

20 words or less

about depression

20 words or less about depression – 2

compiled by maamyyrä

words : The Icarus Project theicarusproject.net

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ACQUA APP
EQUATOR

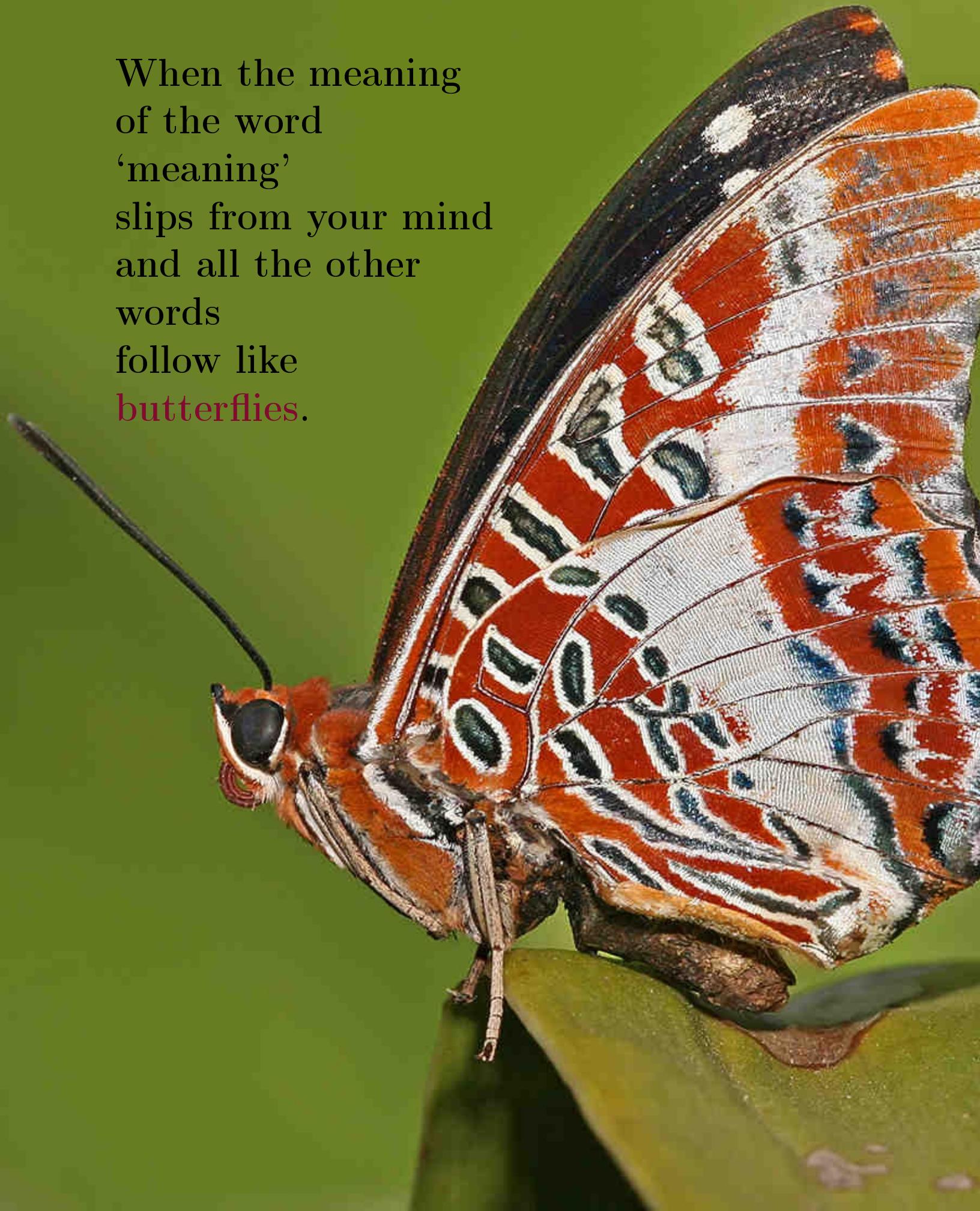
To The Icarus Project Community



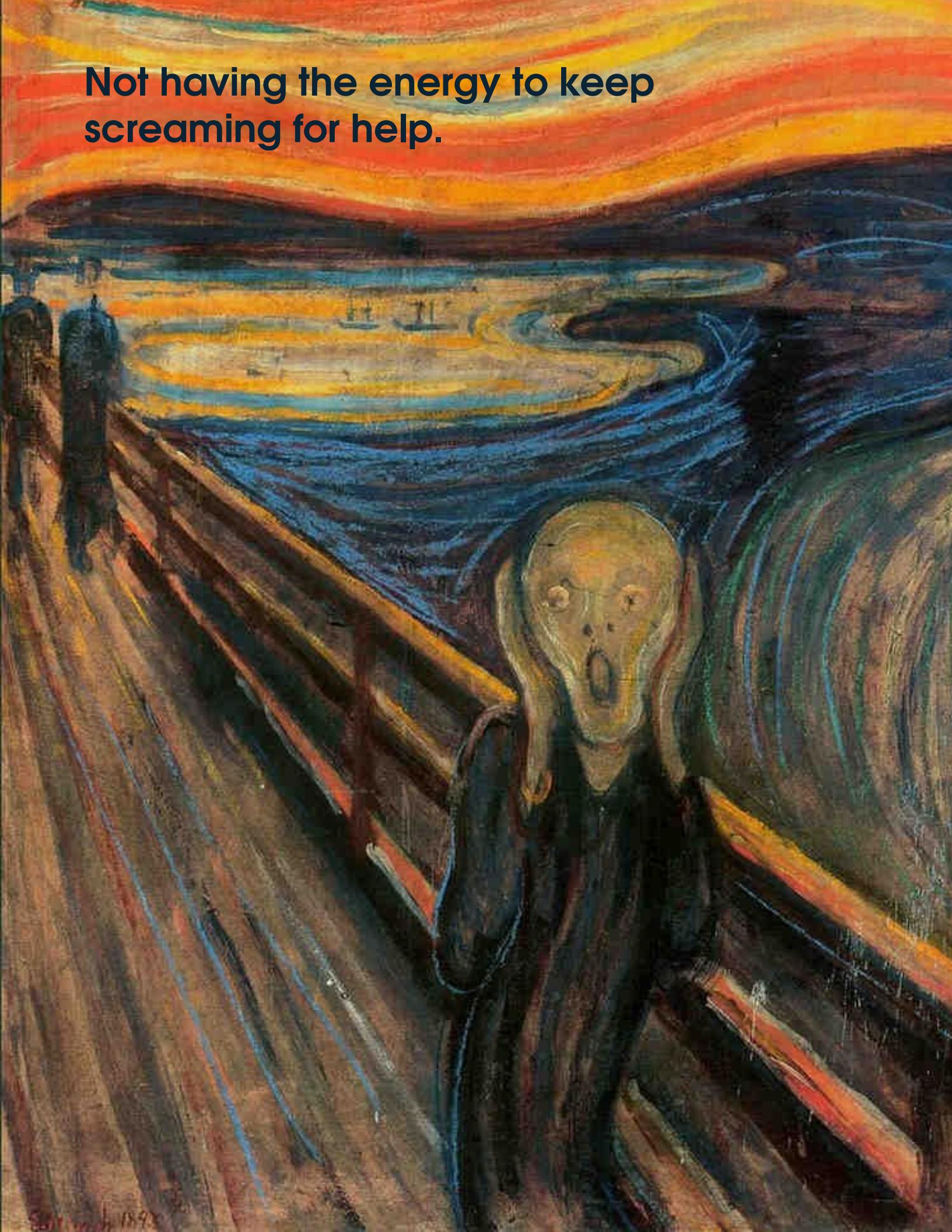
it is the feeling of the world

as too big for you to matter

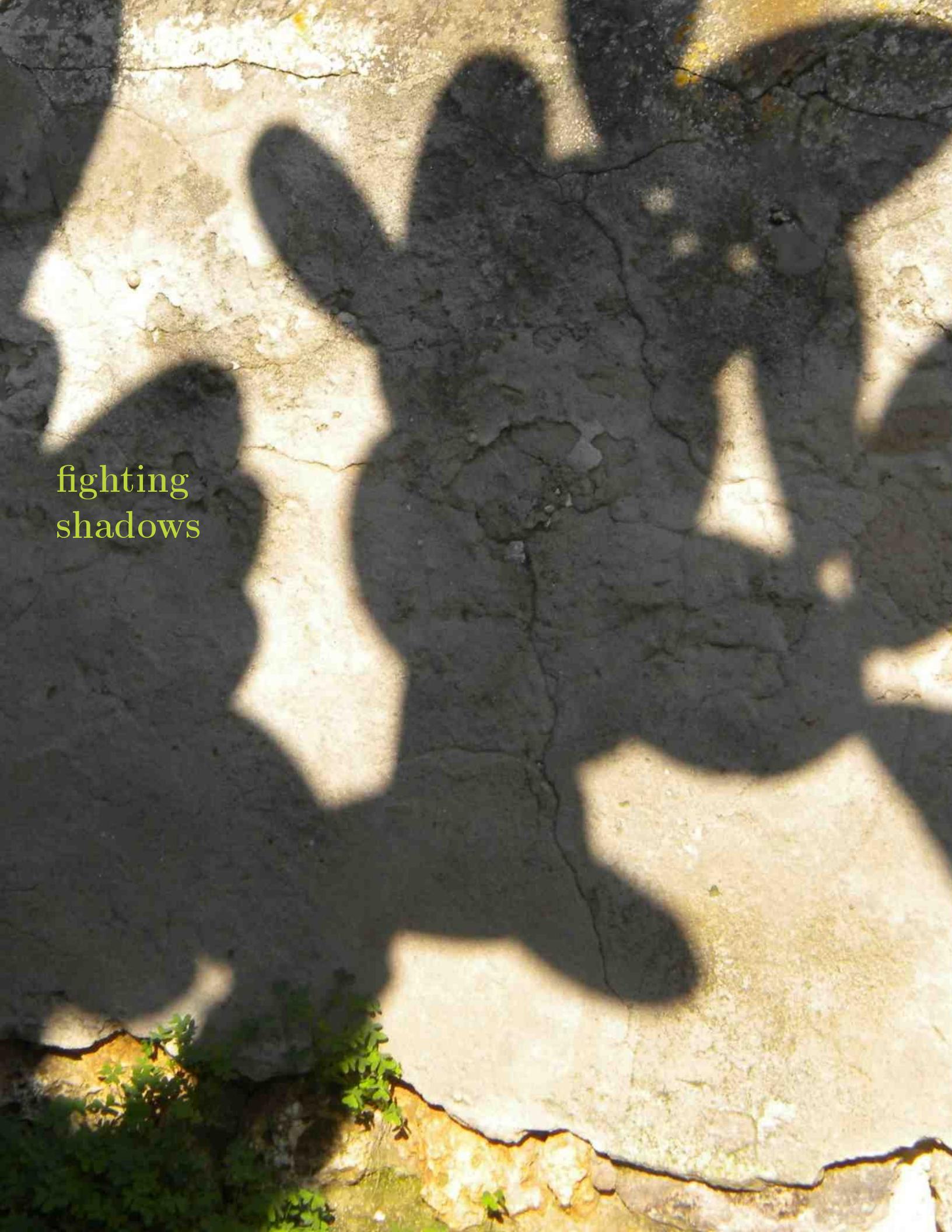
When the meaning
of the word
'meaning'
slips from your mind
and all the other
words
follow like
butterflies.



Not having the energy to keep screaming for help.



U E J I H U N Y S T
D N A U U E N E M A
W N A I P L E C U T O O N
A G H P L I N O O E
R D E I H C T M N W
F H W H O P B E O Q
R A C O E A A R R P T
C S A T R R N C P L
R T A E H D T U E U
I E U C U F L R O V
A R F A I R A E A O A
T O A I N I A B S A
O I A T E O E N A S
E D I D D O E D U T
E S Z E E H O P H S



fighting
shadows



stuck somewhere
between alive and dead

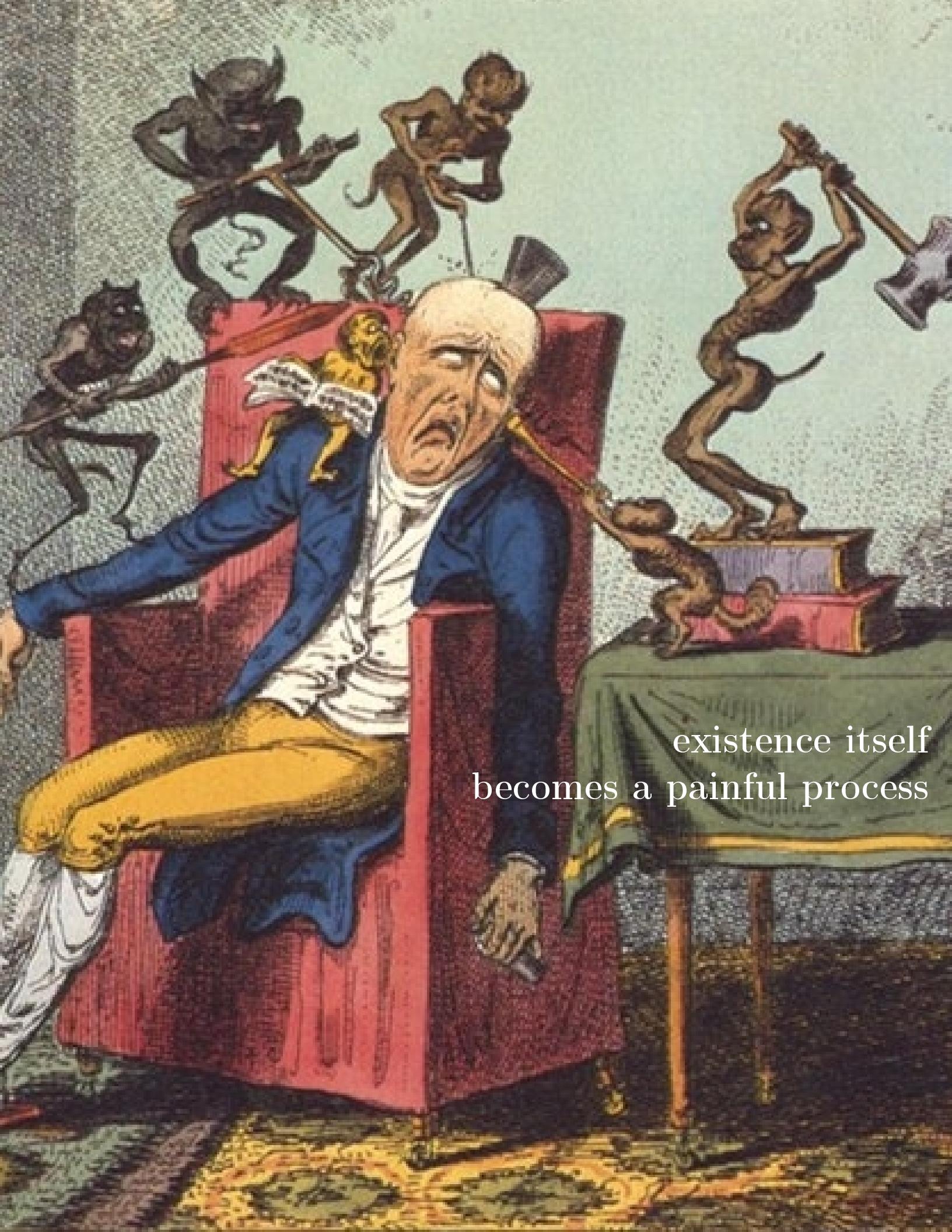


Utter dissolution of self.

Open prison that stretches forever.

Eaten alive by fear.

Your psyche turns against you in revulsion.



existence itself
becomes a painful process

it takes the floor out from under me

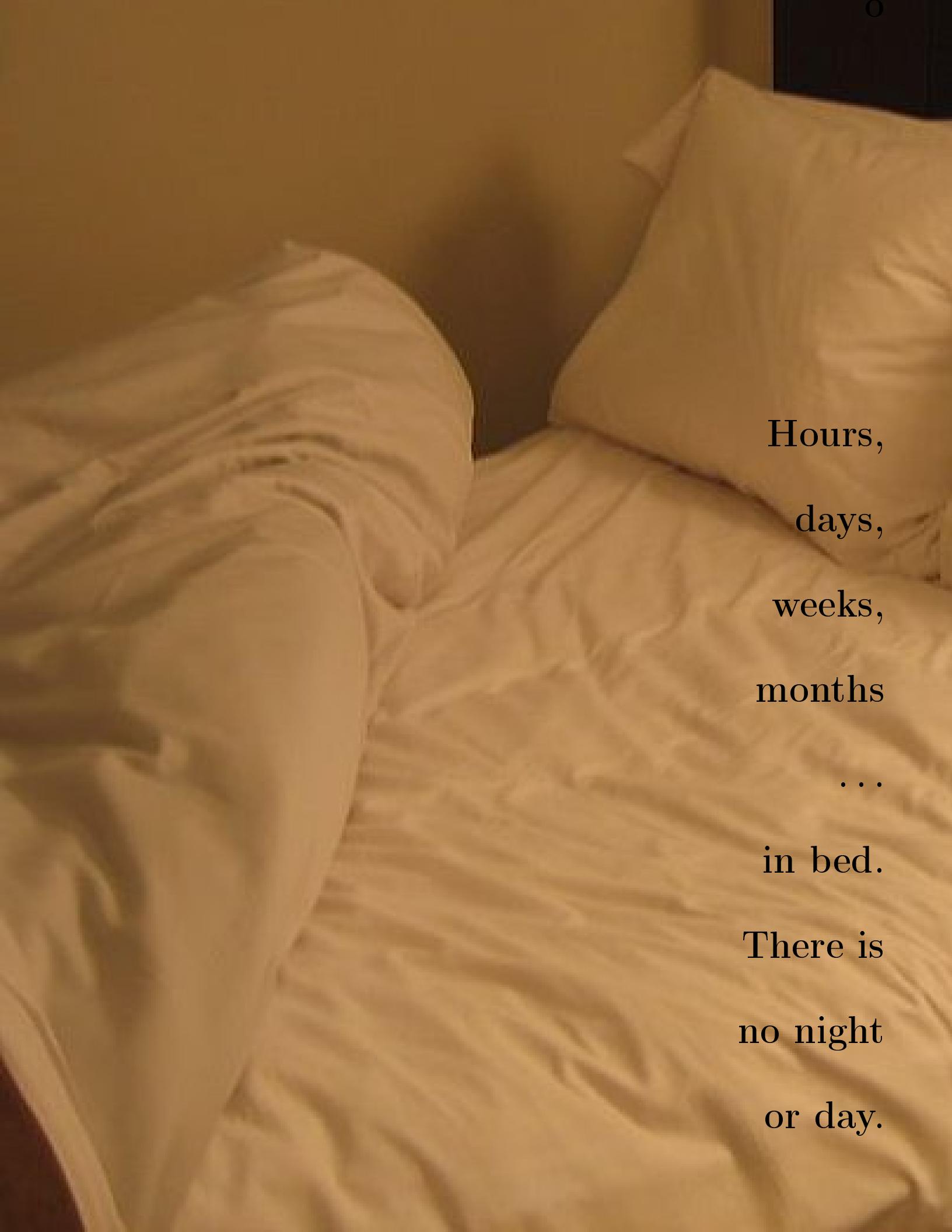
DEEP WATER
&
QUICKSAND
NO SWIMMING

Immersed in a fog,

feeling unreal,

unable to see things

as they really are.

A close-up, low-angle shot of a bed with white sheets and pillows, showing the texture of the bedding.

Hours,

days,

weeks,

months

...

in bed.

There is

no night

or day.

O

The socially acceptable choice for keeping



anger

under control.

a flooded landfill



Sour, unbrushed teeth.



It doesn't matter 'cause you're not
opening your mouth . . .

Don't want to do anything,



STOP

loathing because you can't,
pushing because you know you have to . . .

like compression

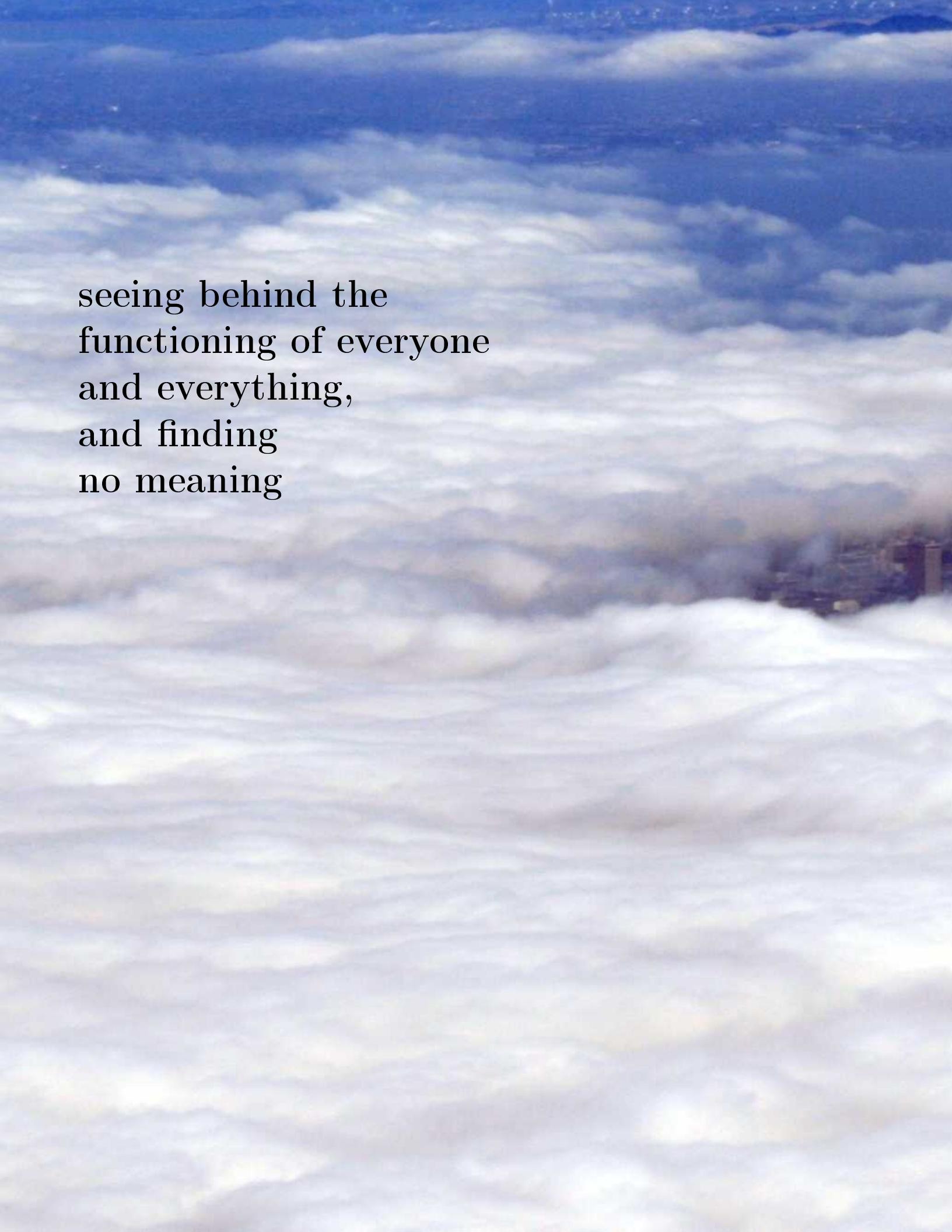
you're really aware of yourself

and can't see outside of yourself

O



A hollow, hopeless shell.
Joyless, loveless, alone.
Seeking perhaps oblivion as
an exasperating consolation.
Muted, surrounded by shadows.
Enslaved.

A wide-angle photograph of a sky filled with scattered, wispy clouds. In the lower right corner, a dark, silhouetted city skyline is visible, partially obscured by the clouds. The overall atmosphere is hazy and dreamlike.

seeing behind the
functioning of everyone
and everything,
and finding
no meaning



I can't hear music
or see color
or sense meaning.

Every cell in my body feels sick.
There is no relief except sleep.

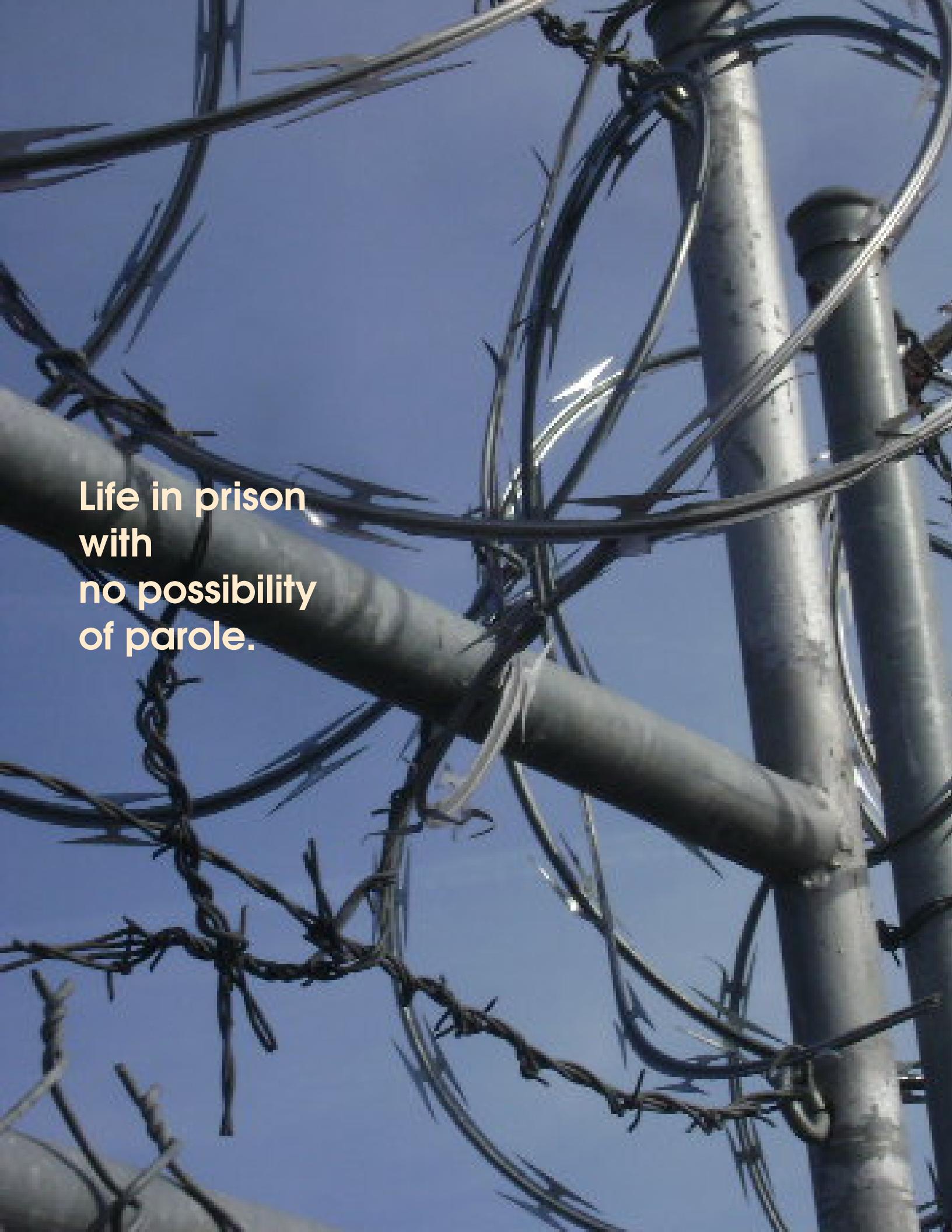


unending

stickiness,

grit,

and apathy



**Life in prison
with
no possibility
of parole.**

It feels like being bullied year after year by the same kid in school.

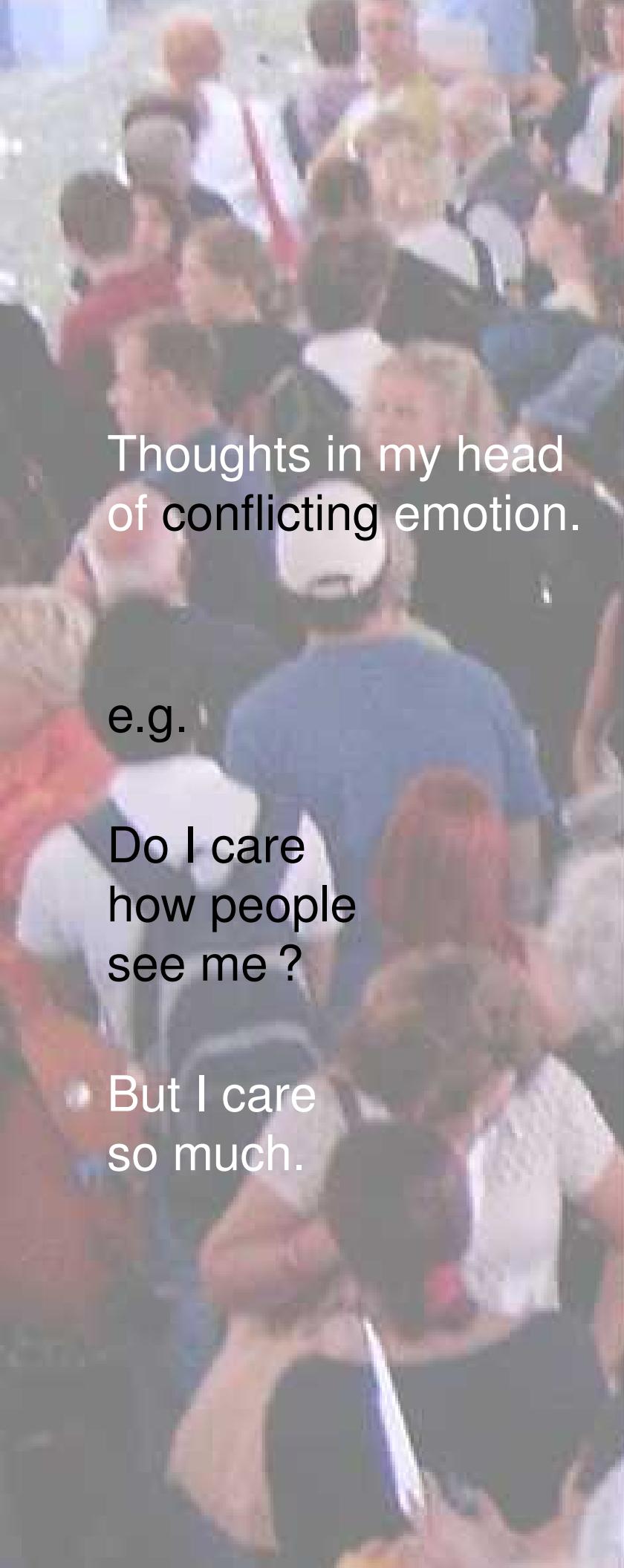




It feels like turning the corner
and being beaten by
guys with baseball bats.



I'm a smoking, smelly leper
staring tearfully, hopelessly shackled,
as 'the others' vainly parade life's red carpet.



Thoughts in my head
of conflicting emotion.

e.g.

Do I care
how people
see me ?

But I care
so much.





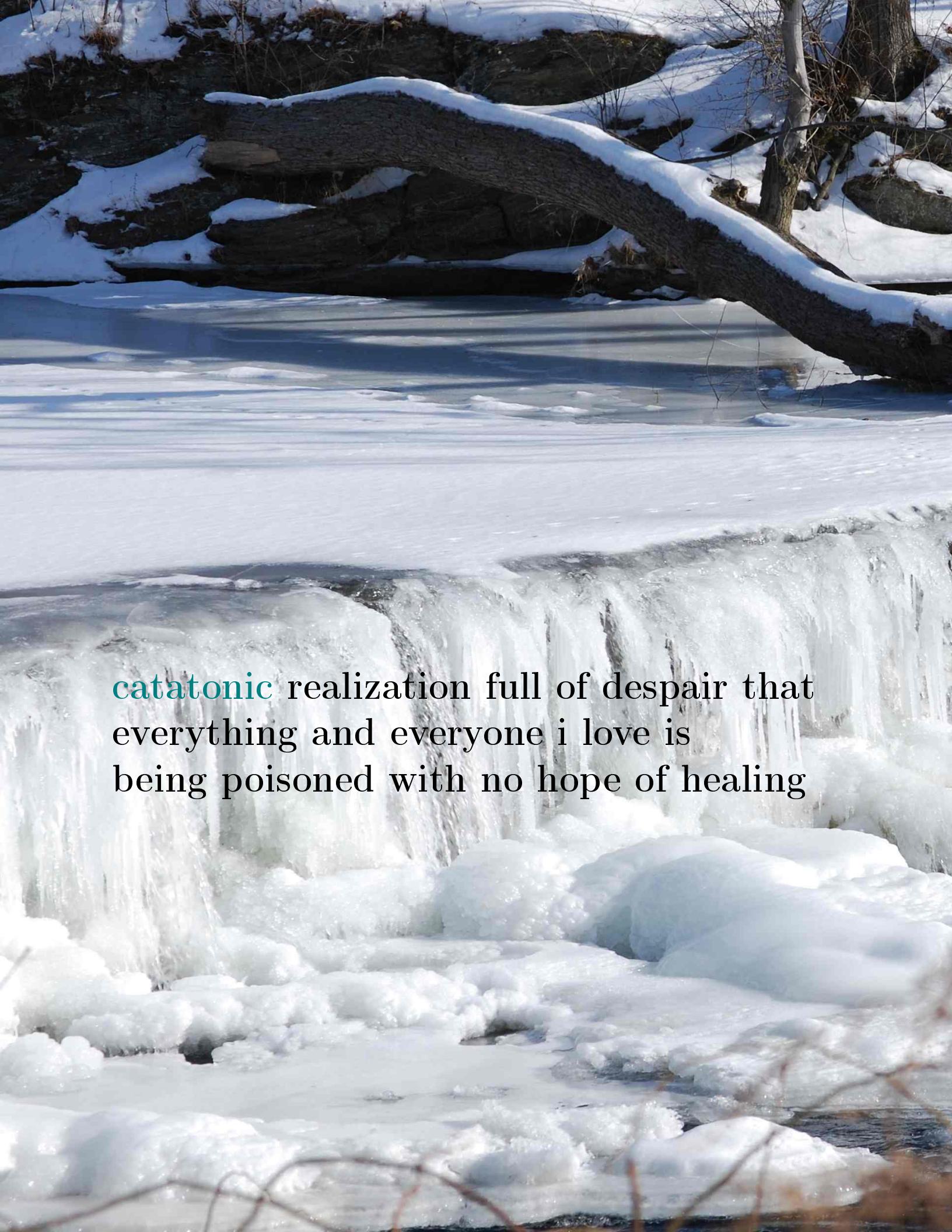
burning myself and
pressure that crushes
my head



The ghost in the house...



Screaming for help
from the bottom of a
deep, deep well.

A photograph of a frozen waterfall in a winter landscape. The waterfall is completely frozen, with thick, translucent icicles hanging from the rock face. The ground in the foreground is covered in snow and ice, with some dark, leafless branches in the lower right corner. The background shows more snow-covered ground and some trees with snow on their branches.

catatonic realization full of despair that
everything and everyone i love is
being poisoned with no hope of healing



sometimes

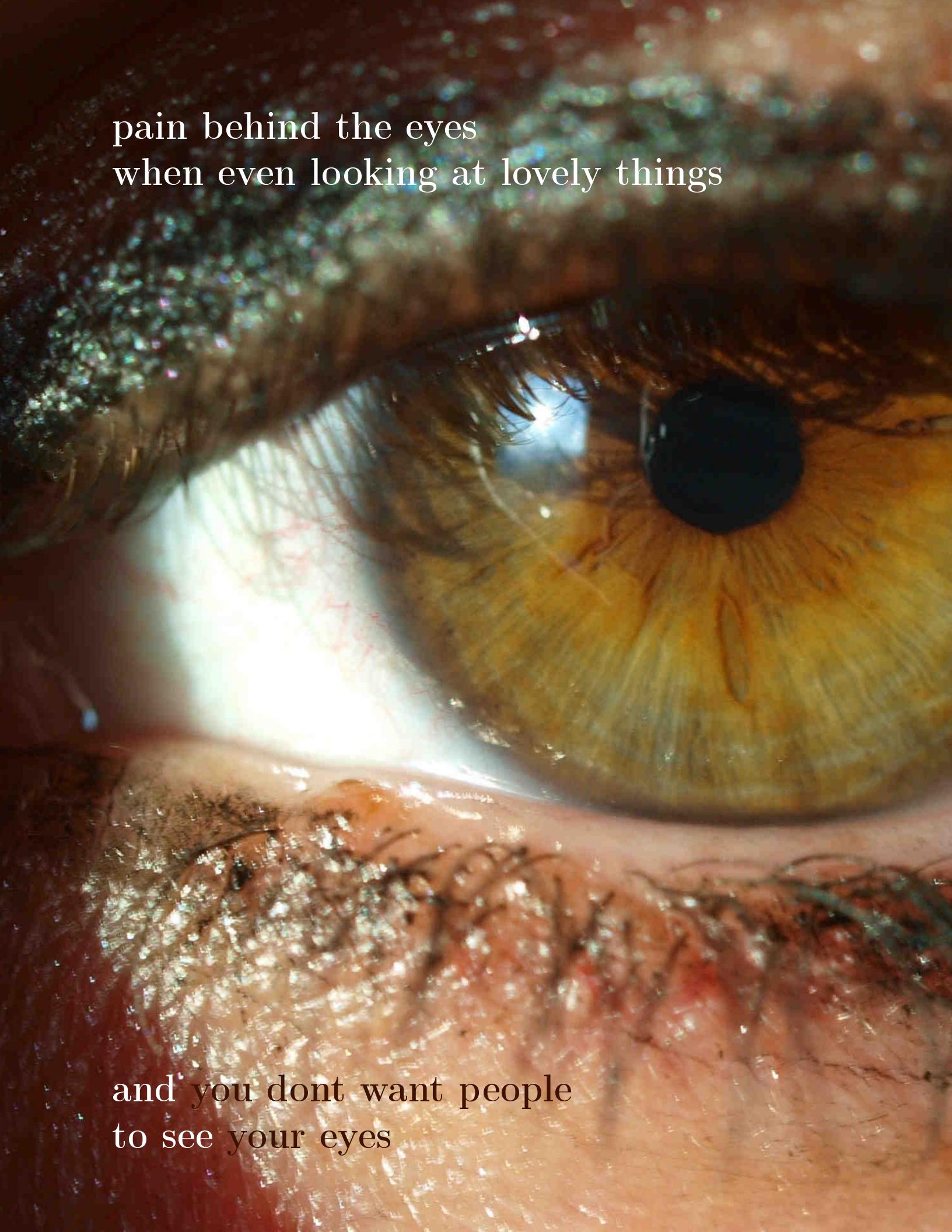
a day

just

breaks

into

halves



pain behind the eyes
when even looking at lovely things

and you dont want people
to see your eyes

one giant **lose-lose** situation

	Swerve	Straight
Swerve	Tie, Tie	Lose, Win
Straight	Win, Lose	Crash, Crash

Fig. 1: A payoff matrix of Chicken

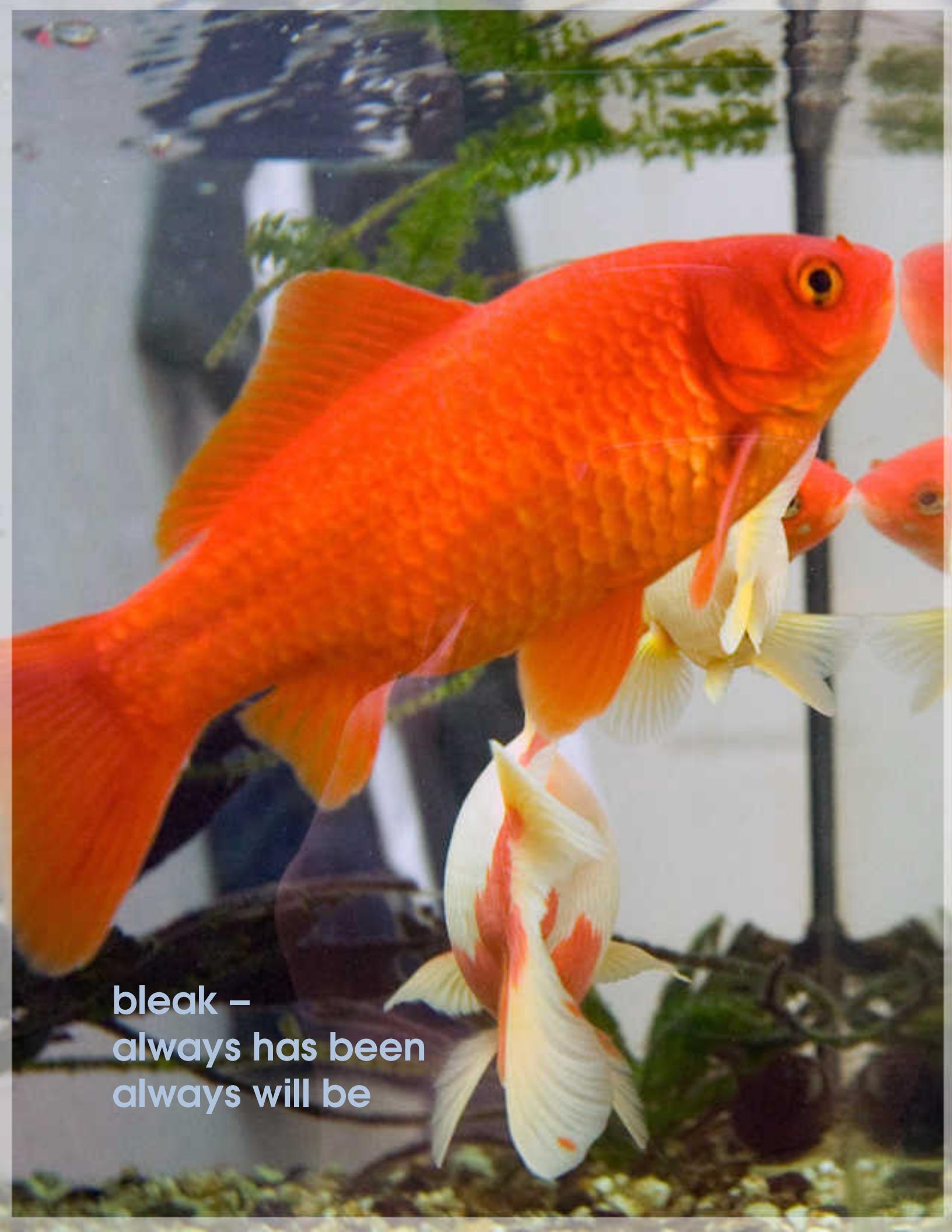
	Swerve	Straight
Swerve	0, 0	-1, +1
Straight	+1, -1	-10, -10

Fig. 2: Chicken with numerical payoffs

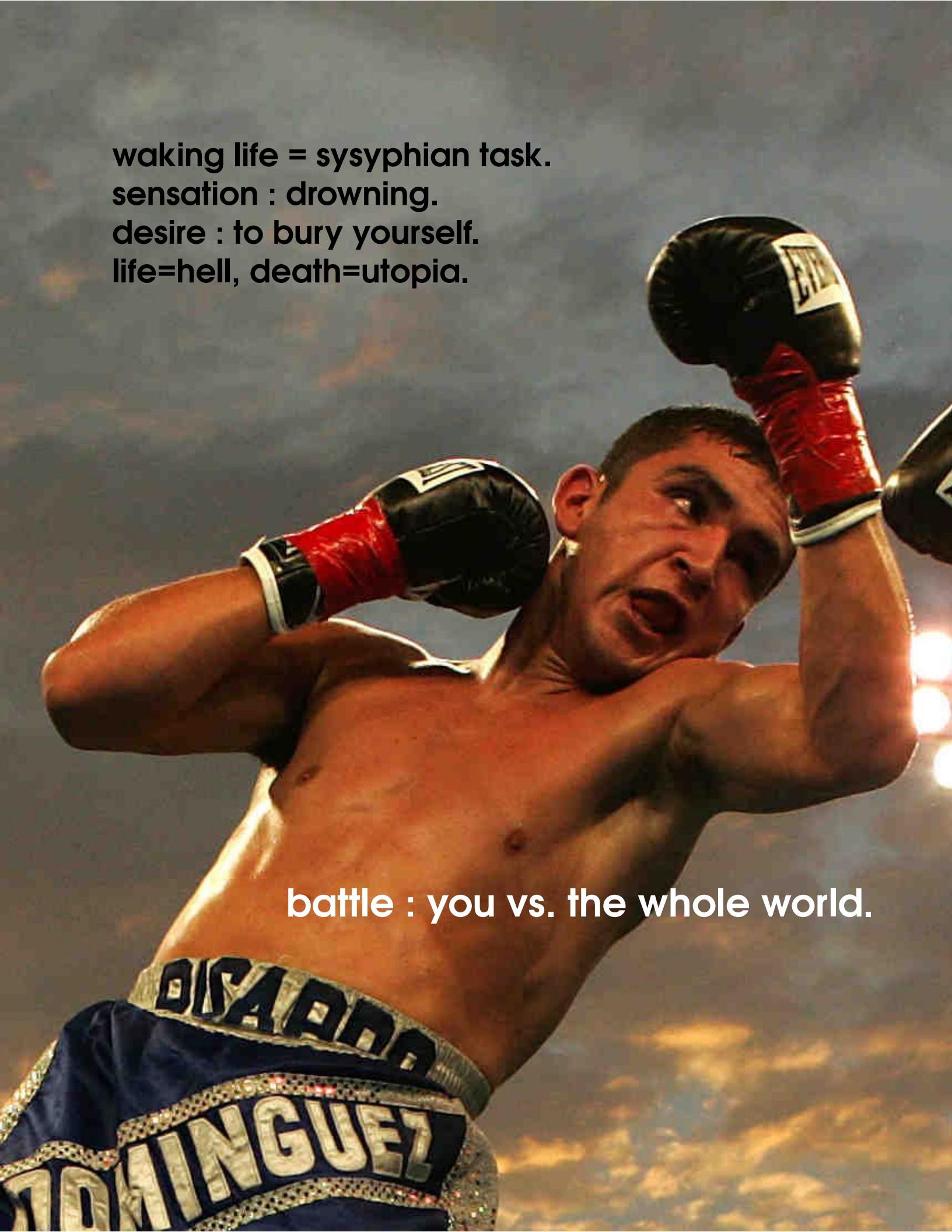
trapped



for ineffable reasons, with the self-hatred experienced from lack of logical causes creating a feedback loop

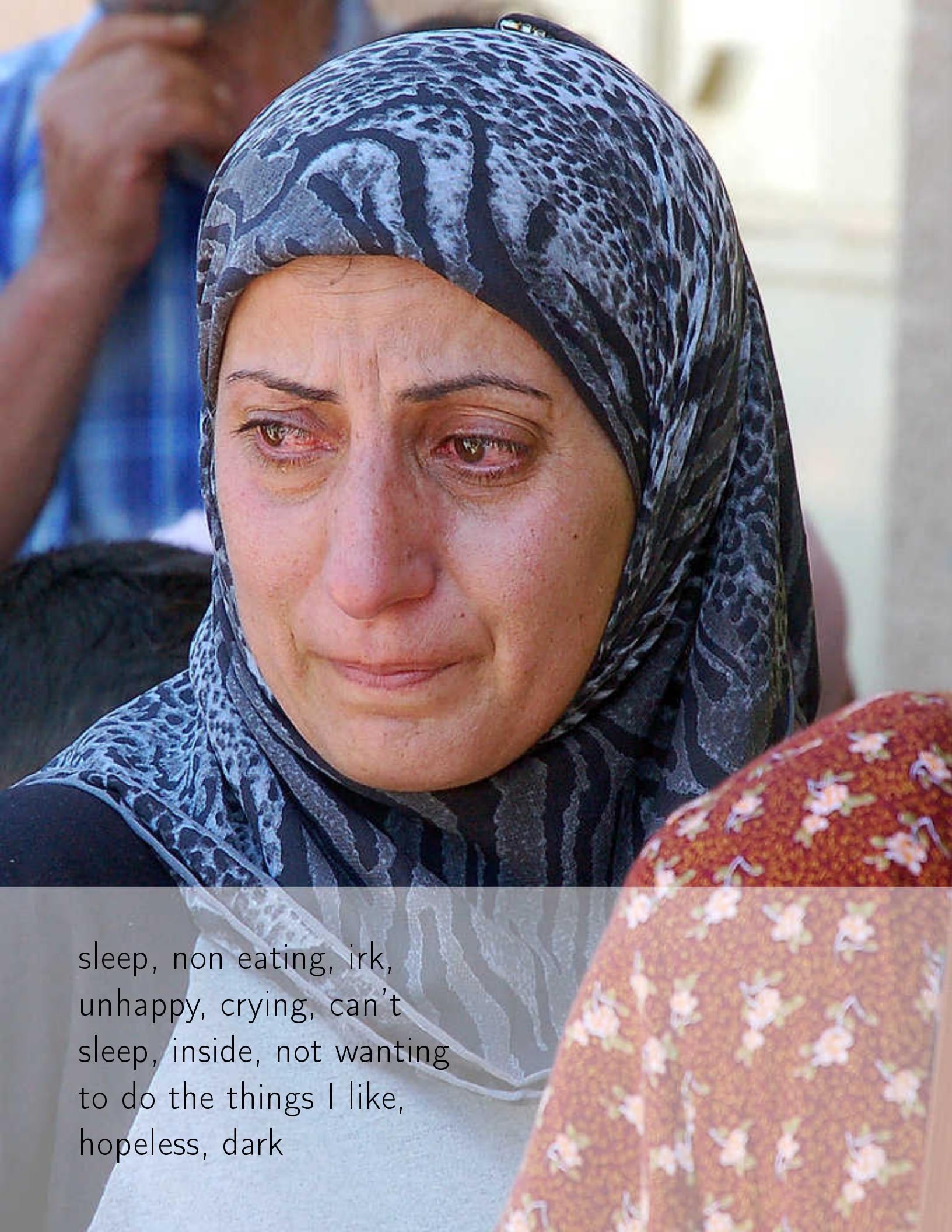
A close-up photograph of a goldfish swimming in an aquarium. The fish is primarily a bright orange color with a white patch on its left side and a white tail. It is positioned in the upper half of the frame, facing towards the right. The background is slightly blurred, showing other fish and green aquatic plants.

bleak –
always has been
always will be

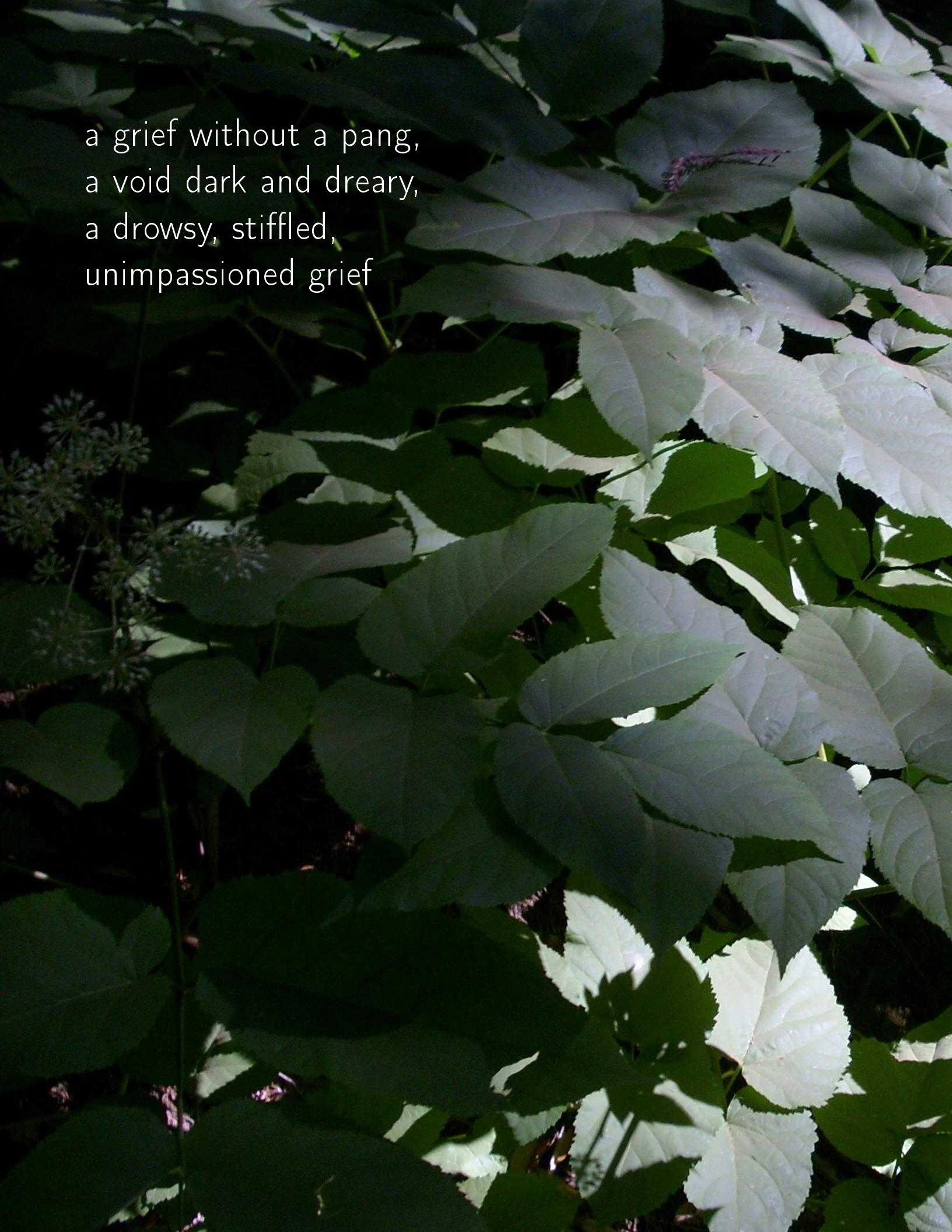
A boxer in a dynamic pose, leaning back with arms raised, set against a dramatic, cloudy sky. The boxer is wearing red and black boxing gloves and blue trunks with 'Dominguez' and 'DISARDO' printed on them.

waking life = sysyphian task.
sensation : drowning.
desire : to bury yourself.
life=hell, death=utopia.

battle : you vs. the whole world.



sleep, non eating, irk,
unhappy, crying, can't
sleep, inside, not wanting
to do the things I like,
hopeless, dark



a grief without a pang,
a void dark and dreary,
a drowsy, stifled,
unimpassioned grief

A photograph of a group of cats on a brick-paved ground. Several cats are scattered across the frame, some lying down and others sitting. They are surrounded by many small, yellowish-brown pieces of cat food scattered on the ground. The cats have various fur patterns, including calico, orange, and white. The overall scene is a bit messy but captures a typical feeding time for a group of feral or domestic cats.

can't get out of bed

to even brush teeth

plz come over,

feed cat 4me

thx <3 u :(

Depression

is a hole
inside me
that gets
bigger and colder
when I try to
ignore it.

Recently
it's smaller.

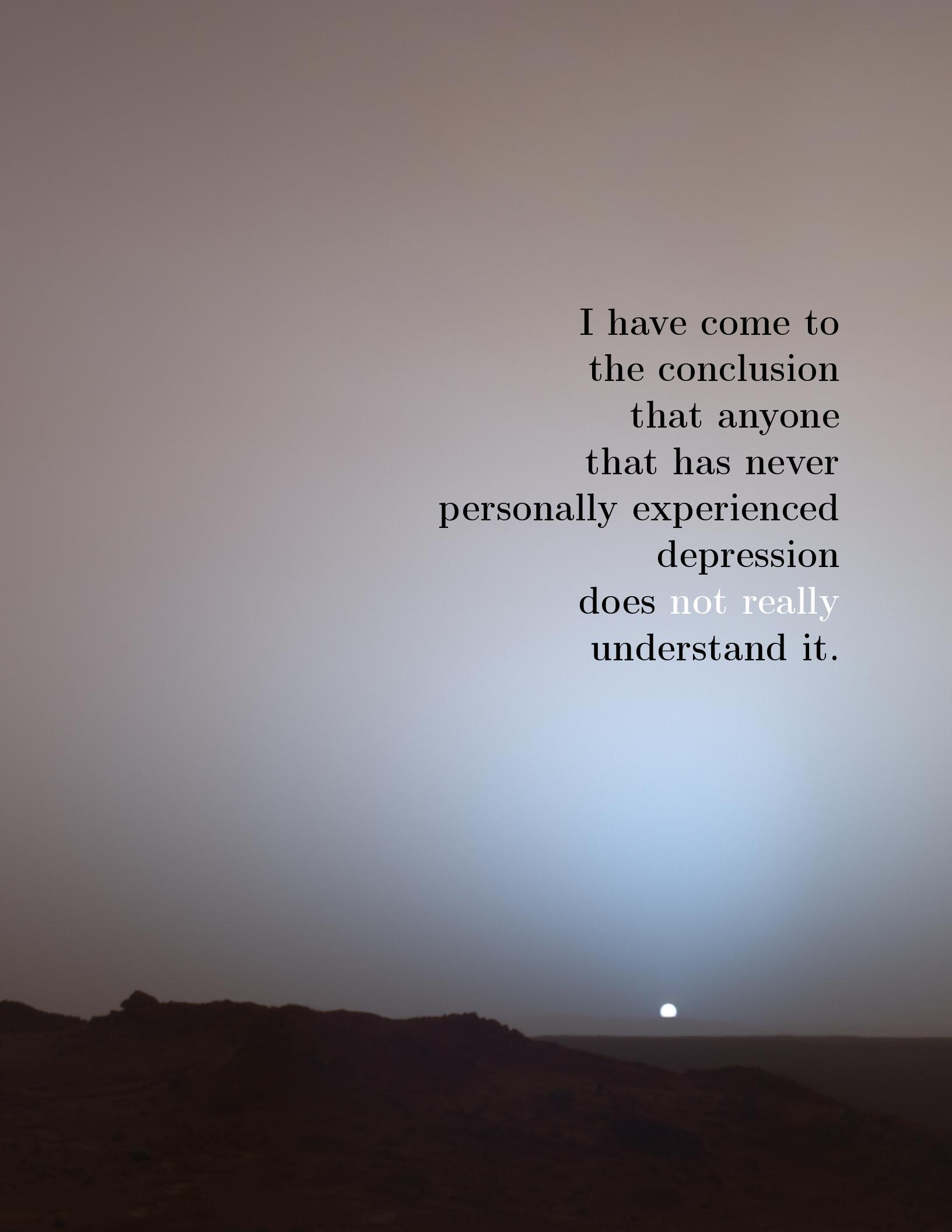


Pain that's like
cement blocks
for your body
and emotions
that you feel
you wont ever escape

depression is



reliving the past

A dark, atmospheric landscape featuring a dark, hilly foreground. In the distance, a bright, circular light source, resembling a setting or rising sun, is visible on the horizon line. The sky above is a uniform, pale blue-grey.

I have come to
the conclusion
that anyone
that has never
personally experienced
depression
does not really
understand it.

The Icarus Project envisions a new culture and language that resonates with our actual experiences of 'mental illness' rather than trying to fit our lives into a conventional framework.

We are a network of people living with and/or affected by experiences that are commonly diagnosed and labeled as psychiatric conditions. We believe these experiences are mad gifts needing cultivation and care, rather than diseases or disorders. By joining together as individuals and as a community, the intertwined threads of madness, creativity, and collaboration can inspire hope and transformation in an oppressive and damaged world. Participation in The Icarus Project helps us overcome alienation and tap into the true potential that lies between brilliance and madness.

The Icarus Project is a collaborative, participatory adventure fueled by inspiration and mutual aid. We bring the Icarus vision to reality through an Icarus national staff collective and a grassroots network of autonomous local support groups and Campus Icarus groups across the US and beyond.



theicarusproject.net