

## MARVIN'S POEM

My mind is buzzing, alert, and aware. I am focused but hold a vacant stare.  
Living through daydreams and pointless haze; trapped in this labyrinth; an inescapable maze.  
Caught in a web of internal affairs; no one sees me, no one cares.  
Wondrous thoughts that can truly amaze; yet living out nightmares in an eternal daze.

Pulled in all directions by the spider's strings; I have no control, there is chaos within.  
Racing thoughts: my mind's so loud. Never at peace from the internal crowd.  
Thoughts larger than mountains, armies, and kings: I can't sustain them and the burdens they bring.  
Conscripted to move; idleness is not allowed. Silence brings pressure and unbearable sound.

I constantly move and endure the noise in my head. Boredom and respite induce maddening dread.  
I beg the spider to stop, but it refuses to cease. I writhe in its web; there is no peace.  
Insatiable hunger that can never be fed; forced to eat by the arachnid's thread.  
My thoughts are pawns; each is a game piece. The impulsive moves continue to increase.

My mind swarms with thoughts louder than screams. The visions mount pressure that burdens the seams.  
I long for liberation from the ideas without end. I am haunted by images that repulse and offend.  
I envision pointless fictions and vivid scenes. I am overwhelmed by disorder and cumbersome dreams.  
I am forced to watch fantasies I cannot suspend; forbidden from respite despite what I intend.

The balance is delicate and is disturbed with great ease. Inclement weather spawns from the slightest breeze.  
Crazed with excitement and disorientated with glee or repelled and disgusted by everything but me.  
All are deceptive and parasitic like fleas: dull and mindless like the bark of the trees.  
I am stalked by entities; there's nothing they don't see. The shadows attack me; I will never be free.  
Aggressors enrage me and fill me with woe; I cry tears of hatred, but no one can know.  
Repeatedly wounded and filled with grief. The climate unchanging, but the seasons brief.  
Suddenly, my body becomes heavy and slow. I feel nothing: my soul sinks so low.  
The world becomes irrelevant: an unreal belief. My body's a hollow vessel: spirit anchored beneath.

Life is boring, and people offend. Others lack importance; they are a mindless blend.  
People can't see, and they can't be shown. My mask is visible, but my spirit unknown.  
I wish my enemies meet unspeakable ends. I cannot love: no family or friends.  
I am detached and harder than stone. I need friends: fragile and alone.

My life has condemned me to cultivate a barren field. The labour sowed corruption: my rotten spirit is the yield.  
I can't trust my own kin; their violence is rife. Everyone will hurt me; they deserve torture by knife.  
My rage is too dangerous to be left unsealed. My abusers are oblivious to the fury I could wield.  
No escape from this harm, this prison, and this strife. No escape from this farm, this prison, and this life.

Am I innocent because each day I try, or am I deceived by my own lies?  
Is virtue obtained through innate good, or forged when struggling to do what you should?  
Am I innocent like the ensnared fly? Or am I the spider; cunning and sly?  
Despite the cocoon, I did all that I could. Would you trade places? I doubt anyone would.

## TOP TIPS:

- Use research to highlight personal issues that you can then discuss with a healthcare professional (but avoid self-diagnosis).
- Remember that depression can distort your judgment and convince you that you are disliked by others.