

## Depression

I wake up, stand up,  
see my soul still  
clinging to the sheets,  
curled up tight like  
a fist, like a potted  
crocus that was placed  
in a dark room. It's still  
sleeping, dreaming  
(I hope it dreams, but  
I don't know for certain;  
I can't remember, I can  
never remember), and  
I can't wake it up, even  
when I play its favorite  
songs (they all sound  
the same to me) or read  
its favorite books (I wade  
slowly through the words;  
too fast, and I'll drown)  
or take it outside in the  
open air (I'm always afraid  
it will float away, disappear  
like a child's balloon into  
the indigo twilight, and  
then we'd both be lost).  
I even carried it (gently),  
cupped in the palms of  
my lifeless hands; brought  
it to the one who it always  
wakes up for, the one  
whose voice can always  
stir it from its dreadfully  
long slumbers (over a  
month now, this one) and  
coax it back inside. But  
this time, it didn't sound  
the same, and I was  
suddenly overcome with  
the realization that he  
could crush my soul so  
easily; the poor thing would  
crack like a glass Christmas  
ornament if he handled it  
roughly (would he save the  
broken pieces?), so now  
we're on our own, and it won't  
be much longer before I