

YOU
by Merak



#Talk
IT'S ALL ABOUT
MENTAL HEALTH



CONTENTS

Things to tell yourself 01
when you are not doing great.

Too far out 09
Lynn White

If... 13
Dariusz Pacak

Blue Room 19
David Estringel

To the aching souls 23
Hasyimah Mohd Amin

Psycho Voice 26
Maria A. Arana

The doodle 28
Tim Wood

**Bombs of death and
fetids** 32
by Daniel de Culla

**Are you ready for the
truth** 34
by Sandeep Shetty

**Mental health is
everyone's business** 38
Shaheera Shaheed

**Don't take your laughter
for granted** 42
Paul Robert Mullen

Mental health 47
Zahra Javed

All things unsaid 51
Shagufta Hussein

But you don't look depressed
Dr. Bisma Ahamed 04

**The lofty view from the barred
Window** by Sunil Sharma 11

Breaking barriers
Shaheera 17

Happiness is a choice
Samantha Emily Evans 21

**We don't need to be
nightmares to One another** 24
Linda M. Crate

Bitter Days
Luis 27

Depression
Sudeep Soparkar 30

My Insanity
Ann Christine Tabaka 33

Ceramic Birds
Linda Imbler 37

The will
Amtul Hajra 40

Light as a feather
Iolana Paedelt 45

The fear of your mind
Amartya Pattanayak 49

Alone together
Natasha Saedi 50



C O N T E N T S



The farewells in your 52
arrival by Foy Timms

Sincerely the wounded 54
Rosiana Putri

Choose life 58
Sabrina Azhar

World between 62
Angel Edwards

Afterward 64
Michael H. Brownstien

Embrace
Jolly Alexander 53

Fight 56
Megha Sood

Plaything 60
Rochelle

**The smile of emptiness
and nothingness** 63
Hongry Yuan



It is only in sorrow bad weather
masters us; in joy we face the storm
and defy it.

- Amelia Barr

1. This Is Temporary

What you're going through right now is not permanent and you will get through. A quote I always tell myself is 'This too shall pass' and whatever struggles you're facing now will pass you soon. Your life will change in a short matter of time and the problems you're dealing with won't be bothering you for much longer.

2. What's Meant For You Won't Pass You

If you feel like you're constantly getting 'no's' and nothing is going right for you, remember that what's meant for you won't pass you by. If it's meant for you, it will work out and if it's not, it will pass you by. Don't get disheartened by getting a no or if you don't get something that you wanted. When the right opportunity comes along, you will know.

3. Things Will Work Out

You will be happy and you will get the things you deserve in life, even if it's taking a little longer than you expected. You're on a journey and you're not at your final destination, so don't feel down about not being exactly where you're meant to be right now. Everything will work out in the end and you'll figure out the right things to do and the right path to take.

4. I Will Get There

Believe in your abilities to achieve anything you want and remind yourself how strong and capable you are of doing anything. Tell yourself that you can keep fighting and keep going to reach your point of happiness. Progress takes time but little steps can amount to huge differences, so never underestimate your abilities and reinforce those beliefs and goals in yourself. Tell yourself 'I'll get through this.'





THINGS TO TELL YOURSELF WHEN YOU'RE NOT DOING GREAT

It's so easy to let negative thoughts and emotions creep into your life and take over your mental health. That voice in your head can seem so loud and persistent but you must remember that you're stronger than it. Sometimes all you need is a little positive reinforcement to remind yourself that everything is going to be OK. Here are 10 positive things to tell yourself when you're not feeling ok.

5. I Am Good Enough

It's so easy to constantly compare yourself to everyone else; to people on social media, to people you walk past on the street, to people who seem like they're doing so much better than you. Tell yourself that you are good enough and that you are not in competition with anyone else but yourself. Try not to compare yourself to others and don't listen to people who try to undermine you or lessen your self-worth. Don't seek approval from others, the only person you need to seek it from is yourself.

6. My Life Will Be So Much Different This Time Next Year

Think about the future, think about how different your life will be when things work out, think about how much things will change in the near future and how much happier you'll be. Don't focus on what's going wrong now but instead focus on the plans you're making for the future and design a life in your head that you want to live. Visualize your goals, visualize your ideal life and focus on working hard to make that happen.

7. Everything Doesn't Have To Be Perfect Right Now

You don't have to have everything figured out right this minute. It's totally fine to not have everything perfect in your life right now and there's absolutely nothing wrong with not having your life sorted out immediately. Everyone takes different routes in life and everyone reaches their version of a 'perfect' life at a different stage. If you don't have everything figured out right now that's more than OK. You will get there in the end.

8. It Doesn't Matter That They've Achieved More Than Me

It doesn't matter that they have a bigger salary, it doesn't matter that they have a better degree, it doesn't matter that they're looking at getting a mortgage for a house and I'm only thinking of renting. 'Don't compare your hustle to their highlight reel.' People want you to see on the outside only what they want you to see. Everyone is struggling with something on the inside and their perfect exterior isn't always as perfect as it seems. You are not in competition with anyone else. Don't compare yourself to others and don't get disheartened and feel down about not being as accomplished as someone else.

9. I Can Change My Environment

You're not stuck in your life, things aren't happening to you and you're not out of control. You have the ability to choose anything you want in life and create the life you want to live. You can make choices and decisions to leave where you are now and create an environment that you love to wake up in. No one is forcing you to do what you're doing and you are in full control of how your life turns out. Don't feel guilty about not following a certain path to please your parents, partner or friends. Do what makes you happy and what's most beneficial for your mental health and wellbeing.

10. Little Achievements Are Important

Don't focus solely on the end goal because by doing so you can get disheartened and feel overwhelmed with what you have to do to get there. Take everything a day at a time and congratulate yourself on the little achievements on the way. The small steps lead you to the big goal so take pride in everything you accomplish, no matter how small.

These are some simple ways to feel better about yourself and bring more positivity into your life. Whether you're dealing with depression, anxiety, low moods or and other mental health issues, remind yourself of these 10 things daily. Keep going, be strong and believe in yourself always.



But you don't look depressed.

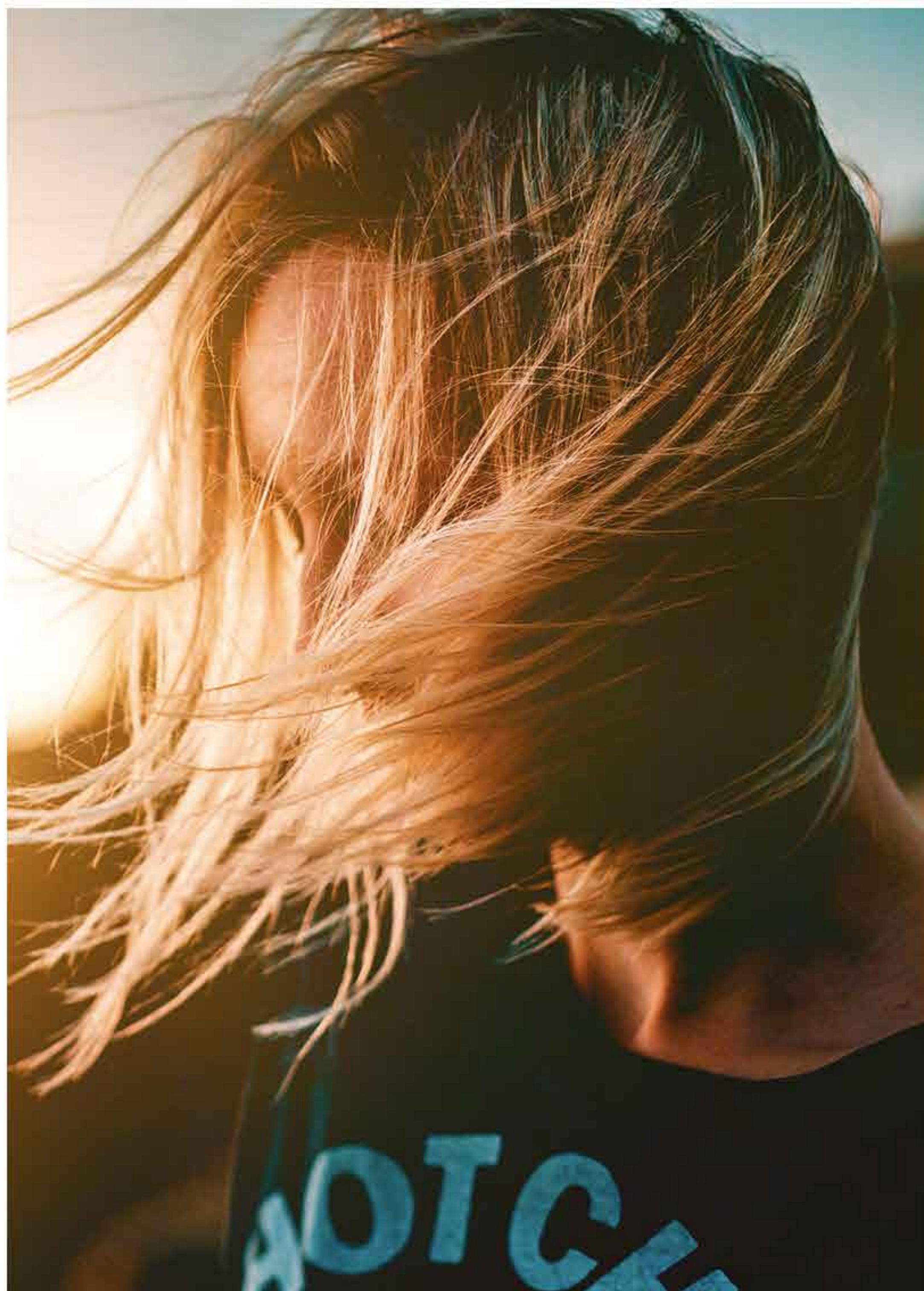
Dr. Bisma Ahmed

But you don't look depressed. You are just ungrateful. You have everything, you have a degree, you have a job, you have a family but you are sad all the time. What an attention seeking whore! You do not see the bright side. You never go out. You are always locked in your room. Stop being on phone all the time. You read a lot and that is why you are going insane. Look at your grades, you are such a disgrace. Lose some weight fatty. Get a job, it is your responsibility to feed us. Nobody touches you without your consent, slut! Choose a career that helps make you money, there is no such thing as passion. Who will marry you? Stop writing, you are not a good writer. Get over it. Think positive. Move on. People do not die with the ones who are dead already. Enough mourning. You are all fine. Stop playing the victim card. You harassed her; all men are trash. You wanted that too. Stay quiet, it happens. Babe I know I beat you but I love you. You are good for nothing. Ugly. He must have slept with so many girls. It was just an accident; you are not dead. I never really loved you. You complain a lot. Suicidal thoughts? That is because you never pray. You are a girl; your advice does not matter. Men don't cry. It is just a bad day. You are so rich; how could you be lonely? I have no feelings for you anymore. Get her married, she will be fine. Get him married, he will be fine. Ugh! This generation...you do not look depressed, get over it!

Remember when our favorite book by Jay Asher turned into our favorite Netflix series, "thirteen Reasons why" and we all binge watched? We all cared about mental health probably for thirteen hours only. Some of us for thirteen minutes only. And most of us were more concerned about that girl's ass and not what the entire series taught us. We are the same people who tweet "mental health awareness" with the hashtag, google pictures and post them to fit in the campaign when our timeline is talking about depression. I bet most of us do not even know what the actual date of World Mental Health Day is. Let me save your time, it is October 10th! Yeah you guys believe it should not be restricted for just one day but do you people actually care about one's mental health for real? We just talk.

"Depression is real" we often hear this statement. But if it is real then why do we all turn them down or make fun of them when they finally open up to talk? We just talk the talk and we do not really care. If only we knew what depression is like, we would have never asked them to go away. We would have never asked them to get over it. We would have stayed and cared.

There are certain things we all should know when we know someone around us who is going through depression or if we love someone who is depressed; Depression is a mental illness; it is not just a sadness so never ask them to get over it. Getting over is not easy and it will not help them in anyway. Tell them that you believe in them, you love them and you are there for support.



Be genuine in saying all this. For those who mix sadness with depression; Depression is a neurological condition. It is more than being sad. A person with depression would feel sad, hopeless, empty, and worthless. They will lose interest in their favorite hobbies and activities. There will be an altered sleep pattern. Either they will sleep less or will be observed oversleeping. There will be a change in appetite. Either binge eating or very less eating. They will feel tired all the time. They will have trouble concentrating or sleeping. And the suicidal thoughts. If some or all of these symptoms are observed for more than two weeks than a person is likely to be clinically depressed.

Being a health practitioner, I remember seeing the very first patient of my life. It was a clinical rotation where students were only restricted to taking histories and nothing else. She was admitted in the ICU and I remember on checking up her file, I got to know she was there, admitted, because she had committed suicide. She had drunk some poison. Her doctor briefed us about her saying she will never be able to live a normal life now; she is like a living dead body. Her sister was with her. I was curious to know why she did what she did. When the rotation ended, I went out and saw her sister too getting out of the ICU.



In another case, I know a girl who tried the same act for another reason. In this case, she was in love with someone who betrayed her. This girl was saved by nature. She was dating a guy for years who left her for someone else. There were clear signs of depression but nobody around her noticed. They only came up with things like you are always sad because you are an ungrateful person. So, this girl put herself in isolation that lead to more depression. She is living but on asking she says she is empty. She needs help but nobody is ready to accept her depression as an issue than just sadness. Because in our society it is still a taboo!

A woman gave birth to a beautiful baby boy. After her son's birth she was observed to be more fatigued than usual. She was not able to concentrate on any of her other duties. And as much as happy she was to see a part of her in her lap, she began to question her career. Some people told her it is a normal thing to get tired and that she was not the only woman who gave birth and asked her to get over it. Some said she should be thankful to God because she has achieved something bigger. Nobody ever talked about the post-partum depression!

A guy well educated, funny, full of humor and potential was observed to be depressed. Not just depression, he showed mild signs of schizophrenia too. He withdrew from everyone around. Instead of noticing his mental health, people around him kept on asking the same question, why are you sad all the time when you literally have everything in life? Such kind of questions are hard to answer when a depressed person can't figure out himself the reason behind his condition. His family thinks the only way to bring him out of his bubble is to find him a partner than seeking for medical help.

Now the question here is what triggers depression? Or why a person could be depressed? Well various risk factors have been observed but scientists are yet to explore the exact reason. That doesn't mean that depression is not a serious issue. It is a very serious issue. Depression could be the result of any type of abuse or negligence. It is also associated with traumas and genetics. It could be due to someone's death or losing your loved ones.

Human brain is an awesome machine. There are different parts that control different activities. One of the parts of the human brain is Hippocampus. Those who are a part of medical sciences they know already. Hippocampus is an important component of our limbic system, a system that controls our emotions, memory and learning. A study was conducted by Professor Ian Anderson from the University of Manchester. In his study, 25% of people with depression were observed to have their hippocampus shrunk, smaller in size, when compared to those who were fine. So, the longer the depression, the smaller the hippocampus. So now we have a signature of one being in depression.

So, again when a person comes to you and tells you that they are in depression; be nice, be kind and listen to them. They need your support. Take them to seek medical help and always be there for them. In fact, it's time we start being nice to everyone. It is not just about depression in particular. Who knows our love and kind words would stop someone from dying?

A long-exposure photograph of a road at night. The road is dark and curves to the right, marked with white dashed lines. On the left side of the road, there are bright, horizontal light trails in shades of orange and red, likely from the taillights of cars moving away from the viewer. The background is dark, and the overall mood is somber and contemplative.

BE GENTLE, EVERYONE IS AT WAR.



L y n n W h i t e

T o o F a r O u t



Like Stevie's young man,
I was too far out
much too far out
and not waving
I didn't want the attention
that waving would draw
to my foolishness
or precociousness
or my stubbornness
when I'd gone too far,
wouldn't want to be judged
on my waywardness.
But I wasn't drowning.
I floundered a bit
frantically
before
I found I could float,
go with the flow
for a while
and then kick off against the current
in my own direction.
Sometimes I reached the safety
of the shore
and stayed close for a while
but only for a while,
only for a while
I stayed
too far out all my life
but not waving or drowning.

P R O J E C T S E M I C O L O N

The semicolon has an attachment. A writer would know better. Nothing says hold on, than a simple semicolon, it gives hopes; telling you it is not the end of it; there's more to come and things will be clearer as it reveals.

The same applies to life. Only recently the semicolon has been tied to a state of mental health awareness and to put it out that suicide can be prevented. Letting people know that they are worthy; there's more to come and it is not the end of it. People have started to send out semicolons in messages, notes and chats randomly to their loved ones, letting them know that they mean something in their lives. They have even started to get tattoos to remind themselves that life matters.

Suicide is preventable. Every one of us has the responsibility in preventing suicide as of whole. We have to work together, in identifying those who are suffering. Tell them it is okay to be not okay and to let them know we are there for them to listen and to empathise with them. Let's make our smilies with a semicolon.

Do it before it is too late. Leave a semicolon in a loved one's inbox today, let them know they matter.



it's okay to not be okay.

May 1889. Saint-Paul Asylum

Through the east-facing iron-barred
Window of the second-floor bedroom,
The familiar sky grew into a revelation
That electrified a young inmate fighting
His own private demons;
The ether got suffused with luminosity
And the stars and the moon orbited
In swirls very bright;
The other side of a mundane sky!
The vision uplifted the gloomy mood
Of a self-mutilated and starved artist, and,
The scene was painted and preserved as the iconic Starry Night.
That canvas still alive, despite the intervening time
And is part of a marvellous series and it
Forms a luminous summit of
World culture, easily recognized;
The sky was always there for those living
In the Saint-Remy-de-Provence and
Still there stretched out for other mortals in the world,
Yet its mystery, its spiritual dimension could only be
Captured by someone considered nuts
By the rest of the proper and the civilized,
What arbitrary cultural and social categories
To imprison and destroy tender creative minds!
Vincent van Gogh could see vividly the other side of the
Brilliant star-studded sky, and, the
Essence of the grim reality of his time and
Could easily locate its soul pristine in meadows
Sunflowers and the sky.
Asylum walls could not restrain his soaring spirit
And he drew furiously through his inner eye.

Madness was never so lucid

So receptive to the beauty innate

In things ugly/ordinary!

The lofty view from



the barred window

Sunil Sharma

Like the famous Don Quixote and the cat in the Wonderland,
Dear Vincent---and the rest of us through the Dutch
artist---can
See things only the crazy can see
Yes, the other side,
That the sane and practical always dislike!





At night, the mountain is black. Just before the sunrise - it's dark grey. During the sunrise seems to be gold. In the daytime, depending on the plating, it can be green, yellow, orange or white, or could be covered with the color of the many shades of stone. Shortly after the sunset is often deep blue and even purple. So what color is the mountain? Is it really important in which outfit of appraisal, judgment or hypocrisy will man put on his act? The mountain is a mountain, and this conclusion remains the Truth, regardless of time, ability to see, intelligence. The color is an illusion, and nothing more than that.

Good deed is a good deed. Bad one is a bad one. And nothing can change this: neither mystification, nor a lie, no crime or manipulation. The true mirror of the fact remains.

If there is a real image of the world somewhere, it exists within us who have mind not tainted by anyone and anything. This is Free Mind; it means that one which has no sovereign - is nobody's vassal. So please, don't ask me to turn into the Western System of Reality. It is just a vision, one of few, here and now". I come from this, it's true, but don't belong to this.

There is no Poet, who accepts any aspect of the veil, manipulation, visualization of the Truth, only. So, if we are able to recognize weakness, dishonesty, and politics as aspects of the Evil Dark Side of Existence, used as a tool of slavery in all its manifestations, we don't follow that way. We are brave enough, and strong enough to bear moral values and, if necessary, to fight for them.

We don't follow any Shadow, we come from The Bright Side of Existence. And if exists the Real World we never choose a small dirty path, always developed by somehow poor people's mind, and created only for their own purposes. We don't use that kind of path because human norms are just the minimal part of that Great Wholeness only, created by Shining, by the Eternal Power, by the Unmoved Mover. And if mankind would call The Cause of All Causes even with a thousand's different names, in a thousand different languages there is the only one always: Unnamed Name, God!

In its light the Poets are not able to follow the images created by other people. It would be a crime for the real wisdom and for true being. We should recognize and follow this way only, that God has given us. It is an honor! This is the reason for our being here and now, on this Planet.

Doesn't matter the arrogance, stupidity, fear and pain of our so-called brothers and sisters, we should never give up. We can't put on any suitable (as we recognize it) masks on our faces, souls and minds! We simply can love, because we are children of Unreasonable Great Love.

So don't ask me to follow a beloved Tradition (I love such a number of them all over the World!), don't ask me to draw attention to any human system, don't ask me to explore the world following the path across the divine mountains only, or passing the deserts only, don't ask me for chains! Don't be so cruel and don't call me a man!

If it seems that I belong to this species it is only a veil: I am a Poet. I don't belong to this world, or better to say: to worlds created by man. I come from the Shine, a structure that is unintelligible to an average being. If I am partly on your side, it is a side of your good deeds only, it is the side of your blood, your true pain, your struggle for the unknown level of Truth. I am on your side, if it is a side of, madness" (in human norms of seeing, hearing and understanding).

In fact, man doesn't exist. How can a few ounces of volcanic dust and a few liters of water exist as a form and human being?! This is nonsense. It's just a dream, and in mostly cases, in our history it's just a nightmare.

But me exist! I exist between these words, in empty spaces, in silence, when you just stop reading. That's why your heart beats faster, this is why you are excited now. I exist in form without the form. I am not to be understood by reason. I am not to be created by the human mind, knowledge, morality. I do Love, and this is madness in the norms of brothers and sisters, who are so real (in the standards of, real worlds created by their possibilities of creation).

I am who I am. Don't call me, a man from the West", don't call me, White Face". I have millions of faces, but the most, real" is the one from the time before my parents were born. This is the face of wind, air, the face of the Space. This is the face of my ancestors. And it doesn't come from the world of human reason, human world and crime, in the name of God"!

I am just a Poet. Working for the societies I am murdered by them daily.

And don't put me in the prison of your thinking. I am from outside, from the World which doesn't exist for you in form, as you think.

But if we belong to this same matter, if were our children of the same world far, far away from here, just love me and be my land, my natural spring, my air, as long as we stay here together, in this vision of reality. Be my Mother country, my Temple, be my gold and precious stones, be my all, as part of the Shining Side of Existence, as a visible particle of God.

And you get close to the time in which you will see that the world does not exist especially for you. And then it will be too late ... you will not be able to give anything for others...

Vienna, 7 March 2019



Breaking Barriers

Shaheera

Let's face it, none of us are perfect in this world. All of us have something wrong in us and that is the way we are built, brought up but again it is a choice we make every day when we wake up and decide to be better than we were yesterday. If I was rude to you yesterday, I wake up to myself and say no I got to do better and apologize for being rude. If I always wallow in my self-pity then I got to wake up and snap out of it into reality and think about what my friends and family are saying that I do wrong. Don't get me wrong, you do you as long as you do not hurt someone.

Let's move this topic to 'in-laws' and how the culture they were raised in is affecting us in this generation when all we thought was, we could make our own little family and be loved rather than be the house servant or be the 'talk' of the town.

"Behind every successful woman is a tribe of other successful women who have her back."

"strong women lift each other up."

Heard or read any of these quotes? Do we live up to it? As far as I know, 80% of the people I know do not live up to these.

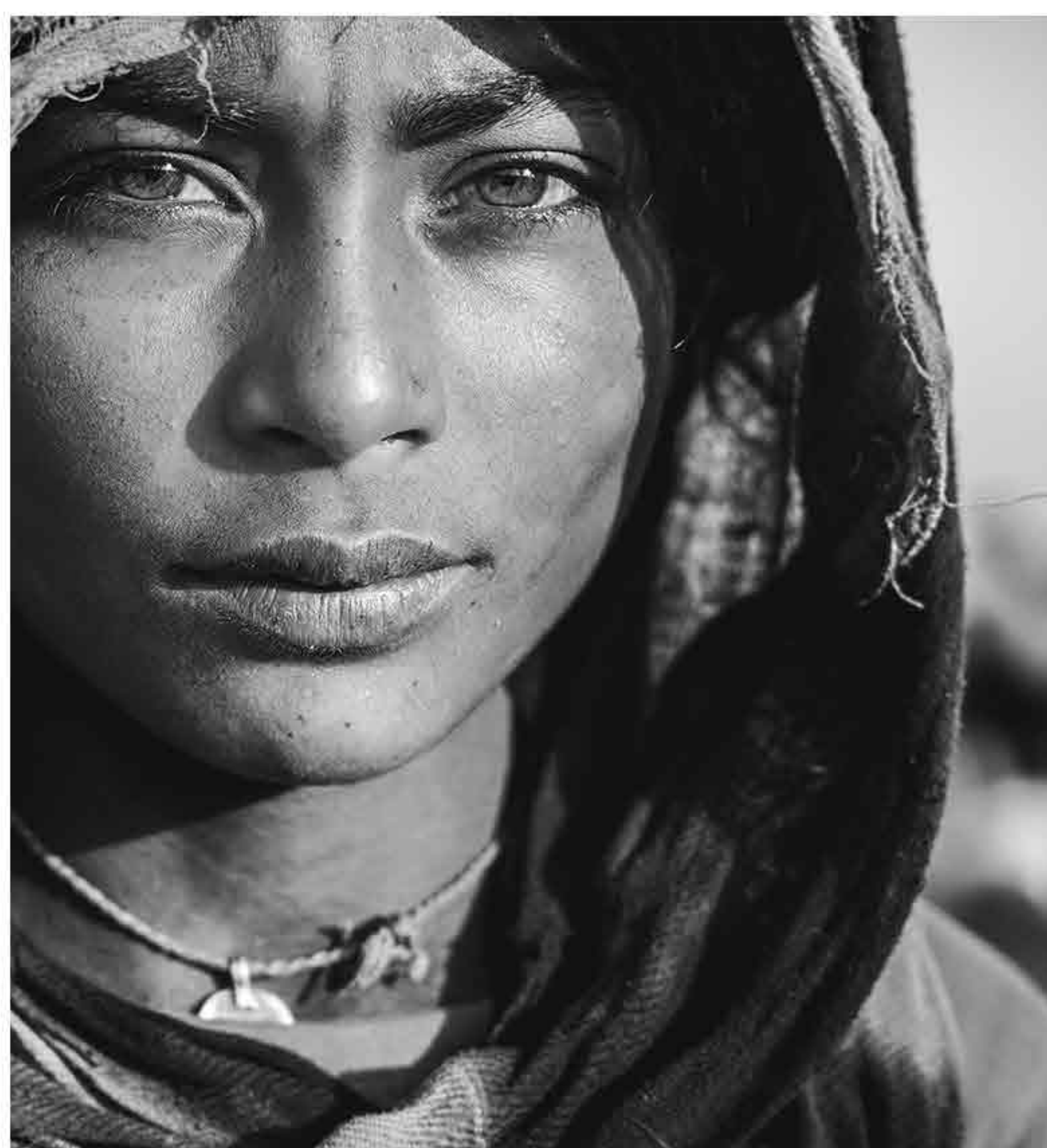
Let's face it our parents were brought up in their cultural ways where women were told by each other to shut their fire and be modest, they couldn't just do what they wanted to or maybe run a house they wanted to. They were shut down by the same women who they thought would support them, their mothers, they're in-laws, their sisters and most times their husband (from the whispers of their mothers).

“

Every woman for themselves needs to have an army that will hold her when she fires back and falls!

I am writing this to break this barrier or pattern that we see and hear every day sometimes in our households, we need to do better, we need to see all of these things around us and put a stop to it. To raise the status of women in our house so that in the future when we have daughters-in-law, we know how to respect their boundaries, respect them as a human and respect them as women who can be happy and make a happy family. Yes, mothers are closer to their sons, this is the case in my house and my in-law's house but when injustice is happening how can mothers-in-law be so supportive to their sons? We have to ride upon this and be the better and bigger version of our feminism we can be. This goes for men too, teach the women in your house to value one's self and teach the men in your house to earn that respect they deserve from the women.

When we become mothers or mothers-in-law, we need to understand the side of things from a 360-degree view rather than just the 180-degree focus! If there is abuse, we need to be able to stand up and say stop this is not good for you and if that doesn't work, we need to say leave and go teach yourself some manners. We need to give the young couple their privacy and let them move away to make sure they learn how to raise their own family and be responsible for their livelihood. Learn to grow and be more open to prosperity and to respect one another. Learn from the cruel society and the 'talks' to walk away and be supportive of each other, whoever they are!



BLUE ROOM

Nights
are hardest to bear,
alone,
atop these unwashed sheets
that smell of you and me,
still,
crinkled and heavy
with ghosts
of you and me—
our sweat
and loving juices.
I am tethered
to flashes of smiles
and kisses
that linger
beneath the sweetness
of heated exhales.
To smell your breath,
again,
and taste you
on the back of my tongue.
To pull you
into me
by the small of your back
and sink
into the warmth of white musk--
a tangle of tongues,
fingers,
and limbs.
To have you—
know you—
again,
inside
and out
is all I want.





Need.
Laying here,
drowning
in us,
my legs brush against the cold
rustle of sheets
you left behind,
cutting the airlessness
of this room.
Rolling over,
I close my eyes
and sink my face into the depths
of your pillow,
escaping the void
that even silence's ring has forgotten,
and take you
in,
drowning
in us,
this lover's kaddish.
The scent of your hair—
blue fig and oranges—
and spit,
are but pebbles on the gravestone.

DAVID ESTRINGEL

HAPPINESS IS A *Choice*

Dedicated to Amanda, my little sister.

In my relationship with people,
I like to be a dream
that baby talk whimsical
lollipop mystical beam of light.
Who wants to be REAL?!

Not me. Happiness is a choice
I make everyday to be.

It's harder to be happy than angry
To smile when you're shaky
To laugh when you're quaky
To care when lately,
you've been feeling like shit,
& just want to quit,
sit and wallow
with a hot water bottle,
waiting for the wave to wash over,
imagining a sunny day in June
and dreaming of home.

Today I woke up and thought,
"every day you are born again,"
so adorn yourself with flowers,
rename yourself – you are tabla rasa.

**Everyday you are born again,
what you do today is what matters most.**
- Lord Buddha

Raise your face to the sun,
Appreciate what you've been given,
Share your love with the living,
And by golly, just have fun!

Then I brushed my teeth flossed,
And even used mouthwash.
Made my way to the beautiful day
Waiting outside my door.

Samantha Emily Evans





To the aching souls

Hasyimah Mohd Amin

Where would I go until midnight comes
Before I retreat to nursing my own soul
With our clouds above our heads
and the brewed beans in our hands
If I am not with you waiting for the rainbow?

Why would not I stay near your river
Listening with difficulty to the sound of the stream
and the incomprehensible depth of your suffering
Passing through my hearing, struggling to reach my heart.

My voice may not be the light in the dark well
But you will understand that it is not the heavy cloud
that surrounds heavily in the void space
but perhaps as an echo that brings you shimmering hope.

Why would I go when you are the symbol of survival
and the embodiment of purity of those sufferers,
I will flip the pages of your kindness many times
Just so I remember your value that binds humanity together.

To the hearts that ache with every beat
Where would I go if not staying by your side
God is with those who are in pain
Where else would I be now that I found God's friend?

WE DON'T NEED TO BE NIGHTMARES TO ONE ANOTHER

Mental health is something near and dear to my heart. My uncle suffered depression and took his own life. I suffer from anxiety and depression, myself. People, even in this day and age, are rather tactless when it comes to their jokes in regards to this sensitive subject.

I will never find your jokes about suicide or mental health funny. I don't even understand why it's a thing, to be quite honest. I even asked someone to stop telling their joke when I saw the direction it was taking, and he refused. When I told him that my uncle had taken his own life the same way the person in the joke had, he insisted that he didn't know and he didn't know my uncle. Like somehow that made the joke okay?

Mental health is not something that should be taken lightly.

I've also seen this meme circulating on Facebook that says "Tip to venting on Facebook: Don't - we're all fat, broke, and depressed." It really bothers me because firstly venting is something natural and even necessary. Holding in and bottling your emotions for the sake of others isn't healthy. People need to have an outlet and not everyone has a community of people they can talk about in regards to their emotions. So if venting on Facebook helps them, let them do it. You can keep scrolling or unfollow someone if the notifications become too much.

Secondly, I find it bothersome that it insists that everyone is depressed. Not everyone suffers depression or depressive episodes. To insinuate that poor mental health is the norm is very dangerous and could cause people who need to seek help to retreat further into themselves.

I think it's important for us all to be more mindful of people and more inclusive. We need to be better and more compassionate listeners rather than just waiting for an opportunity to speak. Sometimes people need us to listen rather than to talk. Sometimes they need the opportunity to get things off their chest, but they're not necessarily looking for advice or suggestions. I think it's off putting when I get advice I didn't necessarily ask for, so I think we should remember not to give advice unless someone is genuinely asking for it.



Not everyone understands as not everyone has to face these problems, but I think it's important to check up on our friends and loved ones and let them know that we love them. It's important to voice if you need space or don't feel like talking because sometimes people who are going through things feel as if you're pushing them away or you don't want to talk to them anymore.

We all need connection. It's why we share our stories, our songs, our music, our poetry, our novels, our dancing, our paintings, and any other form of expression or art that the universe can provide. We're seeking to create a bond with someone, to touch someone, to be heard. Being heard is a powerful thing in a world that doesn't always listen.

Sometimes a listening ear can make all the difference in the world. Sometimes we all need someone to reach out to, so let people do what they have to. Maybe some are seeking attention or flattery, but it could be a desperate cry for help when they feel they have no other alternative. So let us be less dismissive and more loving. The world already has enough darkness in it, we don't need to be nightmares to one another.

LINDA M. CRATE



PSYCHO VOICE

Maria A. Arana

I'm not here on this destructive planet for air,
but to devour the juice that spreads out
the loneliness I have experienced.
It causes headaches.

I am the running night which creeps to your door
and takes everything possessed in a quick glance.
No mystery the mind's an evil tool.
Still doesn't understand.
I am the daredevil.
The bandit.

Media, media, I rule the land with sound bites.
Sorry one has been given what one might as well live with.
True, reality is a joke,
we're stuck in space, and no one is out there.
Don't think anybody on Earth understands.

I am the dream others see as a snapshot,
born on a day nearly forgotten.
I like floating on water and glancing at all the alien conquest.
Plays with your head, you know
Its meaning is a piece of gum.





Luis's

**BITTER
DAYS**



I return to my past
as I sit like a stone pondering.
There are bitter days I
want to separate from my heart.
I close my eyes and I
visualize the bitter days gone.
I use all the strength in
my heart to live a better life.



Tim Wood

THE DOODLE

The doodle began as a squirl on the side of my phone book. Ear being burnt by a friend who had just split up from his blister of a girlfriend, gave my pen hand license to roam. Back to back cow things and an ear got scribbled over, and blacked out. Then it began to grow. Obliterating the smiling face of the man, who became a cone shaped mass of dark.

Taking in all the lettering and fusing the book into the shadow of the table by which it sat.

Like a black hulk it sat, one dark spine still showing from its rotted mass. The rest worn by wind and water alike had long since gone. Yet there it sat, a reminder ageless.

In my mind it had begun long before the action took place. The action was the finality of it. Black paint in streaks, glistened from the formative shape until they hit the wall. Then there they sat, waiting awhile for the mood to take. And take it did with a vengeance, riding straight up and onto the ceiling in one frenetic hour. And still it was not finished.

Leaking out from the corner like fingers stealing in for an illicit biscuit. Creeping slowly over toward the source of light for the room.

That was when I got scared. I realised it had taken on a life of its own. The brooding mass of the corner grew darker, until no form could be made out. I couldn't sit in the same room as it. It stretched for me, trying to engulf. Neither sound nor light could escape it. The phone was long silent, even its shrill bell smothered by the grasping hand of blackness. I could hear its muffled cry sometimes I fancied, but never once did.

Then my cat disappeared. Boru, who I thought was a hard nut named after one from history. I saw him slink into the room. Five seconds later I was there and he was not. Not even a scrap of fluff.

Each morning I looked, and each morning it had crept slightly further. It was appearing under my fingernails. My skin was taking on a pallor. My hair unkempt and seeming not my own. I imagined it strangling me in my sleep, fed up with not being looked after.

It was when it began to leach out of the room I realised I hadn't left my house for two weeks. The dark was taking on solidity and shape. Tones of black that seemed to both swirl, change and move as well as be immobile. Unchangeable like the rock of time. so massive that you just don't see it, even if you're stood in front.

The next day I heard the cat, at least that's what I hoped it was. I wasn't going in there again. It seemed to be forcing the door open. I could feel the weight of it pressing against the frame, hear the creak and pop of the wood.

I woke in the hallway, I think it was a Wednesday, but I had a brush in my hand, and tendrils were curling out toward my kitchen. I had let it out. I am the one who released what ever it was and I had to get out.

The world was bright, I could see it from my room. See people move across my vision without being able to properly make them out. They were a blur of colour and flesh. Birds flew and trilled, I could see them but not hear them.

I tried to open my back door. It was jammed. The handle would not even turn, then I saw the blackness around the frame, tiny hairline fractures appearing. I blinked and they had grown, forcing me away.

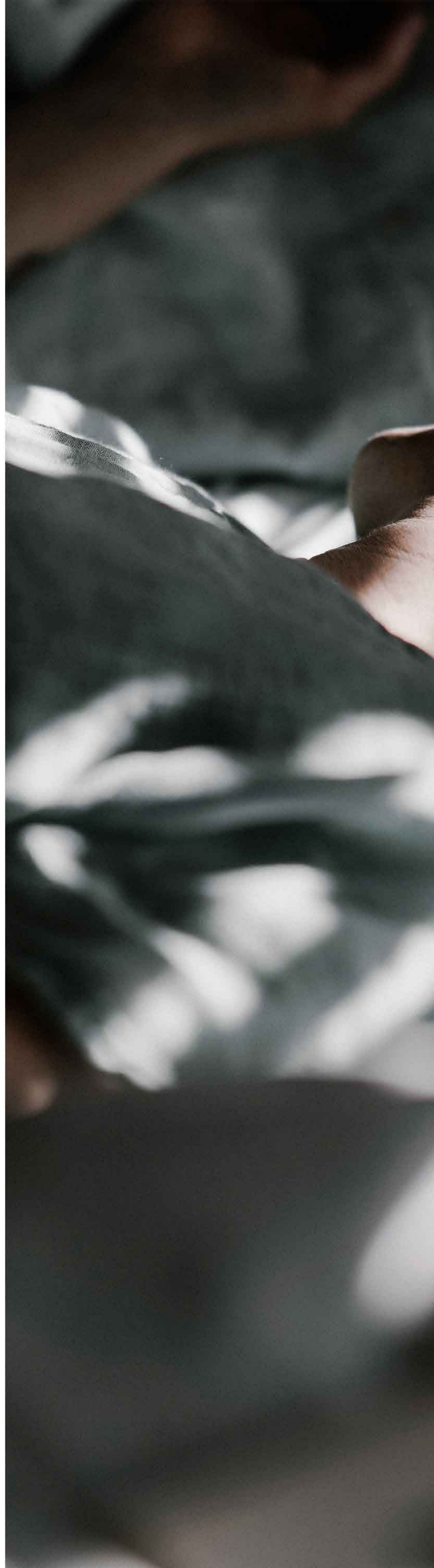
They were everywhere, all over the house now, like some mental child had filled a straw with paint and run amok. But it was no mental child, it was me. I just never saw myself do it.



D e p r e s s i o n

Sitting at a corner
In the dark side of the room
I had a word with myself
Why am I liking this life
With no light
Is this becoming my approach
Towards life
Or is it just a phase
Closing over time
My brain had numbness
Body without much sensation
Appetite reduced
Feelings disappeared
Reluctantly I had to agree
I am in depression!
From darkness towards light
I am trying to travel now
Just because of that acceptance!

Sudeep Soparkar



Join a nobel cause today.

Help share the awareness of Mental Health. Listen to those who are suffering. Help break the stigma involved by talking about the pain that might encourage others to come forward and open up.

Join the open discussion now.

you.merakmag.com



Daniel de Culla

Bombs Of Death And Fetids

Terrible things, awful things, naughty things. Humans do in the name of Gods and his nonsense.

Two different worlds we live in: A world with murderess bombs
And a world of fetid bombs.

There's nothing more to know than what one touch the other
side of what one wants to be: a dictator get conceited or a criminal
delighted in tormenting, both smelling like the devil:
Of dead or of rankness.

The ones as dead as a black doornail, the others as the bad smell
of o noise.

We are unable to span the gap with both feet.

The abysm between our expectations and our actual state of
being.

Is sensed as an impossibility to explore the World by By paths of
Love and Peace.

Antediluvians and barbarians make day by day a high tantric plateau
of death and sad scent.

Gods invented by women covered with muds have a tide of battles
and wars.

It spreads over our map charting a course of gunpowder and revolutions.

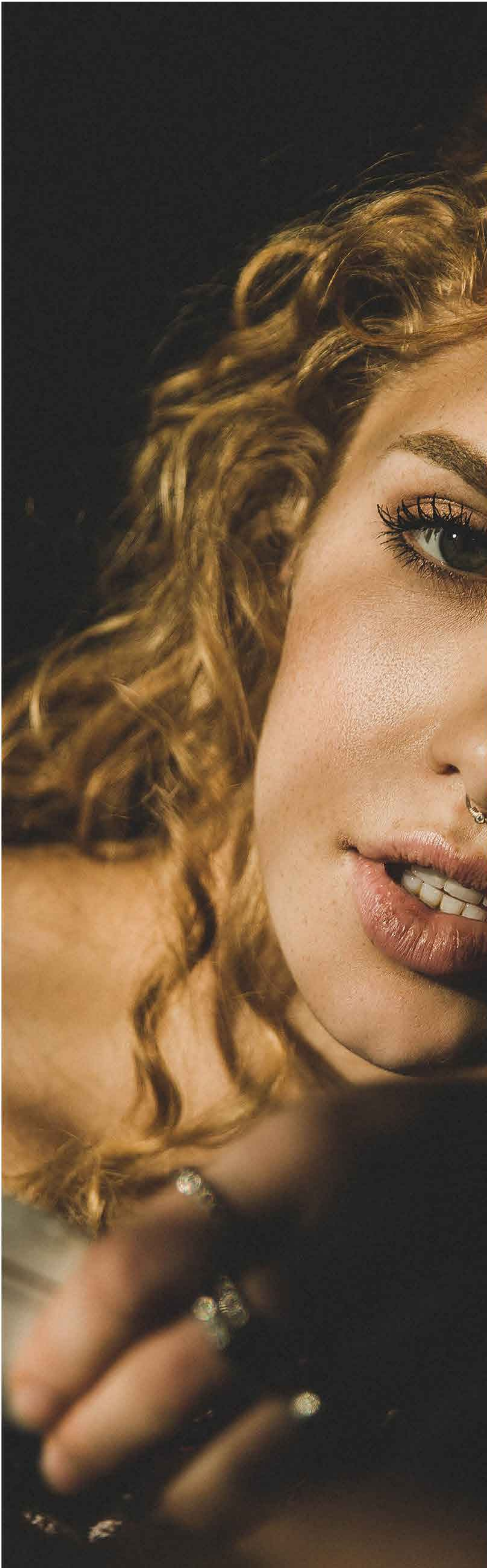
And we during fire still sing: No more Bombs of Death

Yes, Fetid Bombs of Life as if by magic.

God, go to the devil!

Do not soil the purple flowers that remind us of the seen nor the
wild iris and dandelions that bloom near our houses.





My Insanity

Ann Christine Tabaka

I wore my insanity
like a proud accessory.
Something to flaunt.

It guarded me from reality.
It shielded me from responsibility.

The words "I can't help it,"
came so easily.
They were always on my lips.

Pain and circumstances were real,
but I allowed them to live me.

Snaking through another day of
disillusion, one excuse at a time.

I accepted who I was,
I was not proud of it.

Lying on my bed of sand
sinking deeper into my madness.

I learned to use my shiny
jewel like a crown of glory.

Session 1: June 5, '17. 3:30 pm

"Doc, I wish it was as simple as hearing voices and slaying dinosaurs".

"I knew exactly how complex it was gonna be," I said.

In front of me sat a guy who murdered his own wife. Jury had a hard time arriving to a conclusion. They wanted to evaluate the mental state of the subject before they passed a judgement.

They were baffled, how a respected politician like him turned nuts? What is disturbing though is that the doctor assigned to him before me also murdered his wife.

"I heard Jim killed his wife too," Dave said, whilst scratching his forehead.

"Yup, he did," I answered. He had a vague smile the entire time.

"Good for him. He finally stood up for himself. Jim was very unhappy, could see it in his eyes, while he conducted our sessions."

"We are here to talk about you and not doctor Jim," I interrupted.

"Doc, do you know Jim was colorblind. I wondered how colorblind folks see the world. I was told they see it in grey. But, is grey just grey to them or is it some other color. I mean, who told the world they see it in grey anyway. I mean your perception of grey might be different than the one sitting beside you, " he ranted, all the while looking into the floor and avoiding eye contact.

"You know what I believe. I believe they see it in grey. I believe life is like mathematics. You have to assume a few things to get to a conclusion. And if you doubt your assumptions, things start to get real ugly."

"You know what I believe in doc. All those people who say life is black and white are lying. In life, there is no right or wrong. Life is grey. And remember the way I see grey is not the way you see it. I believe life is fake, just like mathematics. Some smart guy is gonna pop-up and prove our assumptions wrong. He is gonna give us new assumptions and theories and constants and we are gonna believe it. Until it's proven wrong by some other genius. And we are gonna believe him too. Life is just a perception and the only way this ends is if we stop believing."



ARE YOU READY FOR THE TRUTH?

"I'm afraid our time's up Dave," I said.

All I could think that week was about a guy who sat in my office and rambled about life whilst fidgeting with his coffee mug.

Jury couldn't wrap their brains around the fact that a respected guy like him could do something so grim. They did not want to believe it. Little did they know, he stopped believing too.

Session 2: June 12, '17. 3:30 pm

Well, there he was again. In my office fidgeting with his coffee mug and right on schedule. He sat there for five minutes without saying a word.

"I heard your trial tape; where you stated that, 'your wife was an ideal citizen and very loyal'. Why did you kill her then?" I broke the silence when I noticed that silence isn't gonna break him.

"Never second guess an accident from passenger's seat," he said.

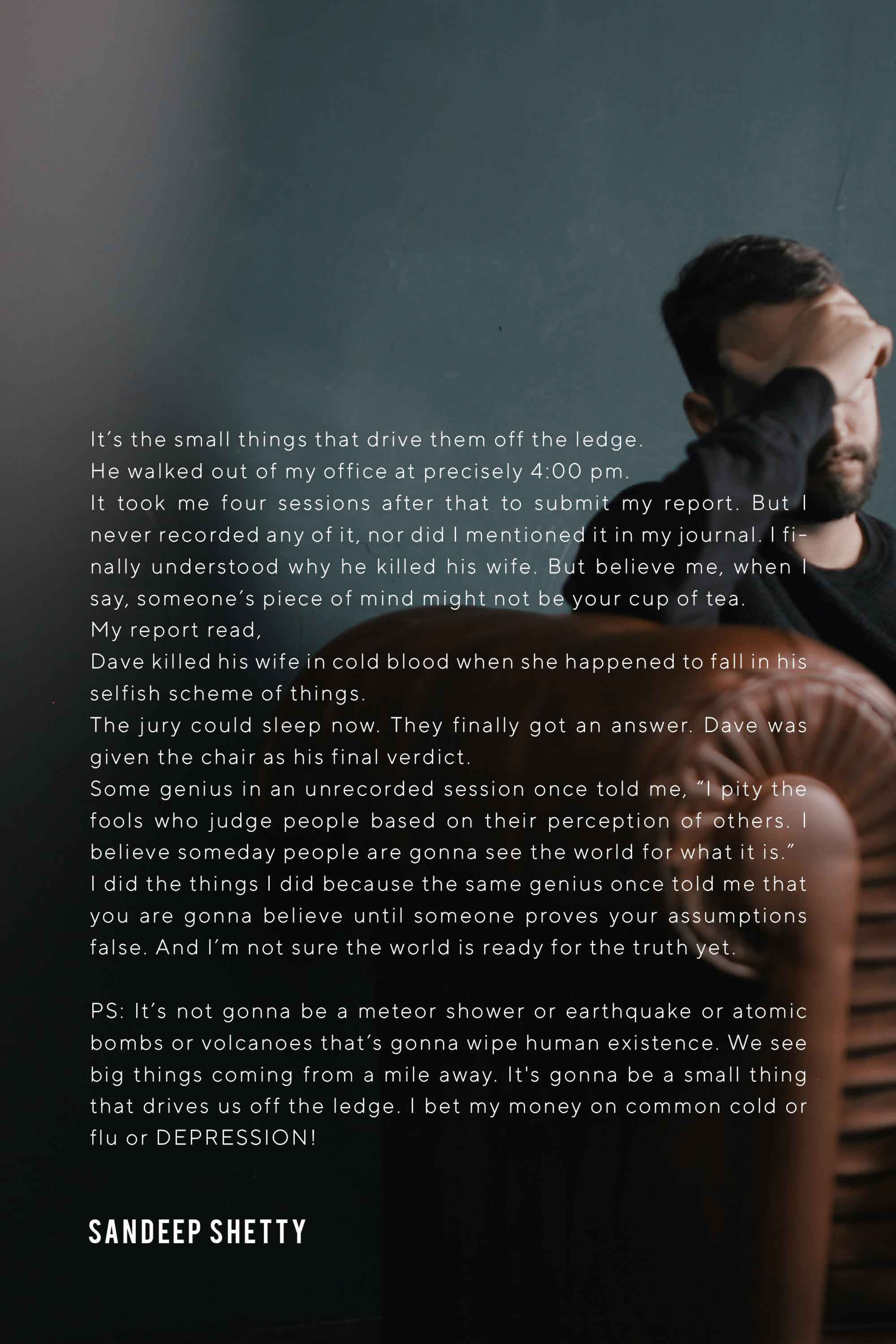
"I have to if the driver isn't co-operative. It is my job. I have a hard time contemplating why you did it".

"Please, don't give our conversation more thought than it deserves. People are complicated and a piece of someone's mind might not be your cup of tea. You need to tell the Jury that I'm perfectly alright and that I deserve the chair."

"I have to be 100% positive before I submit my report," I said.

"Well, my wife was selfish and judgemental. There is nothing wrong with that. You guy's for instance want me to be mentally unstable, to justify all the things I did. She used to eat fish, ducks and goats and um..um.. beef and then attend gatherings spreading awareness about protecting endangered species like Tiger and arctic tern. She was judgemental about my salary, my clothes, my dreams. Hell! she was judgemental about our neighbours' car too. Doc, I'm gonna tell you one interesting fact about humans.





It's the small things that drive them off the ledge. He walked out of my office at precisely 4:00 pm. It took me four sessions after that to submit my report. But I never recorded any of it, nor did I mentioned it in my journal. I finally understood why he killed his wife. But believe me, when I say, someone's piece of mind might not be your cup of tea. My report read, Dave killed his wife in cold blood when she happened to fall in his selfish scheme of things. The jury could sleep now. They finally got an answer. Dave was given the chair as his final verdict. Some genius in an unrecorded session once told me, "I pity the fools who judge people based on their perception of others. I believe someday people are gonna see the world for what it is." I did the things I did because the same genius once told me that you are gonna believe until someone proves your assumptions false. And I'm not sure the world is ready for the truth yet.

PS: It's not gonna be a meteor shower or earthquake or atomic bombs or volcanoes that's gonna wipe human existence. We see big things coming from a mile away. It's gonna be a small thing that drives us off the ledge. I bet my money on common cold or flu or DEPRESSION!

SANDEEP SHETTY

Ceramic birds, never struggling to disentangle
their ponderous wings from that
which truly does not matter.

Why can they not see
those things from which
they should extricate themselves?

The minutiae, heavy,
reminiscent of dead weight.
The atmosphere thickened with useless trivia,
like an old, old morning paper.

Flying low, barely above a sea of indifference,
bowed down by that which,
if put into perspective,
would no longer plague their plumage.

Linda Imbler
CERAMIC BIRDS





When the wind was blowing through the window; the twinkling stars stopped shining. When the clouds were gathering, and the rain started dropping when the girl was shivering over there. Cold & loneliness were part of her sufferings. All she desired was to find somewhere to live, somewhere to warm her sad and broken heart. Question and questions, as drops of rain, crossed her mind concerning her destiny, the poor girl adapted her days, but she would no longer be patient enough to confront her more next harsh days because her situation seemed it would not encourage her to hold out. Darkest nights felt more pain inside her painful heart, her hushed heart still carrying piece of anxiety & sorrow.

She ate her problems, so her health was getting worse & worse as her small dream to own a nest where she could hide her broken heart from furious & uncharitable nature had not taken it's way to her yet. At the cozy bedroom corner she cried more and more but she pretended to wear a fake smile outside.

"She couldn't enlighten her daylight by sunlight" but on one fine day, she was sitting in the back of the car beside the window & the sun rays directly hit through the window. She wanted to move on the other side of the car to avoid the heat. Minutes later, the sun rays were on the other side of the car. Which she planned on moving on from. And then she realized something that she can apply in real life; and she moved on.



That's when she comprehended that, just because you're having a hard time on something doesn't mean you have to move immediately & start new, sometimes you have to stay & wait for what's bound to happen. You have to wait and sacrifice to something better. It may take time but it may be worth the wait. Don't go switching on both sides and magically wish everything to turn out into something you wanted. Patience is one of the hardest and beautiful things in life. It's hard to keep your patience but the exciting part is that you'll never know what's next to happen in your life so it is worth waiting for it. Also, don't strain little things to destroy your mentality. Just check you're more healthier even when problems strike in your journey. Just keep in your mind; EAT. BE HAPPY. SMILE.

Shaheera Shaheed

MENTAL HEALTH IS EVERYONE'S BUSINESS

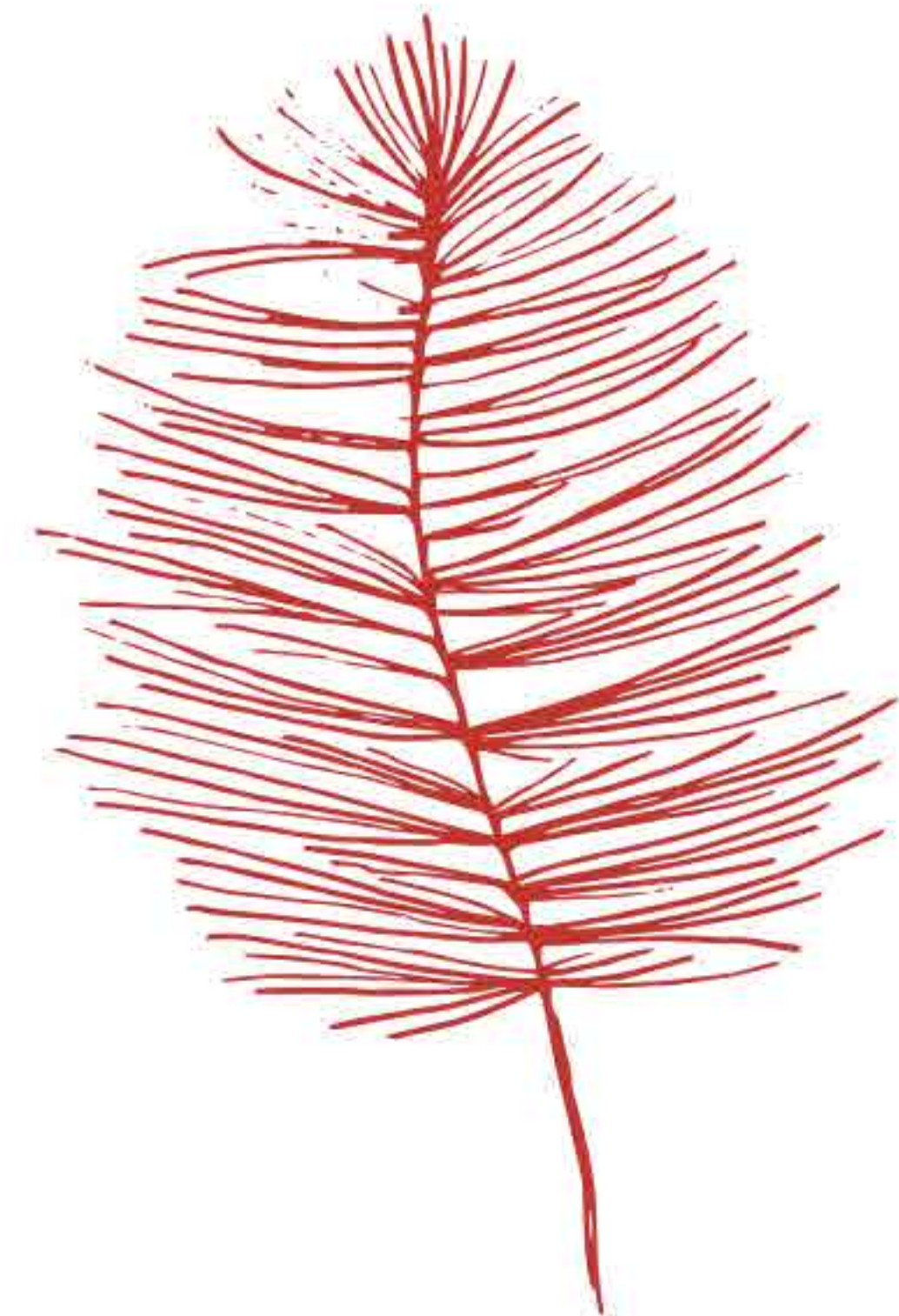


The Will

Amtul Hajra

If you're willing to,
You survive.
Some days with hope
Some days it's a rough drive.

What do you do ?
When you're submerged
With
If's and but's
The open and shut
Your mind is numb
Your eyes have something distinct to convey.



You're like the plants
That possess all the potential
For growth
For strength.

And
Your mind
Are the weeds.
Toxic
Irrelevant
And fatal.

' -That shit, can make you
forget who you were.-
' You Are
The rose.

You keep
The capability
To rule over a heart.
Keeping massive
Deadly flaws beneath you.
And yet,
None perceives
Of the errors.

Only
You.

Can make yourself
So exemplary
Awe-inspiring
And profound.

So,
Adore yourself.

The heart that strives you the most,
Is the heart that lives within you.

Carry it with tenderness,
And treat it with all the sweetness
You own.

All the
Nectar
Of the flowers
You've sown,
Will soak into
Your spine
And align your throne.



Paul Robert Mullen

DON'T TAKE
YOUR LAUGHTER
FOR GRANTED



The worst thing is when someone calls you – one of your best friends – and you stare at their name as though it means nothing until the call ends and the room returns to silence. Then they call again. You know it might be something important, or that they may be checking up on you – how are things? – or there's a gig ticket going cheap tonight in the city and they want you to have it, or someone has arranged a house party and everyone wants you to come. You just let it ring out, and ring out, and ring out; lying there staring at the missed calls stacking up. Then text messages. You ok?

No heart to tell the truth: no. No energy to even lie and type back, yes. We don't wear depression like we might wear a hangover, or joy, or even calm contentment. There is nothing overtly obvious about that throat-drying, head pulsing pit of exquisite emptiness we feel – people like us – when nothing seems to matter. Ok, our eyes might look a little heavy. So, you're working too hard – not getting enough sleep, they'll think. Our shoulders might slump a little – tiredness, burning the candle at both ends, they'll think. There's no separating us from the next person in the coffee house staring at the wall killing time.

What's worse is when you just can't put your finger on why. It doesn't always consume us when we are skint, or battling with forms and bills and stressful landlords, or unemployed, or arguing with family, battling boyfriends/girlfriends/partners, or feeling ugly and out of shape. Sometimes it comes in waves when everything is fine. It can come half way through a booming party, freezing us in a moment of despair that simply has no valid explanation. It can strike in rooms full of laughter ... when it's you cracking the gags. It can come as we lie in bed, snuggled into the nape of a lover's neck. It can sweep us off our feet on a busy shopping street, when the colours and smells and lights overwhelm us.

Sometimes it comes and goes. Other times it stays for days, weeks ... God forbid, months.

Music doesn't sound the same. You lose your appetite. The only thing you can do is find a safe space, far away from noise or people or the humdrum heartbeat of real life, and settle in it. Wait. Wait for something. Anything. Battle irrational anguish, anxiety, apprehension. Try to imagine something better than this. I have spent days lying down, never leaving the house, never picking up a book, never playing music, never drinking anything other than cups of tea that take hours building up to going downstairs to make. It is the most bizarre, unexplainable, incomprehensible paralysis, and all within a healthy, otherwise active, vibrant, energetic body. A switch that turns any lust for achieving, seeking, socializing, doing, off. Depression is a life-limiting disability, folks. It's not something people like me just make up to mask a shitty breakup, or rough week, or bad decision. It's REAL, and it's a silent assassin. I'm a few months away from 37 years old. Things have got better for me over the years. I've never held any sort of meaningful relationship down to date, and I'm not particularly successful in the grand scheme of things, but I'm proud that I've lived life my own way and never surrendered to mediocrity. The price for that has been a life that has, largely, operated at express opposite ends of the scale.

Wonderful, rich, expressive periods in which I've travelled the world, written and played music with people dear to me, written and published books, played sports at highly competitive levels, reaped the rewards of human interaction and achievement in fantastically creative, rewarding teaching jobs, shared thrilling times of bliss and elation with great friends – all coupled with periods of devastation, despair, emptiness, grief. Sometimes I simply exist whilst feeling absolutely lost. No direction, no ambition, no idea. At others I am completely overwhelmed with the beauty of it all and wish I could live 200 years. I have no control over either – I'm just learning to deal with both so that the wheels stay on the track.

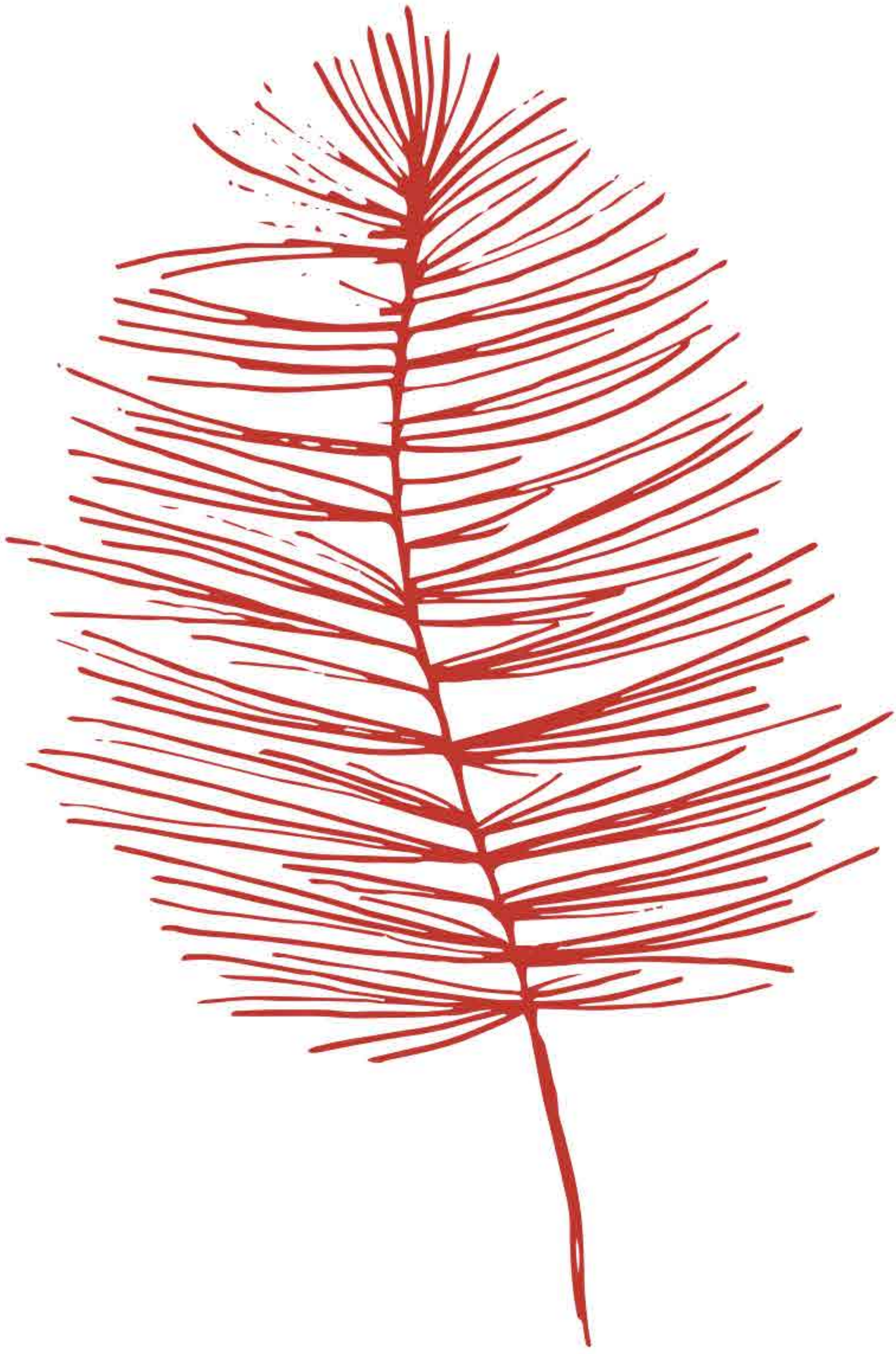
Writing is great therapy for me. I'm reading this back as I write it, and it's almost like lancing a blister. Letting it all out so I can breathe out, reflect on things. Poetry is so important to me; each poem a part of myself that I have to dissect, reform, arrange on the page, then send out into the world. All artists are troubled. This is what I've learnt over the years. If you write in any form, play music, paint, create ... chances are, you struggle with life. It is your way of expressing yourself; ripping the bad stuff from within you so that it doesn't destroy you.

Not all art abides by this rule. Art can be born from joy and experience too. But 'artists' – that is to say the beings compelled to create – are often complex, introspective, edgy versions of our species. There is something romantic about the notion, but we need to watch out for these people. Support them, check on them, hold them tight and give them space in the right measure, be there when they need you most, embrace their art, take an interest in their living space and general wellbeing. People prone to depression mustn't be smothered, or left alone to wander too far from stability. Keep an eye on them folks – those random, eccentric, pensive, reflective, arty types ... like me.

Robin Williams famously said that we should watch out for those who make everyone else laugh because they are often the saddest inside. Never more has a single statement rung so true. We all know what happened to him. Don't take your laughter for granted.



Iolana Paedelt
Light as a feather

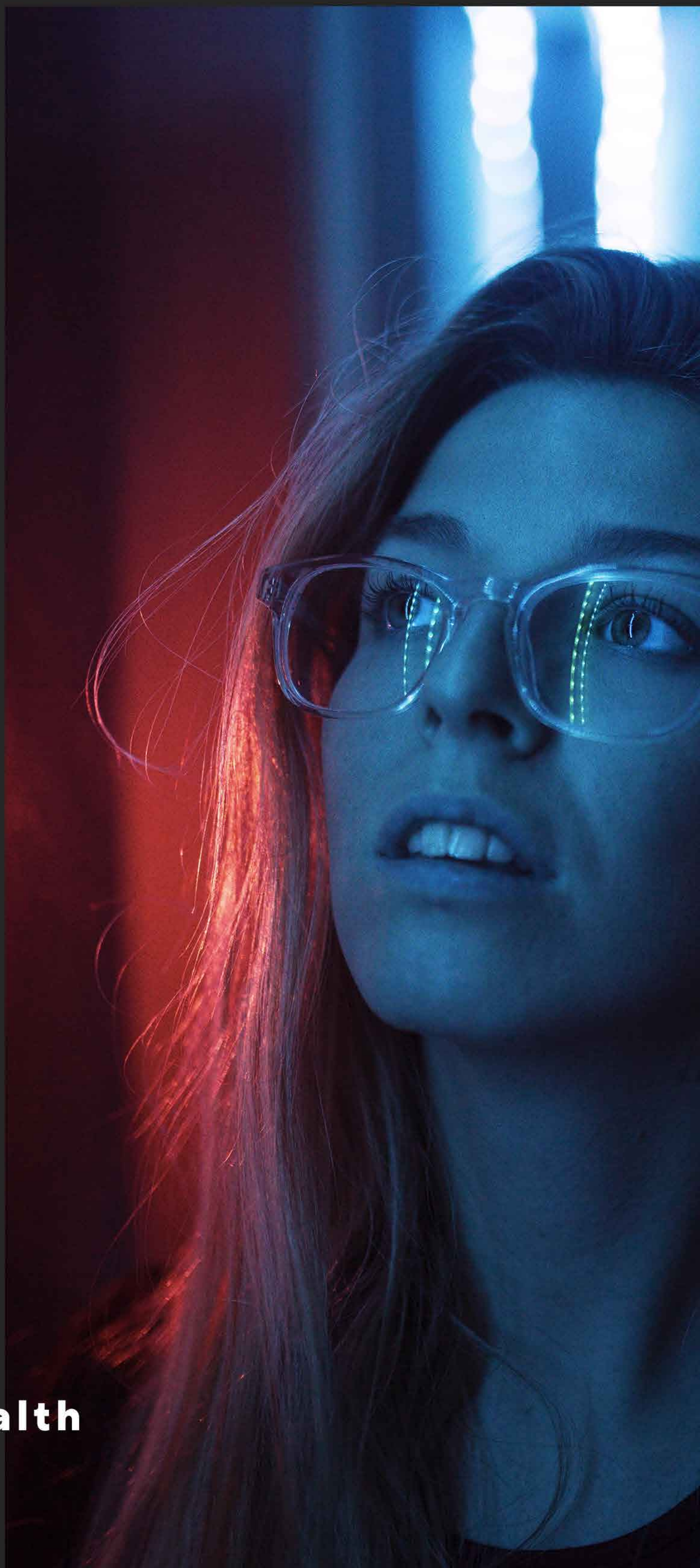


white porcelain,
dainty yet broken.
silent perfection,
still struggling,
fighting for life,
desperately trying to survive
an imperfect world.
starving and insatiable for your love,
will it ever be enough?
skin and bones
and dark circles under her eyes.
fainting black.
as black as the universe itself.
she is light as a feather.



Mental Health

Zahra Javed



Save your 'home'
That exists in your brain
'I'm fine' is the answer,
You serve everyone in the name of no-claims
Every time you shut yourself
You break a piece of the doorstep
Night after night
You sleep with eyes awake
How long will you let the window panes break
You strain yourself, you drain yourself
Nobody bothers when you breakdown along with the bookshelf
With every sorrow you hide in that smile
its becoming chaotic up there, meanwhile
You call for help
But all you get is, 'it'll be fine' as bleak as a well
Everything falling apart,
Health, grades and relations
Roots are turning weak, yearning for recreation
The tears are fuel to the fire that can destroy your 'home'
Learn, unlearn and maintain that throne
Slitting your wrist won't end your pain
Filter, declutter and increase your gains
Don't look for inspiration
Unveil it from within your own station
Find courage
In things that break you apart in silence
Don't give yourself up on mortgage
Light up the candles, fix the handles
Speak up and restore yourself
For your own hurdles
Every door has a key, your questions will be solved too, even if they are
as endless as the sea
Don't give up till your heart beats
Nobody had seen what begins, once you leave





Iolana Paedelt t o x i c

cut me
with your lies
and
let me bleed out
-drown in blood-
as
I sink
down,
deeper into the abyss,
still thinking that it's love,
when all you want is see me
choke
on your darkness,
so you can breathe.

The Fear of Your Mind

Amartya Pattanayak

*The faster you run,
the closer you run,
The further you go, the further you go."*

I'm the senescence in your evanescent endeavour of life's quest in achieving solitude and solace in a subtle way which will escape the lives of others. I'm chased, I'm chasing the infinite darkness where you weep upon the pillow covers, the cotton mesh flying off this autumnal air in this vestigial life of cacophony, wineglass and screeching of tyres never sleeping, never awake.

I'm the snow capped precipice of a belief that mountaineers climb with supple feets, savouring this relentless vastness of this journey with hearts full of moments. The moments which you cannot seize, the moments that breathe in your absence in all those infinite sunsets and sunrises, among the snow blizzards and those indomitable will.

I'm the pitter-patter of rain, subduing this ravenous thunders wrapping up in magic realism called reality. The pensive sadness caress your stooped vestige holding it upright for you to look at the rainbow, hiding among those silver linings.

I'm the one you hate. The one you love.

I'm iridescent.

Confront me with your will. Confront me under your will. I'm your existence. I'm your fear.

Natasha Saedi
Alone Together

I read somewhere that the Earth is
in between Venus and Mars,
Venus being the planet of love and
Mars being the planet of war.
Does that ever make you wonder?
how we're in this timeless space,
sometimes filled with tender affection,
but often times consumed with lusting hate.
I've held onto too much water,
trying to figure out the
ins and outs of humanity's rationality.
Now I feel the tides of the oceans drip
in between my fingertips,
as my mind floats away
with tomorrow's questions.

ALL THINGS UNSAID

Tabassum Tahmina Shagufta Hussein

*So many times I thought, I would forget myself,
And open my heart to you.
Placing my hand on your hand, gazing at you,
I would say how much I love you secretly, my love.
I thought of you as the God of mythology.
Your face, your look and your smile
Froze my lips.
How could I utter my love to you?
I hesitate, I put one step closer
And the next step back away.
I decided in my mind, I would stay away.
I would abandon you.
I will live in seclusion.
Keeping my desires locked up.
My feelings bottled up in the deepest core of my heart.
No one will know about what lies in my mind.
No one will see the tears of my heart.
No one will ever know how much I love.
I will think of you now and then.
I will secretly see you from a distance.
No one will notice.
And you won't notice.
All, I ever wanted to say will remain unsaid.
All, the things I wanted to say will be lost in the black hole.
All, I ever wanted to say will remain untold.
I will end up a life less one with all things unsaid.
Only the shrugs of my coffin
Will tell all the things unsaid
Only winds will listen
All my unsaid things will echo in the air and wander for years
Only to be lost in time.*





Fey Timms

The Farewells in Your Arrival

Hospitalised in your childhood again.
Passed out and lying on a stretcher,
undelivered to the empty platforms
at the edge of your eyes.
And the boarded up stations
foreshadow the farewells in your arrival.
An arrival I will not hold or recognise.

Hospitalised in your childhood dreams
with wallpapered heartbeats
pulsating around a hundred beds.
Smothered by newspaper print
as an aching train rattles on through.

A clock is stirring.
Waking to your distant Sunday life,
when morning lifts itself onto those forgotten illnesses,
cast off by the motionless roadsides
living in your recovery.



JOLLY ALEXANDER
Embrace

*I feel well
in your arms
the place I seek
escape
your sighs
breathing in and out
as the ebb and flow
of the tide
as healing waves
of the ocean
washing over us
my hair cascading
covering you
as we descend
from the abyss
we created
Once more,
we are whole.*





Sincerely, the Wounded

Rosiana Putri

Hello there
Yes, you, hello
What do you think of us?
Us, the odd
Us who are different
Us, the lost souls
Us who wanders in the dark
Us, the wounded
Us who are comrades with fear
But before you answer
May I take a guess?

You thought that we always look the same
Let me kindly tell you that you are mistaken
For each and every one of us is different
For each and every one of us has our own story
For each and every one of us has our own pain
Some of us are brave
Brave enough to tell
Brave enough to share their pain
To friends and even strangers
Some of us aren't so brave
For our belief of "trust"
Has been murdered by pain
Has been replaced by fear
Some of us are healing
As quick as a cheetah
Or as slow as a tortoise
It matters not
Some of us are in a better place
Like me

Yet we are not free
For the fear of getting back to the dark
Always creeps on every corner of every turn we take
Some of us has thrived
Has run towards the sun
Has embraced the warmth of it
Has decided to never gave in to the darkness anymore
We, the wounded
Adore them very much
We, the wounded
Adore you very much
The strong
The mighty
Oh, wait...
Or are you like us?
If you are
You are not alone
You never will be
Even if it does feel like that sometimes
If you are not
Then please
Believe us when we say that we are trying
For like everything else in this vast world
It takes time
Healing takes time
And please
If we whisper for help, hear us
If we call for help, hear us
If we scream for help, hear us
For we can't do this on our own
For we can't do this without your help
For we are as human as you are
Sincerely,
The Wounded

fight

As you fight the darkness
looming inside you
you try so hard
to keep away those nasty ghouls
lingering in the darkness
and claiming a lien on your soul

And you feed those black dogs
lying in the slumber
till they wake up again
growing and scratching
with their taloned claws
leaving the marks of
gnarls and gashes on your soul.

As you split and splinter yourself
into the million facades
you count as one,
as slowly your face
dissolves in the vile of the
of those turbid thoughts,
the poisonous ones.

You keep your spindly legs in motion
throwing away your arms fervently
in that vapid motion
keeping your mouth agape
to get that sliver of breath
which will keep you
afloat and awake.

You try to keep the darkness at bay
screaming at your soliloquy
giving those desires a break



Megha Sood

You look with those bleary eyes
and a broken heart
looking for
a hand,
a thought,
a face,
a hug
which stops you from
shredding and ripping apart.
an unwelcomed guest wrapped in an unwilling body.
a lone fight right from the start.



My life was devastated full of grief
I assured myself I would never find relief
Overwhelmed with depression, hurt and pain
The dilemma was far more than I could explain

Problem after problem, trouble after trouble
Certainly they weren't going to vanish like a bubble
So the only solution that I could ever recall
Was to take away my life contriving a pitfall

Enough is enough.. This is too much to bear
Nevertheless no one would even truly care
My hopes are gone; it's too late now
I need to put an end to this somehow

While I was plotting on how to strangle myself
My eyes fell on a conspicuous book on my shelf
"Hold on! Never Give up!" the big bold title read
I tried to carry on but got hold of the book instead

Turning its pages over and over again
I could hear a voice murmur in my brain
'Every cloud has a silver lining'
So wait for your time to be shining

Difficult, hard times often lead to better days
Thus you need to be patient and grateful always
God has gifted you with a life for a reason
So don't be disheartened one lousy season

Minutes ago I felt like stabbing myself with a knife
Fortunately, I changed my mind and chose 'life'
It may take months or it may even take years
Eventually, you will see the fruits of your tears

Never ever think that your life is in vain
Cause there is so much to strive and gain
Believe, have faith and trust in Almighty God
The results of which will make you feel awed

My advice to you is be strong inside out
A world of tests is what life's all about
There are those who are much worse than you
Yet they take up the challenge to get through

So never ever think or come close to suicide
Think of those who you have to leave behind
The guilt and sorrow you will cause for them all
Is much more painful and harsher than your downfall

Remember there are people who are willing to help you
So go converse with them and they will tell you what to do
If you feel like you have no one, I'll be there for you too
So don't hesitate, your life is precious and so are you!

A close-up photograph of a person's hand reaching out from a dark, dense field of tall grass at night. The hand is illuminated by a soft light, contrasting with the dark background. The fingers are slightly curled, and the palm is facing upwards. The grass is thin and dry, with some green blades visible. The overall mood is contemplative and hopeful.

Sabrina Azhar
CHOOSE LIFE

You stare at me
from across the room,
slouched in the hard-backed
wooden chair,
your arms slung over
its rigid frame,
limp wrists facing
the ceiling.

*You once said you could not understand
how someone could be so sad they no
longer wanted to live*

From here I can
see your hip bones
rising against the tight skin,
your eyes deep-set
in your skull,
the pit of your collarbone.
You have been
slowly starving your
way into a ghost,
cold sores clutching at
your lips,
thin hair,
bruises at your elbows
and at your feet.

*In the time before now your favourite thing
to eat was pasta with olives and cheese*



I sit and watch you
because that is all
I can do.
A hopeless aching.
A scraping in
my stomach,
watching you
disintegrate into
a distorted imitation,
a deception,
a plaything.
This disease has
consumed you.

*You were always strong willed
I loved how much you wanted to live*

And there is that look of
smug defiance that plays
around your eyes and
your mouth. A stranger in
your body. A contempt for life.
And my insides
a hollow of fear.

Rochelle
Plaything





Angel Edwards
World Between



Demon morphine
descend to worlds
between,
Exit the land of the living,
Enter a land of the dying
Through a choking screen.

Devoid of feeling
killing of all sensation,
Redirection
trading pain.



Fifteen thousand years ago
You were a king.
And thirty thousand years ago
You were a slave
Your past life was a long scroll of times
And the next life? How short ten thousand years are!
Yesterday is emptiness and nothingness,
Tomorrow is emptiness and emptiness
Where are you at this time?
Emptiness and nothingness, emptiness and nothingness
Buddha halo, the smile of emptiness and nothingness

The Smile of Emptiness and Nothingness

Hongri Yuan

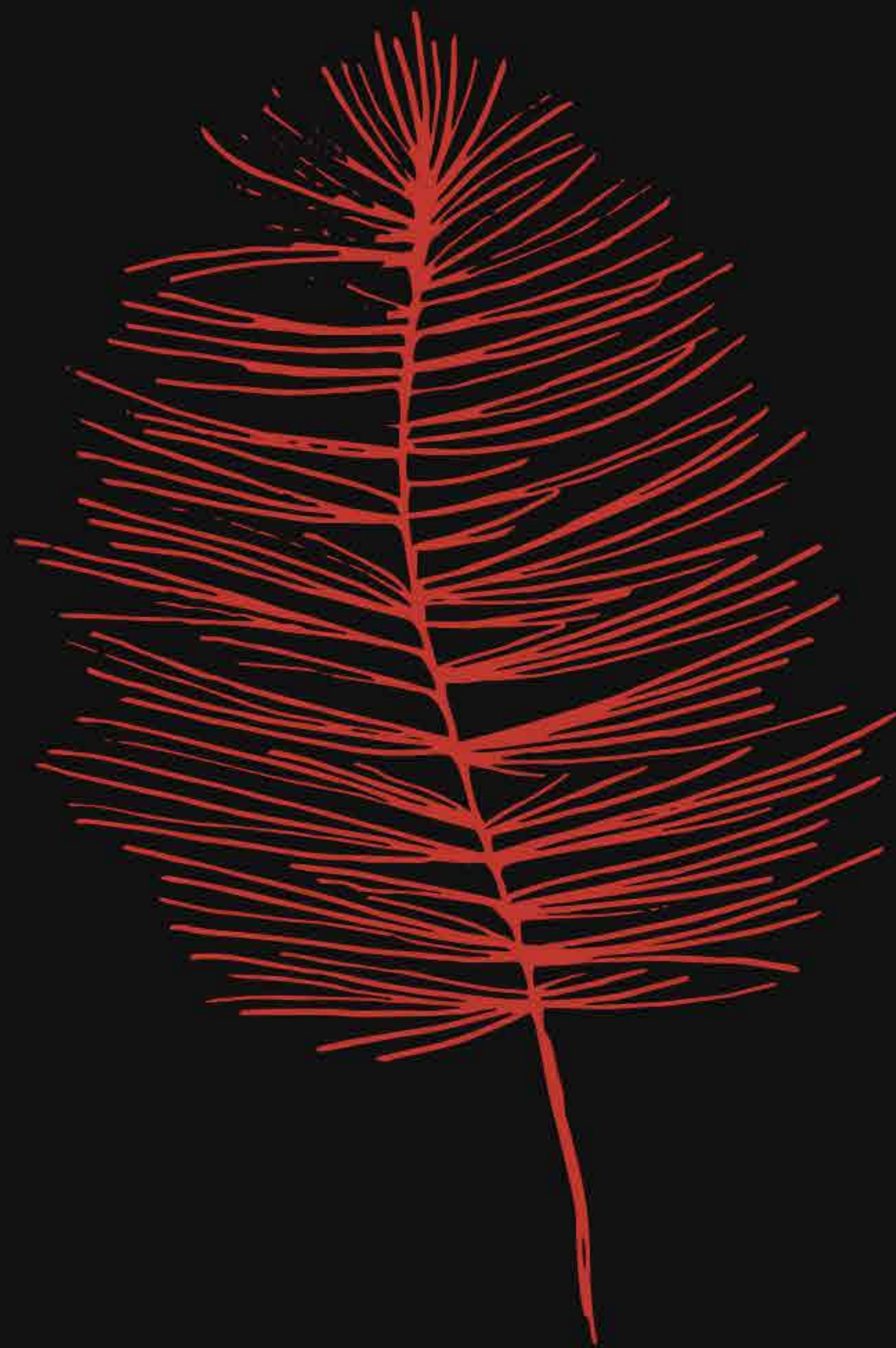




AFTERWARD

Michael H. Brownstein

We awake to a place we do not understand
folds of skin starch empty of breath.
The nearby stream the only space it knows,
the river trapped in the channel it creates for itself.
and boulder puddles eroding into muddy flesh.
Dragons seek nourishment in the clouds
and the vapor streams we toss around
feed the other animals hiding in the sky.
Everywhere a bounty of molecules
stretches hands across itself
and we who come to this place far from memory
breathe an air full of nourishment and satisfaction.



You™ by Merak is a community, gathered in hopes of establishing a platform particularly for people who are struggling with various Mental health issues and to encourage them to open up about their struggles.

Ultimately, to let them know we are here to listen and to let them know at least they are not alone on this. #itsOkayToTalk



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