

The Waiting Game

By: Sophia Crasto

why so young? we are only so young.

the lows become numbing,
the highs disappear,
anhedonia a symptom to my absent cheer.

am i guilty? am i to be blame?

my answer is yes.

i see i'm nothing but
colorless
in a world
that awaits
my happiness

happiness: a lost stranger who does not want to be found

a speck i am,
i feel like.
family, friends,
i wonder if they see
i needed you, i still need you

i must bother others
i pulled away

a reality of emptiness and numbness
is that enough to stay?

i am guilty. i am to blame.
my mind won't let that change

i don't recognize the person
i miss my old self

do this
do that
do this
do that

i can't, i just can't.

i promise i'm not shallow.
i love so hard but cannot receive.
i love so hard but don't see that action worthy of me.

i ache. i pain.
inside and outside.
a smile, a frown.
a hoodie, a scar.
a coffee, a hunger.
a laugh, a facade.
all a facade.

i want to scream
i want to cry
but i can't.
i want to laugh
i want to smile
but i can't.

i am stuck. i feel rotten.
where is the light
where is the hope
where is the fun
i don't see it.

it is not just today. it has felt like forever.

a ghost is who i am
a figure much worthy of me
i wonder if thats the way i am supposed to be

i fly in the darkness
pass my milestones
blind to achievements
a scholar
a honor
an inspiration to everyone but me.

i want today to end
i just wait for tomorrow
i sleep. i don't sleep. i sleep. i don't sleep.
everything feels like a waiting game

i am so tired of playing it.

failure is my enemy,
but i wont let myself beat it
loss is my enemy,
but i am always alone

but hey, don't you want to be alone?
yes but not lonely

i wake up empty
i thought everyone felt the same
i just wait
i just wait for the day to end
a hole inside i don't know how to fill

do this
do that
do this
do that

but why? why anymore?
i should be smiling of course
i should be grateful of course
i should be fine of course

but no.
nothings the same anymore.

Poet's Note: This poem reflects the state of mind of a human being battling Major Depressive Disorder (MDD). It is less a story but a descriptive, ongoing, thought that a person with MDD wants to scream yet feels all-consumed in. Today's society faces unprecedented rates of Major Depressive Disorder in adolescents. A serious and prevalent predicament, yet so commonly misunderstood. Depression has become generalized by the media as a simple "sadness" and therefore undermined for its harm on individual's psychological and physical health. This poem depicts the guilt-ridden cycle of the fight against depression that leads to self-destructive thoughts and social actions. People preach "it is ok to not be ok" but then fail to be attentive to abnormal changes in loved one's behavior and outlooks on life that prevent them from reaching out to an outlet for help. This is real. This is serious. I wrote this poem as an individual who has struggled to battle their own depression and felt drained, tired, and insignificant against the forces of society that uphold a false stigma to mental health. Depression is multifaceted, therefore, awareness on its symptoms is crucial to people's dismissal of the salience of their mental health and to help those beat it once and for all. It must not be forgotten, depression is not phase. It is not a something to just get over. Do not let uneducated people invalidate one's emotions as the disorder is beyond a state of mind but fueled by chemical alterations and imbalances in our complex brain. The emotional turmoil of this poem is not hyperbolic but a harsh check on the reality of MDD that society must recognize and address for the sake our rising generations.