

# *A Collection of Poems about Depression*



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These poems are based upon poems and diary entries I made in the early 1990s while suffering from severe depression. The poems are in chronological order, spanning a period of about ten months.

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## Floundering in an Arid Wilderness

Why is my life  
in such inner turmoil?  
I grow faint,  
physically and emotionally,  
yet I don't know why.  
I flounder helplessly  
in this arid wilderness,  
buffeted by the winds  
of despair and confusion.  
Anger and bitterness  
rise up like a flood.  
I turn to Jesus,  
seeking comfort,  
although it feels like  
He has forsaken me.  
I try to face  
and sort through  
the issues and implications,  
but there's too many of them.



## Languishing in a Personal Hell

Every day I languish  
in this personal hell.  
I want to get out of myself,  
and go anywhere else.  
I've tried not to grumble,  
not to get bitter.  
And I failed.  
I think and think,  
searching to find  
the answers as to what  
has happened to me and why,  
but it is worthless -  
I am allergic to my own thoughts!  
They are plagued  
with fears and doubts,  
and my wretched understandings.  
Surely they are my undoing!  
I feel so inadequate, so helpless,  
oh Lord, when will it end?



## This Endless Inner Pain

No one can see  
this endless inner pain,  
or hear me screaming  
on the inside,  
wishing it would end.  
And somehow  
I am still me,  
even though I'm not  
the slightest bit like myself.  
Although the mornings are worse,  
this endless feeling of dread  
perturbs me all day, every day.  
Occasionally it relents,  
only to return in full force.  
And whenever I think and analyse,  
I fall deeper into this miry pit.  
Regardless of how hard I try,  
I cannot turn off my mind!  
I cannot believe this is happening to me.  
Help me, God!  
Are You angry with me,  
or do You understand,  
and love me all the more?



## What has Happened to Me?

What has happened to me?  
Where has this come from?  
What did those two weeks mean,  
at the end of last year,  
when I completely fell apart.  
I could barely think a complete thought,  
and could find no peace  
regardless of what course of action I considered.  
All day long,  
throughout those two weeks,  
I lay curled into a ball,  
churning over fearful thoughts.  
I couldn't get away.  
It would not stop.  
And it is still going,  
nine weeks later.  
Though it is not as bad as before,  
which is probably because  
I'm busy at work.

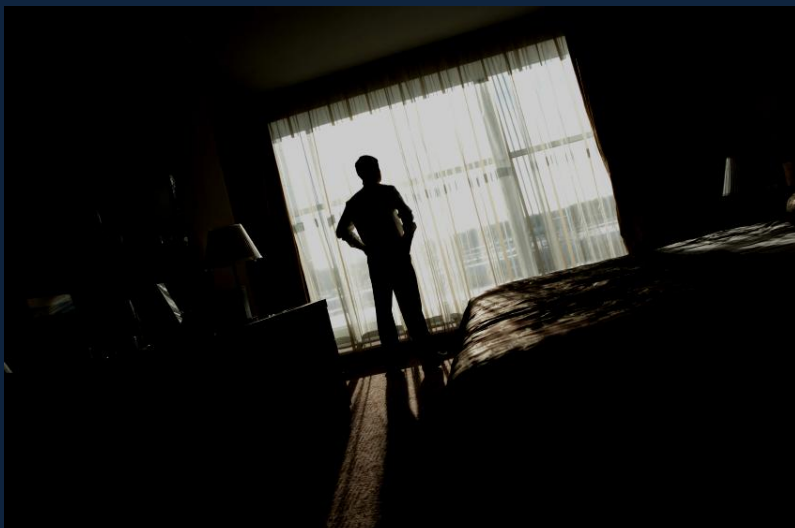


## Will I Ever See Daylight Again?

I feel like a bird  
trapped in a suffocatingly small birdcage,  
hidden at the bottom  
of a dark basement.  
I want to breakout of the blackness,  
And fly into the Light outside.  
But it is an impossible task - I can't get out.  
And the thick, murky black air closes in...

I feel like I'm in a room  
with invisible walls.  
But it's so black in the room,  
that I can't see through the walls.  
Where I go, the room goes -  
I can't get out.  
I wish someone would chain the room still,  
so that I could get out into the Light,  
But there is no escape,  
because I am the room.

I know there is Light outside,  
I can remember it!  
I see others walk in it every day,  
but how do I get out to that Light?  
Will this nightmare ever end?  
Those who have been here before me,  
Have left sign posts along the way,  
But they all say the same thing:  
"Wait and you'll come through it,  
life will be normal again one day. "



## How do I Stop Feeling?

This suffering  
pollutes my worldview,  
so I see everything  
in a wrong light.  
Instead of the truth  
I see only heartache and nightmare.  
I know the conclusions  
I've been making  
are affected by the way I feel,  
But how do I stop thinking?  
How do I stop feeling?  
I see others  
living and prospering,  
yet I remain stuck  
in this dark prison cell.  
Jesus, where are You?  
Please see my circumstances  
and hear my prayer.  
I know You are Faithful and True.



## Where Does This Road Lead?

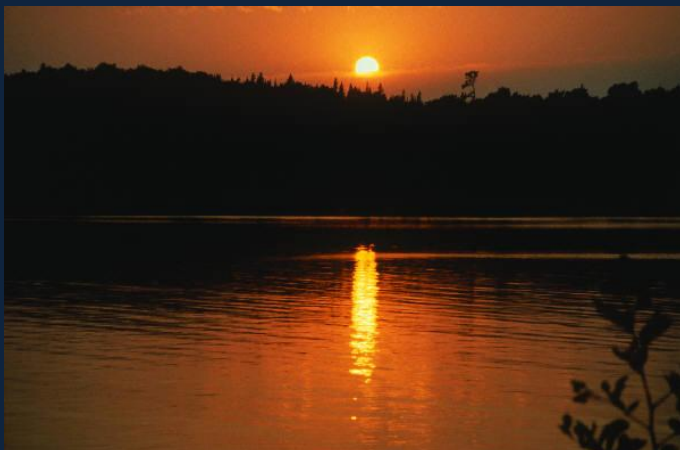
What is this storm  
that rages within me?  
Why won't it abate?  
I've done nothing but hide and wait  
for four long months now.  
"It will end one day soon," they tell me.  
But where is the proof?  
I have no future,  
how can there be when I'm like this?  
I can't face anyone  
except those I must.  
I wait and I wait and I pray,  
but I'm so weak that I lack  
the strength to fight  
the anger and frustration that consume me.  
Where does this road lead?  
It is difficult to trust God  
in these circumstances,  
even though He says  
He will never let me down.  
The fact is, God can see the end,  
But I cannot -  
I see this going on forever.





## Seeing a Counsellor

Because my life is  
a complete mess,  
I have started seeing a counsellor.  
I felt so guilty  
for taking up her time,  
but I need the help,  
so I make myself go.  
She said that depression  
is the worse ailment  
we can have,  
because it affects  
all areas of our lives:  
mentally, emotionally,  
physically, and spiritually.  
We err in thinking  
that because our spiritual life is effected,  
the cause must be spiritual.  
But no, depression touches every part of us.  
She listed the symptoms of depression,  
all of which afflict me:  
having no hope,  
unable to see a future,  
cannot see myself recovering,  
looking at everyone else  
and wishing I was any one of them  
instead of myself.  
She has been helping me to see  
the true perspectives  
on the things I fear,  
and said that I need  
to be on anti-depressant meds.



## A Faint Glimmer of Hope

I can scarcely believe it,  
but it's been nearly two weeks  
since I've wanted to end it.  
I am tempted to deny  
ever feeling like that,  
but I did -  
I just wanted to do die  
to get away from the pain.  
So these anti-depressant tablets  
must be helping me.  
For four weeks I've taken them.  
My fears that they would not help,  
were unfounded.  
And is it true?  
Can I see a faint glimmer of light now?  
How many others  
are there out there,  
suffering like me?  
I wish I could help  
and comfort them,  
but I wouldn't know how,  
I don't even know  
how to survive this myself.



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