

WITH A CAPITAL 'D'

By Sarah diGiovanna

My life is a giant spinning wheel
of repetitive motions
waiting until the decomposition of my body
that no longer allows my preemptive movements
that keeps me going
when I am not.

I am aware without action,
a seedling that cannot break through the dirt
that was supposed to nourish me
but instead smothered me.

I am being smothered by routine
and my inability to break it.
Is it laziness that keeps my limbs soldered to my bed?
Unable to think past the moves my body doesn't want to make?

Because it can't be depression—
To me, Depression—
because a lowercase d isn't strong enough
to overtake my body like this

They say seeping chemicals take over my brain
and I can only sit back and watch
as it takes my soul, too.

I don't want to be like this.
I don't want to dream away reality.
I don't want to talk.
I don't want to move.

I just want to sit back and do
what I always do:
My routine,
my cage,
my comfort zone.

I am shaped by what my body tells me to do
because I am tired of fighting.

If I keep thinking these are parts of me
instead of one whole me
I will never get off this Ferris wheel
(With a capital D).