

DEPRESSION PSALM (42)

Why art thou downcast, o my soul?

Yeah, why is that?

Why is your soul downcast?

I don't know. It's complicated.

Do you want the list?

For a start, I live with depression.

Some random, or not so random, throw of the DNA dice left my brain with a chemical imbalance.

And learned behaviours since my childhood reinforced the pattern so my depression neural pathway is more of a neural motorway – and it's bloody hard work to build a bypass.

Then there's menopause.

As if hormones haven't mayhemmed enough of my life.

No more faffing periods though.

And your bullshitometer works really well now.

You don't waste time debating. If you need something, you ask.

You care less.

And that's a good thing.

Put your hope in God for I will yet praise Him ...

Hang on, that may all be true.

Is true.

But I haven't finished my list.

I'm waiting for test results.

And my husband is ill.

And my son is still unemployed.

And is sinking in the shallows of life, like a dolphin pretending to be a pond skater.

And I can't do anything about it.

And I hate that.

I hate being unable to control things.

But you also hate being the one in control all the time.

You hate the pressure.

I know! Either way, I can't win.

It's like living in a migraine, waiting for my head to implode.

Why do you need to win?

I don't know.

Control again, I suppose.

I'd rather help, fix, do.

Rubbish at pray, accept, be.

Hey, don't be so hard on yourself.

Isn't that what downcast souls do?

We're experts at beating ourselves up.

Don't forget what Rob says:

Why beat yourself up when he can do that for you!

He puts up with a lot, that man.

God, I love him.

He loves you.

I know.

I know.

Maybe I'm just tired.

I didn't sleep well last night.

And you haven't eaten yet.

Maybe everyone gets these moments. These days.

Maybe it's just the crosshatching making the picture 3D.

'And this too shall pass'.

Like a cold front.

Or winter.

I've got you, you know.

I've got you.