



CANCER AND DEPRESSION

By Timothy S. Klugh

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My ability to dream and create seems damaged. Where my mind used to sparkle with ideas, there is hardly a sparkle at all. It's all my fault, but it's also not. At the end, I feel the sin... the splinter stays in. I guess the demon did win. And to put a name to the demon as I'm sure some think it is a person I'll point out, but it isn't a person. It was depression that was not medicated within me caused by a lack of money to afford the medication. But now that I'm medicated and that the demon is suppressed, it's just me now to deal with the mess. I was a victim, just like the rest, but trapped on the inside forced to watch it infest every part, every moment, and everyone in its stress... and here in the end after my mind it possessed, I am the one that the others detest. I hear of the heroes who flew into the fight to rescue the ones my depression despised, and I recall the opportunists who took advantage of my awful state. And I hear of those who tried to help me... and, most of all, the angel who tried to still help me to fly and continued to do so... until the nightmare (that my depression was) destroyed her inside.

I fought the demon from within myself, continuously, but just like the people outside, I fought it in vain. I failed just the same. The beast still remained... for one year... till the money came, and I could be medicated once more.

Depression does not get the distinction of being blamed by itself. A cancerous tumor in the brain might cause the same effect as depression, but its victim is held unaccountable for the condition. But not many distinguish a victim from their depression, and so it's the victim blamed for the transgression. Cancer is an "it". Depression is "you". And both are just as deadly.