

Writing Depression.

I've been stricken by a serious form of depression for the last five or six months. Deep down, I knew it was coming. It was coming for more than seven years now. Losing any shred of solid identity, control, sense of smell – joy. All those crazy nights of overindulging, overeating, drowning my innate sorrows in a drunken stupor, like a big goddamn cliché. You know what I mean, in that very distinct and undeniable manly way of dealing with what seems, and probably feels, like clinical depression. Working yourself to the bone, until something bleeds, then push a little further, then stop. Smile but for a second and then do it all over again, because that's how it's supposed to be.

It amuses me how “man” deals with depression. When he is not allowed to be vulnerable, to feel pain, to cry, to ask for help—so he runs incessantly, works to death, sometimes even achieving more than he imagined, hiding behind his achievements, behind his success, a success that came because of inner pain, metamorphosized into external pain, because that's the only pain allowed to man. Malformed wounds, turning into misshapen scars, badges of war, of courage - these are encouraged, rewarded even. Return from war fragile, mentally unstable, broken from the inside, and no woman will lie next to you in bed, her head resting on your chest, her fingers tracing gently the soft tissue that now constitutes your scars, feeling oddly aroused and proud for her man. No. Not for you.

Depression is patient. It takes its time. Waiting, conniving. At first, it feels like lying in bed, comfortably. Then a supple whisper of a wind goosebumps your skin. A shiver. Covering yourself with a thin sheet seems the right thing to do. Then another one. And then another one. And another. And -what the hell- another one. Soon, a giant heap of sheets presses down on your chest. Breathing becomes hard, constricting you slowly. Every time you breathe out, the weight crushes down on your lungs. Expansion is impossible. So you keep still. Unable to scream for help. Scream and die. In silence you have a little longer.

This is no way to live...

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This is no way to live... Our minds, remarkable and liquid as they are, make up stories. Stories saying, for example, this is no way to live. And that's how suicidal thoughts are made. If waiting to die, under all this pressure, your inability to scream flaunted at your face, is all there is to life, then offing one's self sounds sensible. But it's not. It shouldn't be. But it is. You, shut up.

I'm staring back at me in front of a mirror. My eyes meet my eyes and they dance, from one partner to the next and back again. Jittering. Indecisive. I know I shouldn't speak. Things rarely improve after speaking to a mirror. It may be ego-destroying but in a negative sense. Sense! As if senses make sense anymore. WYSIWYG. What crap.

My glance jumps from pupil to pupil. The left one is small, like a pencil's broken tip. The right one is as big as the pencil's eraser. Am I having a stroke? This may be neurological. My brain is misfiring. A chemical imbalance must be it. Deviating from the

norm. Normality. “Normality is death,” wrote Adorno once. Good ol’ Teddy, back in California. Now that’s surreal. Adorno in California. Ha!

I digress. But what is the point? By that I mean, what is the point from which I digress? Let us look closer and analyse.

Ok.

As far as I can comprehend, the only point to be found anywhere in here is the pencil’s broken tip. It’s pointy, you see. And as such, eventually, one must have pushed its pointy tip into my left eye. But why? Well, seeing as my eye didn’t have a pupil that aforementioned someone must have thought: Let me draw a pupil for that man’s eye. And so he did. My eyelids, however, forever disagreeing, swooped over the newly-drawn pupil, and swished it away. Then my saviour must have thought: What if I make this more permanent? And so he pushed in the pencil, twisted it violently and broke in the tip. Hence, among other things, my left pupil was born. How my right pupil came to be the size of the pencil’s eraser is self-explanatory... I think.

I write about depression because it is over for now.

I write with my left pupil when there’s light and the pupil is sharper.

I erase with my right when it is dark.

I am both. But I can see. For now.