

## Darling Depression

'Darling' because I once felt connected to you and I already feel stronger to address you like that. I feel I know you inside out, just as you know me.

'Anxiety' or 'Melancholy' or whatever your evil name is, you are nothing but the blue phase of my liquid crystalline life, the grey in my condensed matter, the black of my statistical thoughts, the red of my angry radiations and the green of my envious plasma (When will you teach children that there are four states of matter???). You are my captivator, my torturer, my almost hangman (Thank God I saw my parents' photo in my wallet). You must be a male since you tormented my female friends more (Result of Surveys; not a rigid feminist).

The ugly, terrible words for my body gave you an invitation. My constant failures made me a laughing pile. My lover steered away. My neurotransmitters blocked. My emotional quotient rose like mercury at your insensitive tantrums. My work felt like lead. Alcohol and drugs were my only panacea. So, you, the parasite, found me a lovely host.

You silenced my voice, slaved my appetite and shoved me to the depths of the Marina Trench. How cold, dark and lonely I felt! On some days, you made me the Lakshman who did not sleep and on other days, I felt like a sister of Kumbhkarana. You were the anti-sunshine, anti-lover, anti-hope. In fact, you are the anti-matter the scientists are searching so desperately for. You acted as the thin film between me and my loved ones. You were the pill that dozed away my concentration and killed my decision-making cells. My time slowed down and my years shortened.

You thought you would be the spiralling black hole absorbing my energy, my light and leave me with endless fatigue. Haha!!! Even the mightiest fall. I have conquered you, belittled you, escaped you just by realizing that I have to. Just like phoenix, I rose from my ash of nano-particles. I meditated to focus on my dreams, my abilities and my strengths. I prayed to the healing powers of nature. I did sun salutations (Surya namaskar) for the enlightenment of my inner self. I played till the pessimism sweated out. I danced till my body shed the extra kilos. I painted the happy colours in my life. I enjoyed the rawness of food; the fruits, the vegetables, the nuts, the seeds and not to mention, the comforting chocolates. I

distanced myself from your devilish robot called the 'Mobile phone.' I mindfully used the 'Mindfulness' app. I found my guardian angel to talk my insecurities out. I recorded my excruciating journey in a diary and a tape. I integrated myself with books like 'When all is not well', 'first we make the beast beautiful', 'Feeling good- the new mood therapy', 'The happiness trap' and the like. Above all, it was my mind that signed me a letter as -

Get dressed, love.  
You're going to be late.  
Look at yourself in the mirror.  
The one you really love.

Stand up, love.  
Your tears make you weak.  
Wipe off that mascara,  
Proof of sadness upon your cheek.

Chin up, love.  
You must try your very best.  
Forget about your dizzy spells,  
The tightening in your chest.

Smile a little, love.  
Let me see those pearly whites.  
No one has to know  
The ruins of dark nights.

Breathe a little, love.  
Your pain won't be forever.  
Take my hand and I'll take yours.  
We'll get through this together.

*(A heart-felt compilation by Emma)*

If it does not end well, it isn't the end. "*Picture abhi baaki hai mere dost.*"

Your worst nemesis

Sarab