

It's going to be one of those nights. Another of those rough nights which have plagued me throughout my adolescent life. My depression overwhelms. It takes over and suffocates out anything good leaving only darkness and despair. I'm just so alone in this world. Nobody wants to talk to me, interact with me, look at me. It makes no difference what I do; I am ignored by the world. As far as the people around me are concerned I am not there. I cannot let them know that I know. Cannot show my vulnerability and weakness. I must stay strong and save face. My façade does what is necessary and pleases them, gives them what they expect. The darkness and loneliness is hidden beneath the surface and they are unaware of it. They do not care to look beyond the surface and act I put on. They just don't care. I am alone. Even when I go out with my so called friends; more like acquaintances—aren't friends supposed to care about you? My words go unheard, they fall on deaf ears, my suggestions have no effect on plans. I am nudged out of the way and pushed out into the crowd, away from the group like an outsider trying to fit in but just can't. So I am left with my thoughts. I am always left with my thoughts. They are my only company. I meander in and out from the current event to my mind making sure to keep up my front of friendship with those acquaintances who hardly acknowledge my presence. I can be silent for longer than fifteen minutes and nothing is said to me. Nobody talks to me so I stay out of their conversations. I have nothing to give them if they are unwilling to receive. They talk among themselves, to each other, discussing their problems and events, victories and losses. Nobody ever asks me about my events or my problems, whether I have won or lost anything. No one seeks my counsel or advice, nobody confides. Why? Do they think I know nothing of their situations or problems. "One who speaks does not know, one who does not speak knows much" was a line from a movie. A smart piece of wisdom but it remains unknown to my friends. I can't talk to them because they won't talk to me. They just don't care. I am left with no choice but to talk to myself. I am my only company. The night ahead looks long and depressing. The only comfort is it is full of something I know very well. Darkness. At least I can get lost in it and feel nothing. But to get lost I must be going somewhere. Unfortunately I am not. I have nowhere to go and my wheels spin without grip or forward momentum. I am stuck. They say misery loves company. But my misery hates it. The more the merrier, and misery hates merriment. How contradictory. I hang my head and close my eyes. I let my breathing calm me down. I mustn't get too worked up though it really leads me nowhere other than to feel sorry for myself. Others may cry in these times of depression but my eyes cannot produce tears unless to rid my lids of some intruding particle. The emptiness I feel is in my chest, but it spreads quickly like a virus. I virus that destroys mentally rather than physically. It eats away at any lasting good memories until nothing but the hollow sadness with the realization of being alone is left. How can I go on? Suicide enters the mind. Another statistic in the police records. I cannot become that. I know I couldn't go through with it. Deep inside of the darkness is the tiny flicker of hope. Something survives that thinks something good can happen. It rarely makes itself known but it is there, for when it does make an appearance, it overwhelms momentarily and opens my eyes to the virtuous world of opportunity. But as quickly as it appears, it recedes, lost inside me. Even though ending my life is not an actual realization, I look to my night table and see my pocket knife. I fondle it with care, turning it over in my hands, running my fingers across the cold steel of the blade. So smooth and sharp it glistens in the lamp light, so inviting. Just a slice to make the pain go away. The blood will flow and drown me out. The scarlet viscous fluid runs through my veins and will stay there tonight. I will go on to face another of these nights. They are often so similar I cannot tell them apart. How each started is unknown to me. They just sort of spring

themselves upon me. I replace the blade to its place in the drawer of my night table, turn off the lamp, close my eyes and lay on my back in the still darkness. My sober state of reflection is not a happy one. It never will be. My downfalls trump my triumphs, of which there are few. I slip into unconsciousness and sleep. When I wake, it will be another of those mornings. Mornings of new prospects and possibilities which lead me to dead ends and back to one of those nights.