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Soliloquy

Amber Reeves

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Soliloquy

Amber Reeves

depression is not cute
depression is not a john green novel read on your porch under a rainy sky,
it does turn you into ethereal stardust

do not buy the stories they try to sell you—
you will not find a boy who sees your scars and feels a faint tug on his heartstrings that leads
his lips to kiss your pale, tattered flesh
you will not find a boy to sit idly by as you rip apart your body limb from rotten limb

depression is ugly, and it will tear canyons
between you and your lover
between you and your family
between you and your entire world

it will turn you into a monster in the eyes of the very people who swore you would always be their summer, always be their spring blossom at the end of a long, harsh winter
but they ripped their rosebud out of the soil the day you confessed that their love wasn't enough to keep you in this world
the day that you became the winter, the cold unfeeling wind, the brittle branches crumbling under the weight of your dying world

he will see your scarred skin and lose the courage to look you in the eye
as he wonders where he was when you lost yourself again
he will cringe despite himself, despite all his love for you,
despite his every intention to board up the windows and hold you through the hurricanes that are ravaging your being

he will tell you that his phone is always on— and it will be
but at 3 am when he picks up to your trembling voice,  
he will answer less enthused than you think he should be

Because, after all, he is only human.

his body does not run on your broken circadian rhythm  
and his brain does not pick up on the wavelengths  
that send shivers down your spine as you curl into yourself at night

He is not built to understand and that is a godsend within itself.

his hands will be strong as yours tremble  
his heart will be steady as yours fails to remember  
how the hell it's supposed to keep a steady rhythm

your spine may shrink and crumble as his grows taller  
but remember— your spine carries the weight of a thousand lives  
your spine carries the burden of a thousand thoughts he will never  
be able to fathom

the birdcage in your sternum does not make you weak  
the fears that flutter frantically, always threatening to escape  
through your shaking lips  
do not define your character

You are not his conquest.

you are not the broken toy in the corner  
waiting for the right hands to piece you back together  
you are not the ruins of something once beautiful,  
waiting for an artist's vision to shape you into  
something the world can stomach once more  
and you are not his manic dream
the final piece to his puzzle, the means to his end

So do not buy the stories they try to sell you.
Do not let them write you off.
Do not let them push you to the sidelines.
Do not let them brand you as a phase, as the product of a bullshit generational statistic.

You are the mountains.
You are the sunset.
You are the winter— and the summer.

You are a lifetime worth of wonder just waiting to burst through.