

# A Letter to My Therapist from My Depression

I wanted to just be happy to see you after three weeks vacation. Nothing is that simple for me though and the sound of your voice was enough to remind me of the lack in my life. It is easy to not feel-- when I can brush aside meaningful connection, when I can retreat to loneliness. This is a place that is both easier to bear and harder to be hurt in. Loneliness is like my cave, a dark sadness that keeps me from the real world. And like Aristotle, I see only the shadows of truth; and maybe they are less nuanced, but then they are also less capable of inflicting pain. Because when I get a glimpse of the real (letting go for a moment of my I-don't-give-a-fuck attitude), I can't take in just one sliver of sunlight. The whole cave is illuminated by reality. Me crouched in my corner, the ghosts of babies never born, people who supposedly loved me, the weight of trauma to be understood and felt and healed, a life that I hate to admit seems utterly wasted and yet unchangeable. A future that seems at best futile and at worst hopeless.

I don't think it matters how many hands of the dying I hold or if I tend to their bodies with my own type of devotion. I don't think anything I'll write will ever find an audience. I don't think the love I have for those in my life will ever be safe for me. I will always love without an equal reciprocity. Not that love needs to be reciprocal to be useful and fair and whole, but that I feel it's lack. I guess everyone wants to be loved the way they love, and I haven't met a soul who could match me yet.

In the end, it seems like I'm searching for a love story. But I'm not. I'd take the cave if I could keep the darkness. Otherwise I need acceptance in the light. But perhaps acceptance is not the right word...tenderness?

A postscript on psychiatry & medication: this is apparently the depth of my distress after 1 day of missed antidepressants. I noticed it in my pill box last night. To be fair, I also missed my allergy pill, which has a discontinuance side effect of suicidal ideation. Found post-marketing of course. How any of us live given the mere side effects of medicine is a miracle.