

1

I am depressed again, but I am happy.
Happy that I know I am depressed.
Is that a contradiction in terms?
I think not. The end is the means
In more than a few cases.
What you can say to a drinking man
Who has ceased to be a drunkard
Are only hollow exhortations.

2

The picking of the strings.
That is the only sound worth living for.
The pluck, the twang, and then the descent
To rest. I believe I will be
A guitar when I grow up.

3

See that tree.
It is a nice tree.
That ~~tree~~ has been through a lot;
See how its branches are gnarled and swollen,
Notice the roots, both shallow and deep.
It is a tree grown old in its youth.
It reaches for the sky
As it stands in the ground,
And mocks at the rain with its leaves.
It is a nice tree.

4

How can a tear express joy?
Tears are for those who cannot cry.

5

Listen at night, when you lie awake
But wait for sleep, to that thunder
Beneath the blankets; it booms,
And is booming to be free.
Little does it know that it is.
It is a thunder built for the world
And travelling through its air
Already.

6

I am depressed again. The anxiety
I feel is to feel it the more.
A cup of tea would please me,
But though the pekoe sits in bags,
I cannot let it free.
True, I can make it,
But the drinking is in me.

7

Do not let yourself into this chamber.
The door can never close.
There is no comfort in this prison.