

IT'S OK

It's OK to be depressed. As a matter of fact, it's wonderful.

There are not many other moods in which you feel so fully alive.

It's great to have the unhappiness race through your blood like quicksilver.

It's OK to listen to Gilbert Isbin's cacophonous guitar

Accompanied by Erik Rottiers on the detuned piano,

While you roll on the carpet wondering about the purpose of life.

It's very much OK to stare all afternoon at the naked tree

in your garden, ivy up to her waist, bare arms reaching to the sky,

bringing down blessings of patience and strength which will last you all winter.

It's OK. The day disappears and the music becomes frenetic.

You're alone tonight. You've stayed in the house since dawn, refusing to budge,
nursing your discomfort with the soulful poetry of loneliness.

It's magnificently OK not to have been part of anything,

not to have done anything important, not to have picked up the phone.

It's OK from time to time to be a vegetable in God's garden,

a buddha blossom which nobody picks, a sapling between the oaks.

It's OK, my friend, to wave goodbye to sanity once in a while,

to ask the kind of difficult questions nobody likes to answer.

It's OK to be depressed, in fact, OK to lose self-confidence,

feel like a rotten apple, tired of yourself and human existence.

It's OK to draw the curtains and to throw yourself onto your bed,

shutting the world out, locked in a losing battle with your own sick heart.

It's only normal that you should think of suicide and alcohol.

Depression is OK. Provided you accept it for what it is,

don't feel guilty about it, and realize it will not last for ever.