It Just Seems Lately

It nearly pushed me over a short concrete ledge and perhaps it did. My spirit nearly died again. This time it wasn't the alcohol or drugs or the evening news. It was the medication. And I must say that those atypical anti-psychotics put a man down with the hangover and weight gain.

I tried to go monotherapy (just lithium) because the atypicals took the life in me. I would drag myself out of bed with burning around tired eyes that developed lines and seemed swollen in the morning. I've hated looking in the mirror. The side-effects of the "cure," not the illness, took my spirit and placed my inner light in a meat grinder, and every day I thought less of myself.

I would shower, dress and go to work like a ghost and zombie through the day. I couldn't sleep Saturday, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday taking lithium alone. I missed work Thursday to rest and crawled into work Friday after I got a little sleep from 25 milligrams of another atypical that gave me the same hangover. I didn't sleep Friday night from taking melatonin and valerian, so I went back on the unnamed atypical that reportedly causes Type 2 diabetes, slept, and awakened hung over. I felt like chaos. I called my doctor. He took me off the atypical and put me on an anti-convulsant.

Today, I feel a little better.
I lost what I loved, and that hopeless pain is a definition of hell.

I lost that I'm a pretty good chess player. I lost the ability to write. I lost what it feels like to be healthy. I lost that I really like listening to the blues. I lost that I really like jazz. I lost how to light the candles and burn the incense. I lost my

sense of humor. I lost how to welcome the day. It just seems lately I’ve been worried about surviving.