

A Letter to my Depression

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I wonder if the moon cries at midnight –

If she can hear my screams in the middle of the night

Because that's when the *storm* hit.

I have night terrors in the middle of the day –

My body trembles when the sun shines –

I scream in horror when a rainbow appears

I wonder if you can feel the pain you cause me

Or if you can smell my salty tears trail all the way to your doorstep –

I knock until my knuckles bleed then fall to the ground,

Weeping to the willow trees floating above me.

I want to touch them, trace them with my fingers like a coloring book –

Coloring in the spots I want to abuse

But I hesitate when I think of you –

My hand shakes uncontrollably and my crayons create a pattern on the page that only

You can read.

I wonder what the river feels when it freezes over in January

I wonder what the willow trees think about me when I climb them to escape February

I wonder if you ever loved me or if you loved to control me because

I let you.

I wonder if the moon cries at midnight –