



Photo / Jessica Barth

Send your PHOTOGRAPHS, drawings, PAINTINGS, pictures of sculptures, POEM, short stories, SONG LYRICS & anything else to mindseye@nysa.bc.ca. Title all your photos with your initials or full name. Jpg and tiff formats are accepted. Title and name all written work to ensure you get credit where credit is due...What are you waiting for? Submissions are accepted on an ongoing basis.

Depression Crippled Thought

By Jolene Webber

These people don't relate
 Misunderstandings create hate
 makes me wonder how to chase fate
 I feel like to be taught, it's too late.

Frustrations creep the cracks that my averted eyes can't block
 The cracks that let the annoying get to me, the hated the
 misthought.

Feelings of what I miss the most haunt my mind, regrets of not making
 enough time, come to stand and taunt me at every starting line.

I wish for what's too late, makes it hard to appreciate, things in this
 everyday life now that I know life has meaning love feels a strife.

Faces I see everyday in my head aren't there in front of me.
 Traces of my thoughts written in lead aren't as satisfying as they
 should be.

I sat and waited for others to read my mind, to know I was alone and
 lost, to know I needed their time.

I sat and waited for an invisible non-existent sun to shine.

People say I matured and grew up too fast, I say it's absurd, why
 didn't imaginary last.

Was always told to "quit asking questions, you'll grow up soon
 enough"

Well I'm still asking too many questions, I'm grown up and I've got
 plenty of mentions, I ain't satisfied yet.

I don't understand, Why not, What is it that I don't get?

Is it a family member, a friend, am I missing a piece of mind, or is it
 something physical I have to mend, why am I now unkind.

What's missing in me? Why is it I crumble whenever I start to
 believe,
 the tear covered eyes are tired and I'd like to clear the blur to see.
 Inside my Depression Crippled Thought, I will keep looking for a new
 way to be.