

Depression

(1995)

The pains of life are with us again.
Oh yes, they've been with us before.
But now they are back.
Once more the cocoon begins to form
Isolating the one that is ours.
No joy. No warmth. No love.
The shell is hard. There is no way in.
The only outlet is to another world.
We strive to rupture that cocoon.
But our attempts are futile.
What feeds this cocoon? This shell about a life.
Is it sorrow? Is it jealousy?
Is it guilt? Is it frustration?
Who knows.
If we knew, we could break that wall of silence.
We are so helpless.
We are outsiders. Unwanted. Rejected. Superfluous.
Appendages to be cut off.
We attempt to penetrate that cocoon.
But are repelled by its sharp spikes.
We cry for help.
But there is no response.
There is no solution.
We are alone; once again.