

"I'm tired," I say,
"That's all."
And in a way, I guess it's true.
In every other way,
It's a lie.

Tonight you ask me
What depression feels like.
I think, then tell you
That it's sort of like
Slowly clicking up a roller coaster hill,
Waiting and waiting to peak,
But never reaching the top.

You seem confused
But don't ask anything else.
Soon enough you're gossiping about
How that girl we know got pregnant.
You don't understand that
I am still climbing that godforsaken hill.

People call me heartless,
Robotic.
I wonder if they realize
How difficult it is to function
When you're not sure if you even exist.

And here I am,
Dodging your politely, forcefully concerned gaze,
As you ask me what's wrong.
"I'm tired," I say,
"That's all."

I wish I could explain depression to you
Once again and scream about
How I wish I could feel anything.
Do you really want to know what depression is like?
Depression is like having a disinterested corpse
Skillfully stowed in the shell of my body.

"You seem so sad lately.
Can't you at least pretend to care?"
Oh, honey, if you only knew.
You ramble on about this and that,
But I'm no longer listening.
You could dig for centuries

And never strike my dying core.

And THAT, my innocent, naive fool,
Is what depression feels like.

— @urfav-4rt1st