An Epiphany-less Post

(Trần Nghi Âu Cơ)

I'm reading It's Kind of a Funny Story by Ned Vizzini.

There's one scene where the main character, who has anxiety and depression, talks to his friend.

MC: I'm happy.

Friend: Why not?

MC: No, I said I am happy.

Friend: I know. I meant why shouldn't you be?

It's a simple question. Why shouldn't you be happy? Holy Golightly put it best:

The blues are because you're getting fat, and maybe it's been raining too long. You're just sad, that's all. The mean reds are horrible. Suddenly you're afraid, and you don't know what you're afraid of.

Your heart freaks out at every little thing; things that shouldn't be a big deal, yet somehow your brain can't contain it in the non-big dealness container. It lets the thing fester and snowball into a storm that hangs over you and only you. The fear debilitates you and you have no idea what to do.

It's kinda like depression. Except instead of fear, you feel kinda pointless. You're sad for no reason and you feel stupid for being so sad. You look around and see people who have it so much worse than you and, by all rights, you should be happy. But you're not and you can't figure out why. You can't concentrate on anything. You have no drive. You can't see the point to anything.

It's never one thing. It's a billion insignificant, little things that tangle up in one giant tangle of anxiety and depression. And it's not a matter of "getting over it." I wish it was. It's mainly distraction. You find things that'll distract you. You find a passion, even if it's short term. Making tea. Walking to the park. Cleaning the house. Something that pulls you out of bed in the morning.

The only real, immediate, possible solution that I can see is just take out your brain. Find a lock sturdy enough to shut out real life so you can live in your own world. But even then, that's hard. It's gets too much, the aloneness. So you go back out there and look for a person to talk to, but you quickly remember why you left the people-world in the first place: the pretenses, and how exhausting it was to constantly draw up your shield to hide who you really are.

It's a constant matter of bouncing in and out between yourself and the rest of the world. You want to be around people, but at the same time, you don't. You feel like you're bothering them with your irrational fears and sadness. You see their lives, neat and tidy, and feel like your presence muddies up everything they've worked so hard to organize. You also feel out of place, detached from everything around you, an island unto your own self.

So you stay quiet. And quiet and quiet and quiet. Your knees buckle under the weight of all that silence. And it gets heavy. It gets so heavy.

There's no point to this post. No great epiphany. I just wanna put it out there somewhere. I haven't been able to find a permanent solution. One that results in me being alive, healthy and happy. I'll let you know when I do.

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