sharp knife
Of a short life
Now is not the time to fight
God and His will
He doesn't want to see a red spill
Or the devil hidden like a genie in a bottle of pills
Now he knows the chills
Of his demons but won't give them what they're looking for
Their thrills
Are over
It's all over
The only way is up

The field of crimson and cream
Is outshined by his dream
The game under the lights
Cannot compare to the flights
He has taken on his journey
No longer is there hurting
There is only a burning
Passion for the future
With hands together he kneels
At her gravestone and on his heels
He is the boy in the pink socks
Who keeps his heart locked
For the soul in the tree
Bless the holy trinity

The white dove now flies away because she knows
He has overcome his woes
He knows this soul will be his wife

One day when the time is right
Once again she will stand on the sand
In robes of white
He'll hold her tight
All will be golden in the sky
When the day meets the night

“Seldom Satisfaction”

People often write about being sad
Or about something like a problem
Or something generally bad
At times I fall into this category
Most writing I hear has a tragic allegory

Happiness is yearned for by all
But we crawl too often into a coffin
We live for the day and end up with our eyes softened
By the tears we cry because we haven't risen above our vision
We stay poor and everyday we knock on the same door to keep score
But we seldom find what we're truly looking for

“Misfortunate Matrimony”

We learned to dance together on the floor
Of each other's hearts, we knew what to do
When there was gloom and one ran from the door
You held me close and I then consoled you

You loved me more than you could ever love
Another soul in this beautiful world
My heart got caught in my mind so I shoved
You away when the bells rang in the cold

I'll live this way until I lose my mind
Walking through nostalgia looking at you
Wishing I could go back and change the times
We had as one, I should have said “I do”

I hope one day I'll be your mistress

Mistakes were made and I need forgiveness

“Veronica”

Veronica Veronica
Locked up in a room
Veronica Veronica
Forced to sweep the broom
Sad and lonely still
Without a living will
Veronica Veronica
She feels the need to kill

Veronica Veronica
I saw her in my dream
Veronica Veronica
Her shackles made me scream
Dark with skin and bones
I feel her killing tones
Veronica Veronica
She’s on the blackened throne

Veronica Veronica
I can feel the knife
Veronica Veronica
Took the waking life
Vicious and fulfilled
She cleans the newly killed
Veronica Veronica
All the night is still

