

20 words or less

about depression

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compiled by maamyrä

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To The Icarus Project Community



vanishing into pure ashes

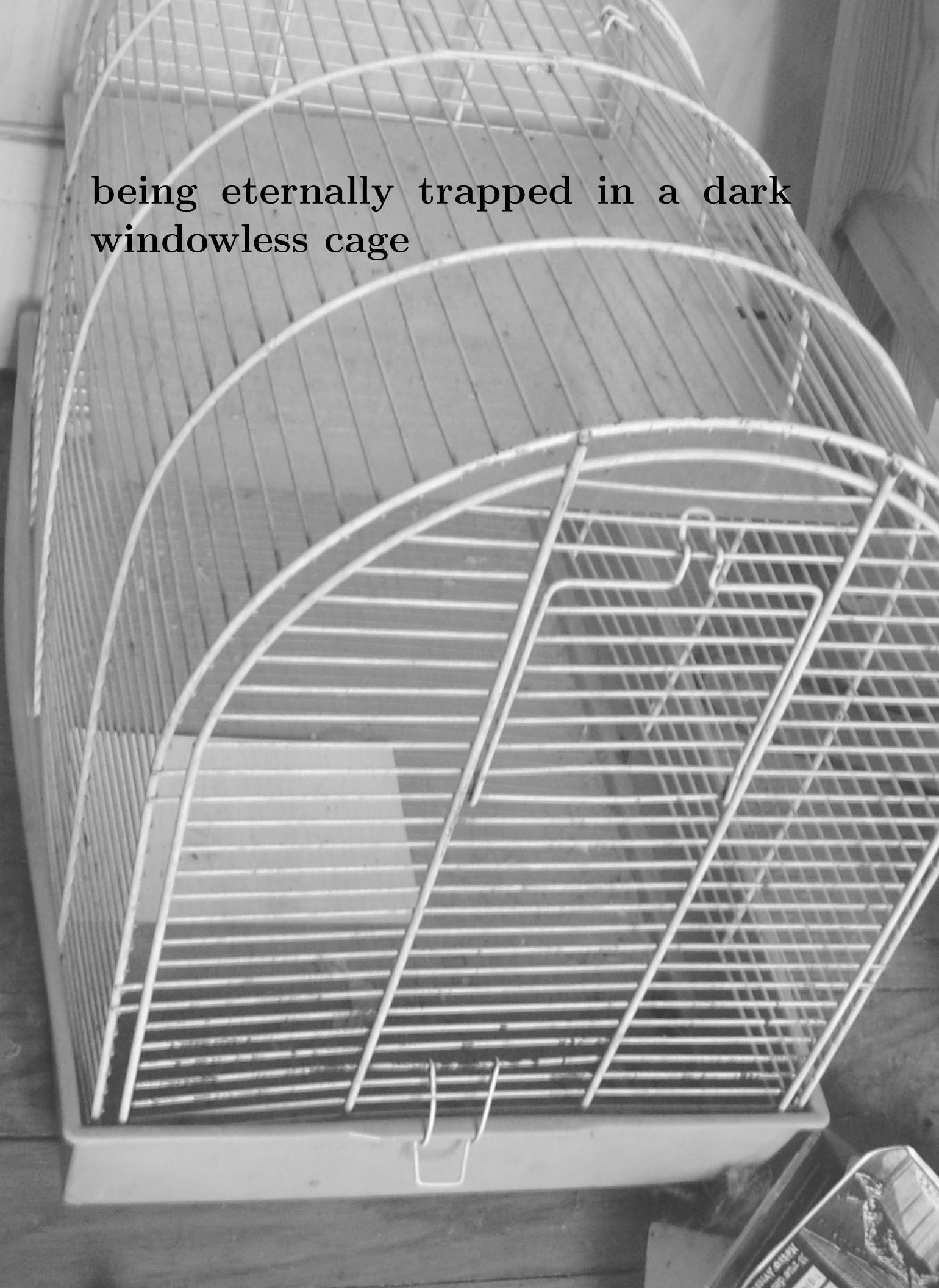
while the world keeps revolving

but without any memories you've
once existed

A microscopic view of plant tissue, likely a cross-section of a stem or root, showing a network of cells with thick, greenish-yellow cell walls. The cells are roughly polygonal and arranged in a somewhat regular pattern. The central text is overlaid on this background.

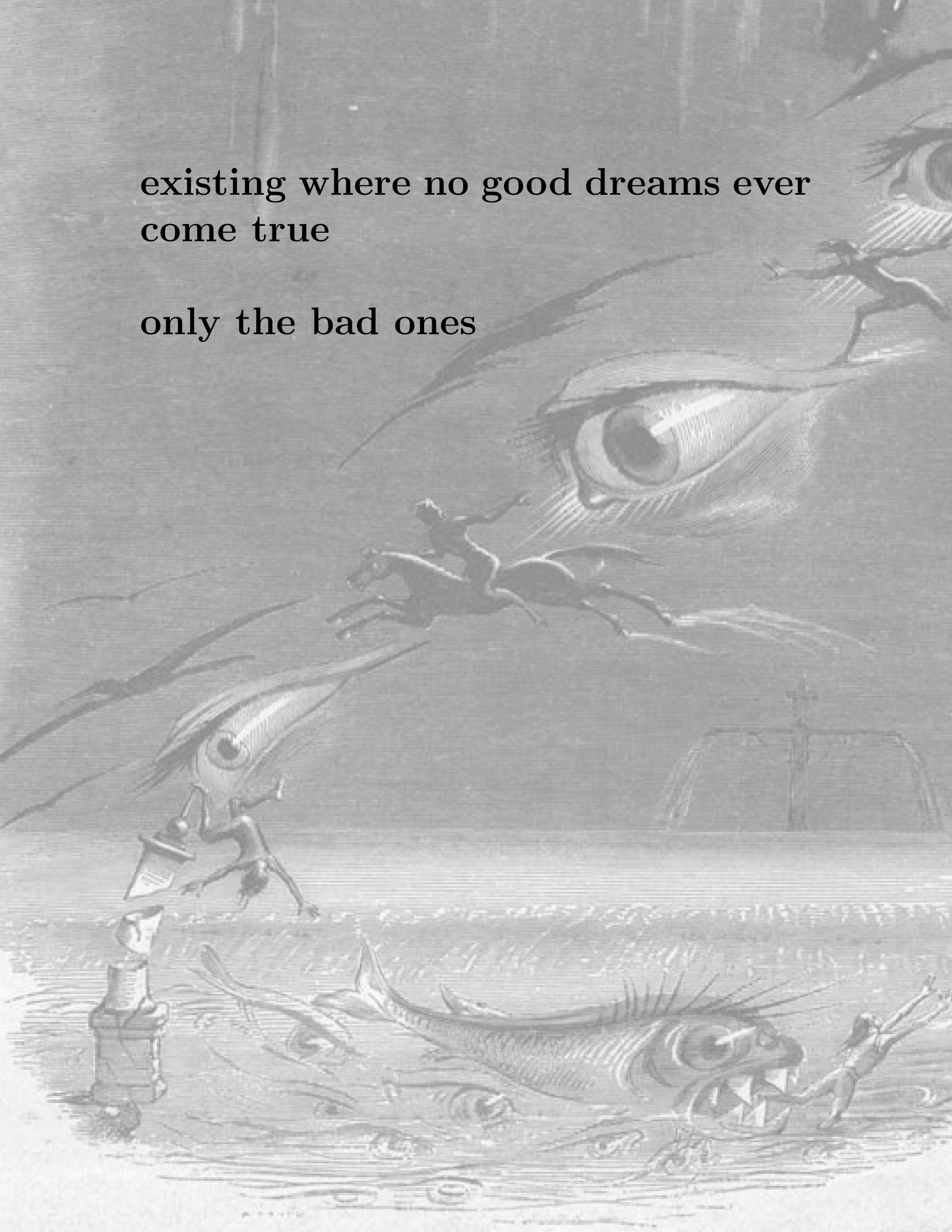
inability to envision the
future of anything

being eternally trapped in a dark
windowless cage



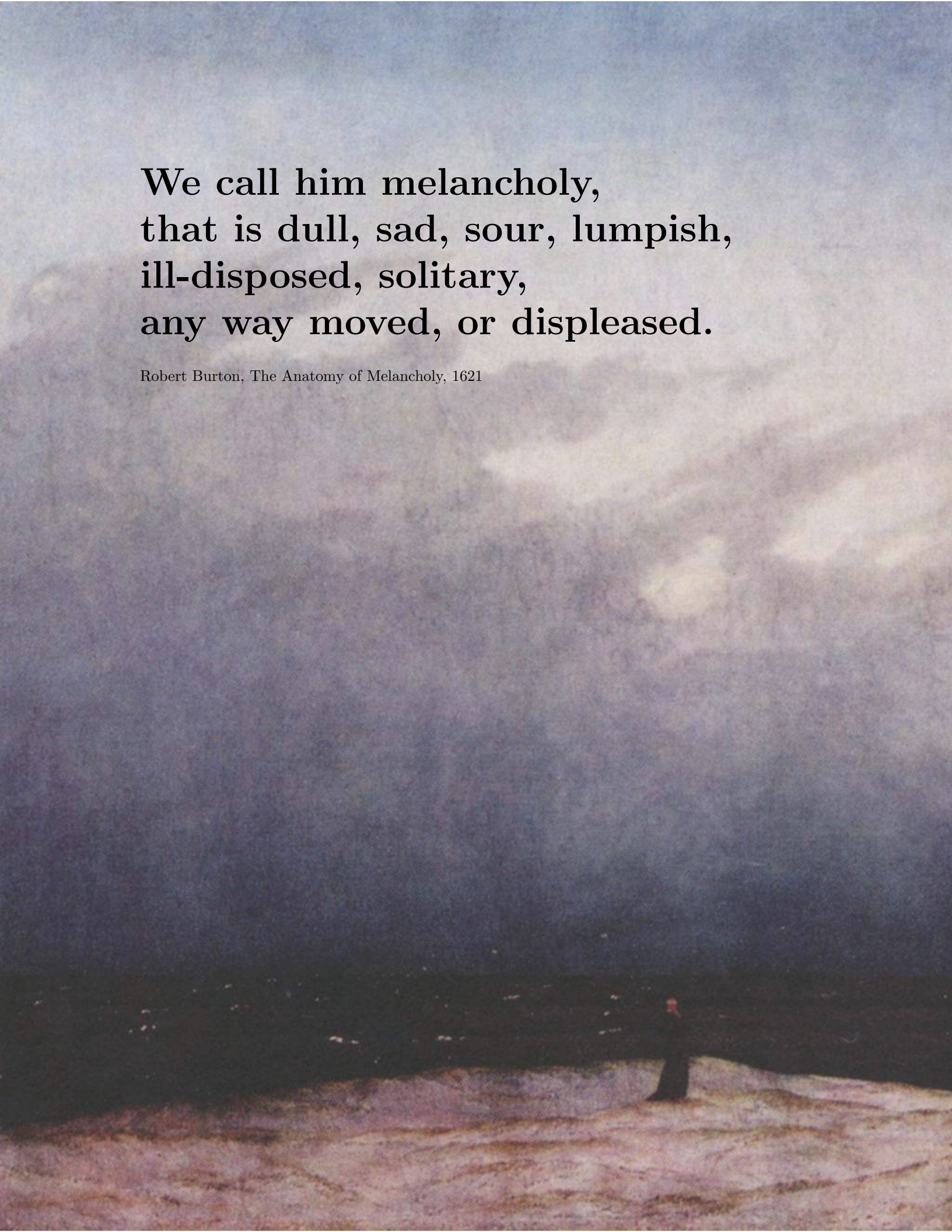
existing where no good dreams ever
come true

only the bad ones



We call him melancholy,
that is dull, sad, sour, lumpish,
ill-disposed, solitary,
any way moved, or displeased.

Robert Burton, *The Anatomy of Melancholy*, 1621





the inability to even define what's
happening to you

but the assurance that it's

permanent,

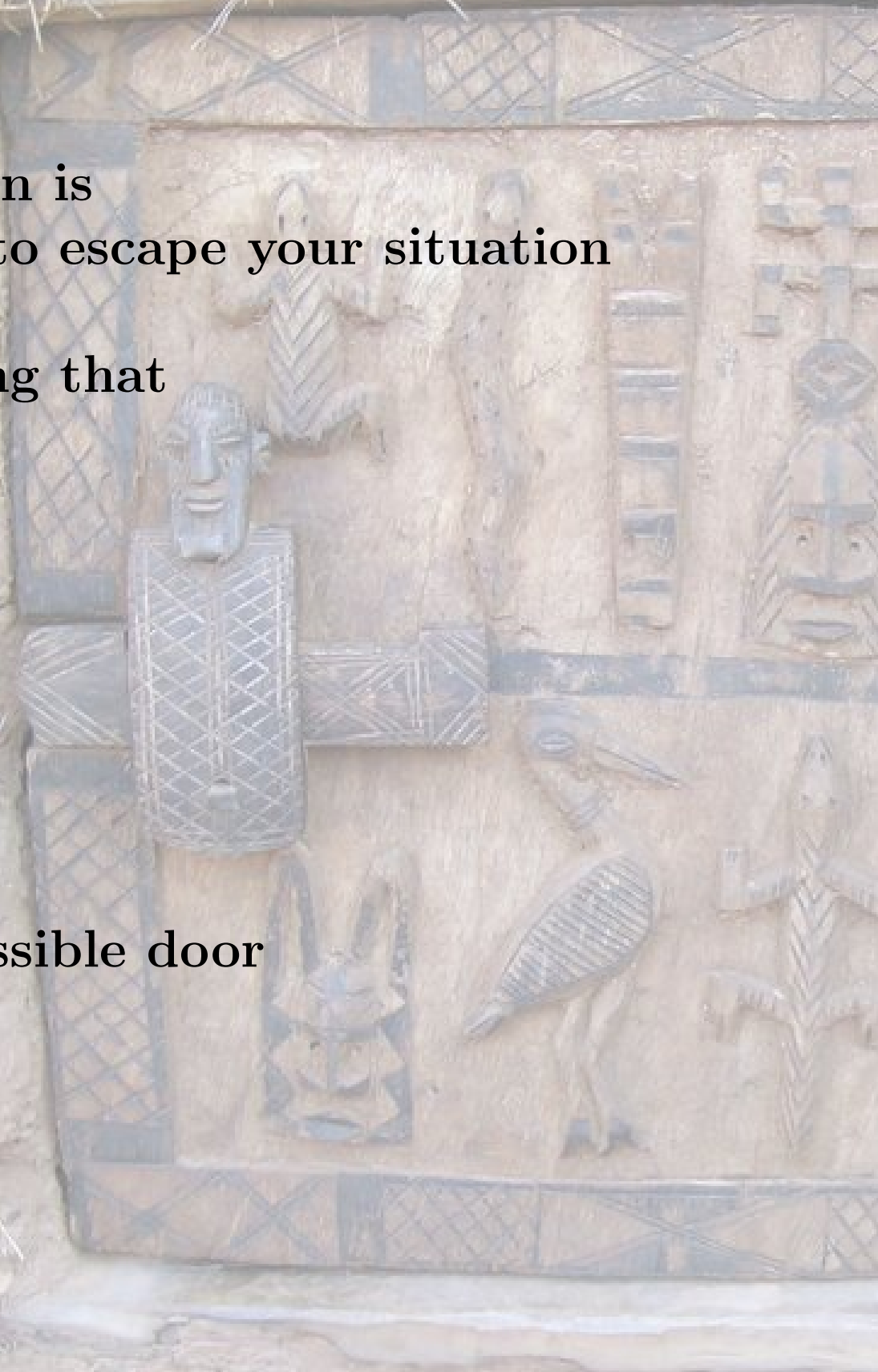
life-consuming

and probably deserved

depression is
wanting to escape your situation

but feeling that

every possible door
is barred





I'm falling, spiraling, alone.

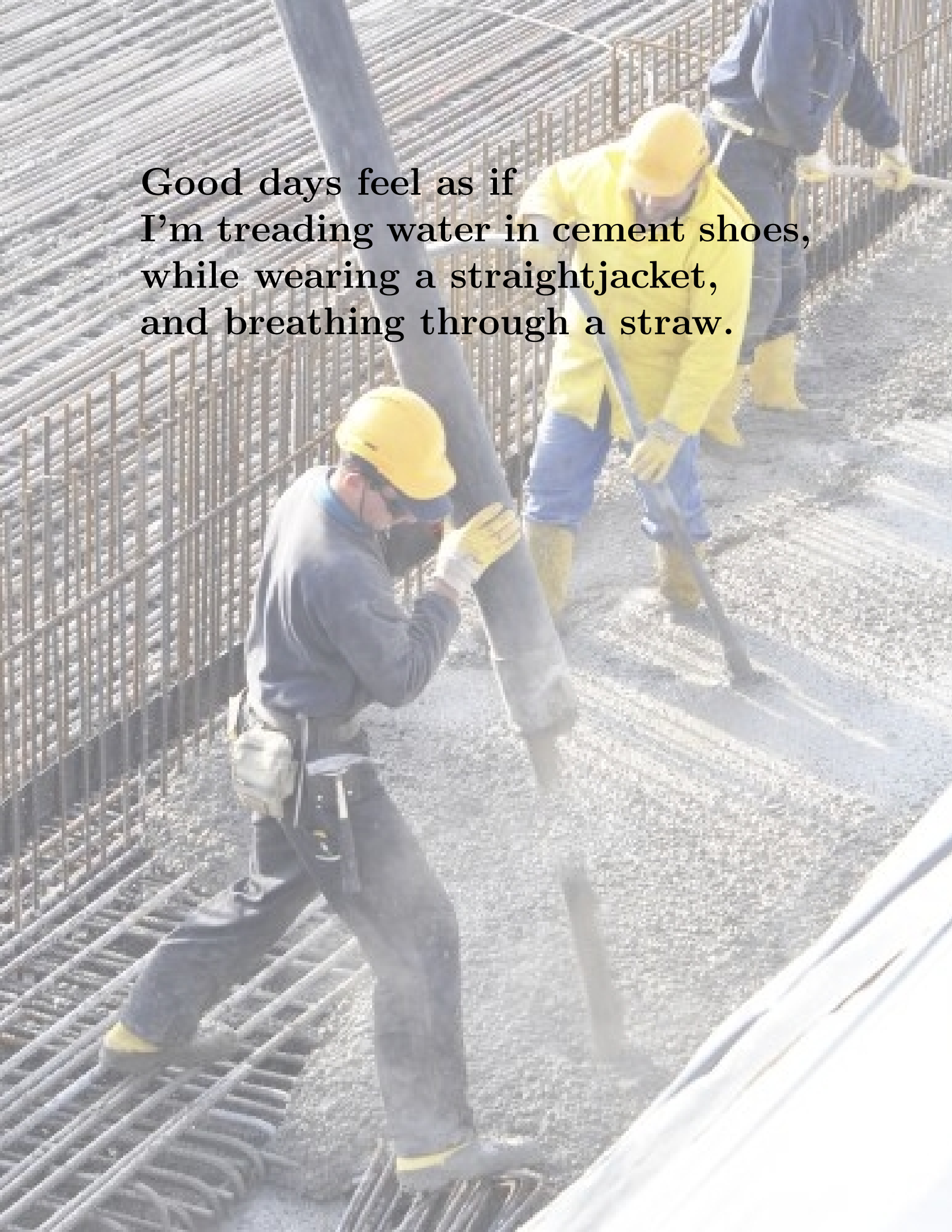
**Watch me wither like fallen leaves
in December.**

**No snow to calm the chaos and confu-
sion.**

dark black veil of emptiness that somehow
creates festered bile that fills the body and
spews from every orifice



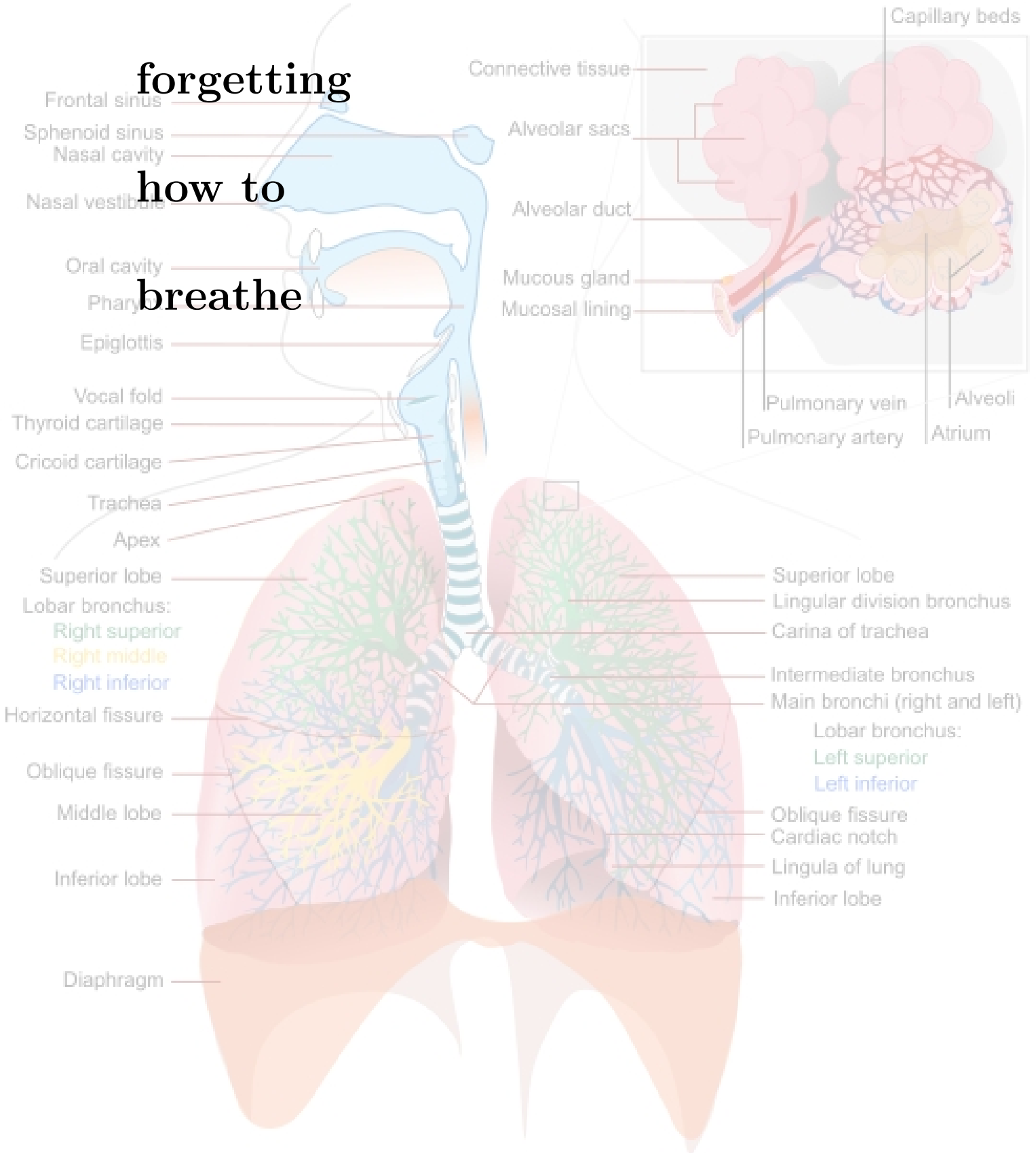
Good days feel as if
I'm treading water in cement shoes,
while wearing a straightjacket,
and breathing through a straw.

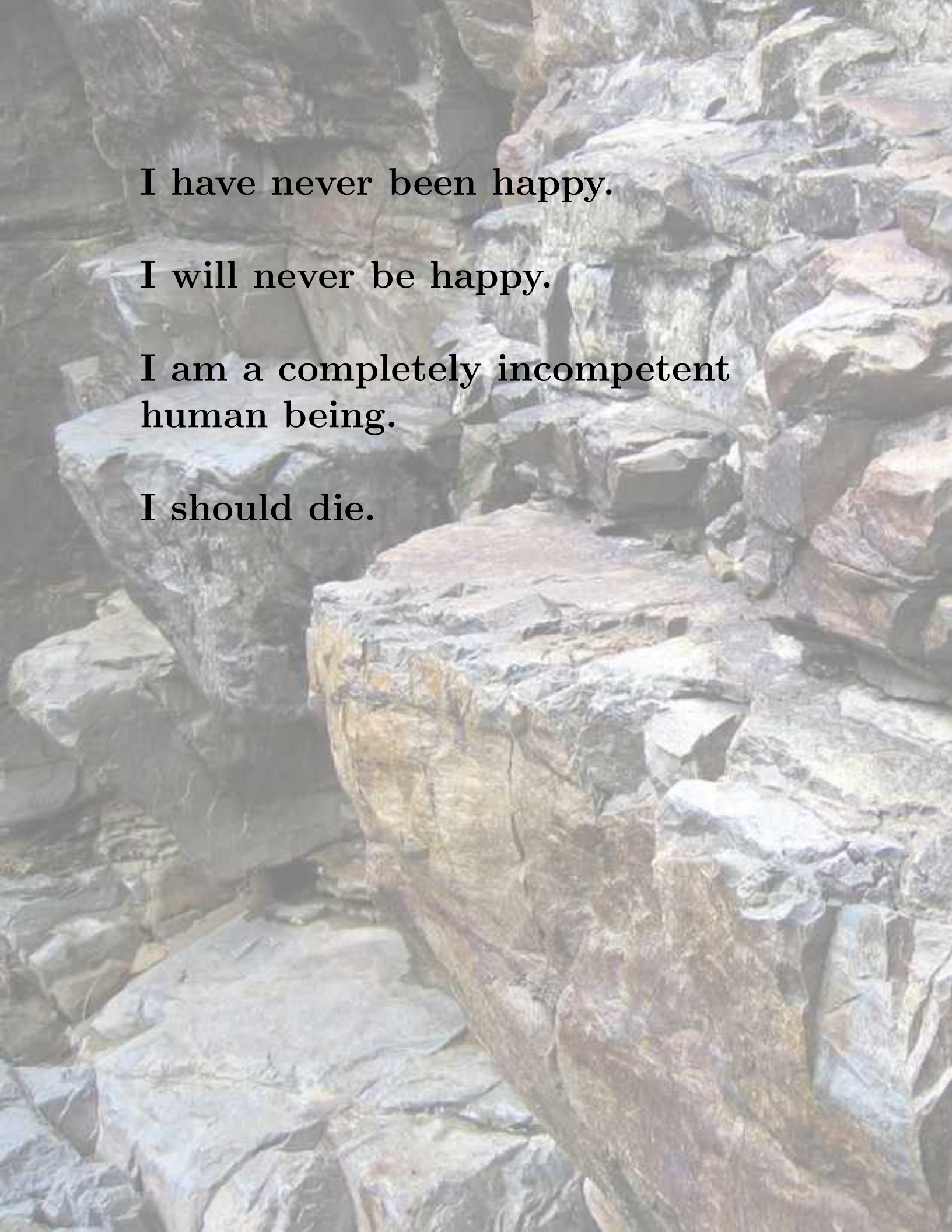


forgetting

how to

breathe



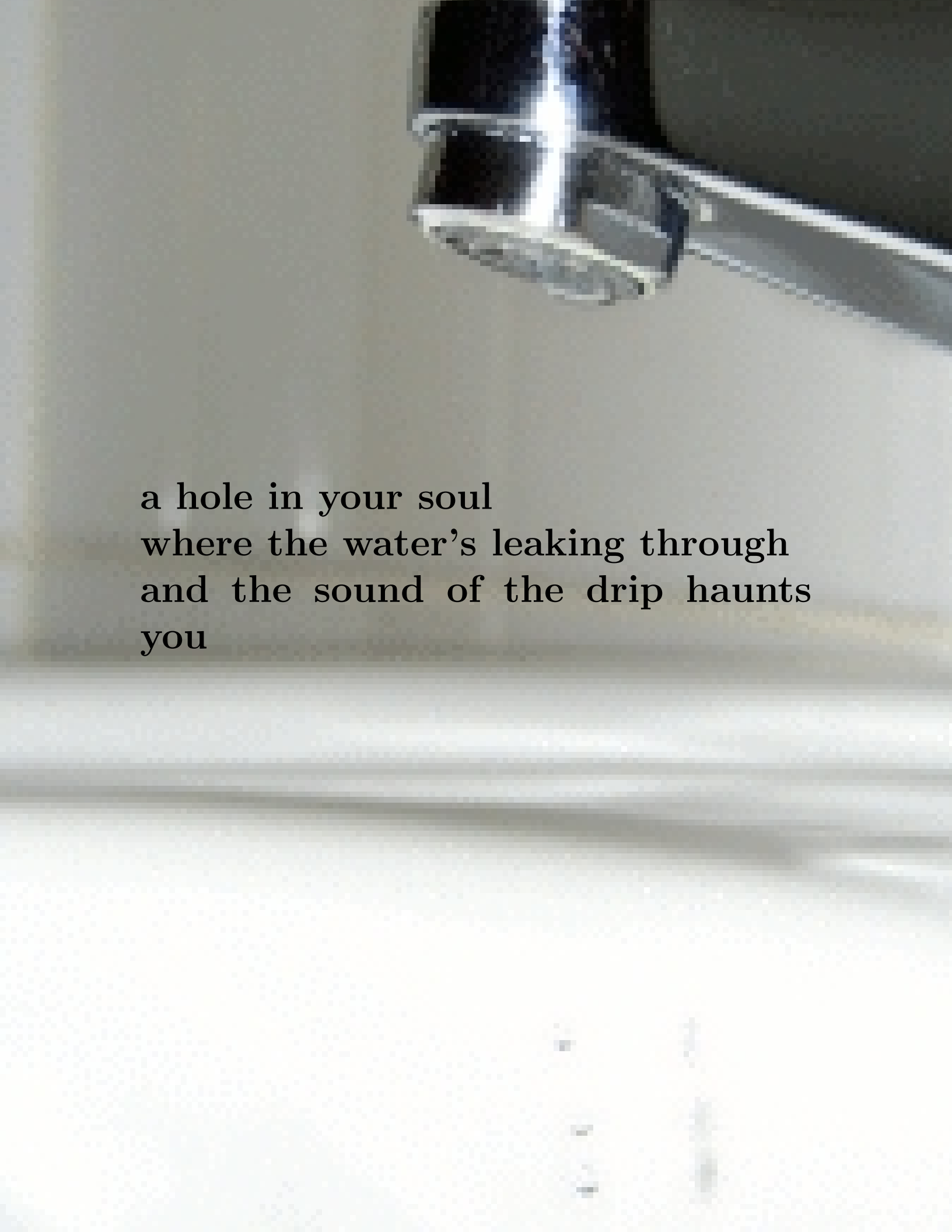


I have never been happy.

I will never be happy.

I am a completely incompetent
human being.

I should die.



a hole in your soul
where the water's leaking through
and the sound of the drip haunts
you

A photograph of a cemetery in winter. The ground is covered in a thick layer of snow, and several tombstones of various shapes and sizes are visible. Some tombstones have small American flags placed next to them. Large, leafless trees with intricate branch structures stand in the background against a clear blue sky. The scene is brightly lit, suggesting a sunny day.

**the constant whisper of death
at your mind's back door**



a huge, creepy hand pressing down
on me

increases the pull of gravity

decreases any and all motivation



It's like a bank robber
steals the

love,
hope,
and happy memories

from your heart/mind
and leaves you
empty.



Shrinking cocoon
caving in around me,
crushing,
suffocating.

Is it my fault
that I can't
push against it ?



dead head space

everything

sucks

sucks

sucks

migraine of the soul



an allconsuming blanket of nothing

no lights

no air

no future

no feelings

no affect

a big white empty space



I hate myself.

I hate my life.

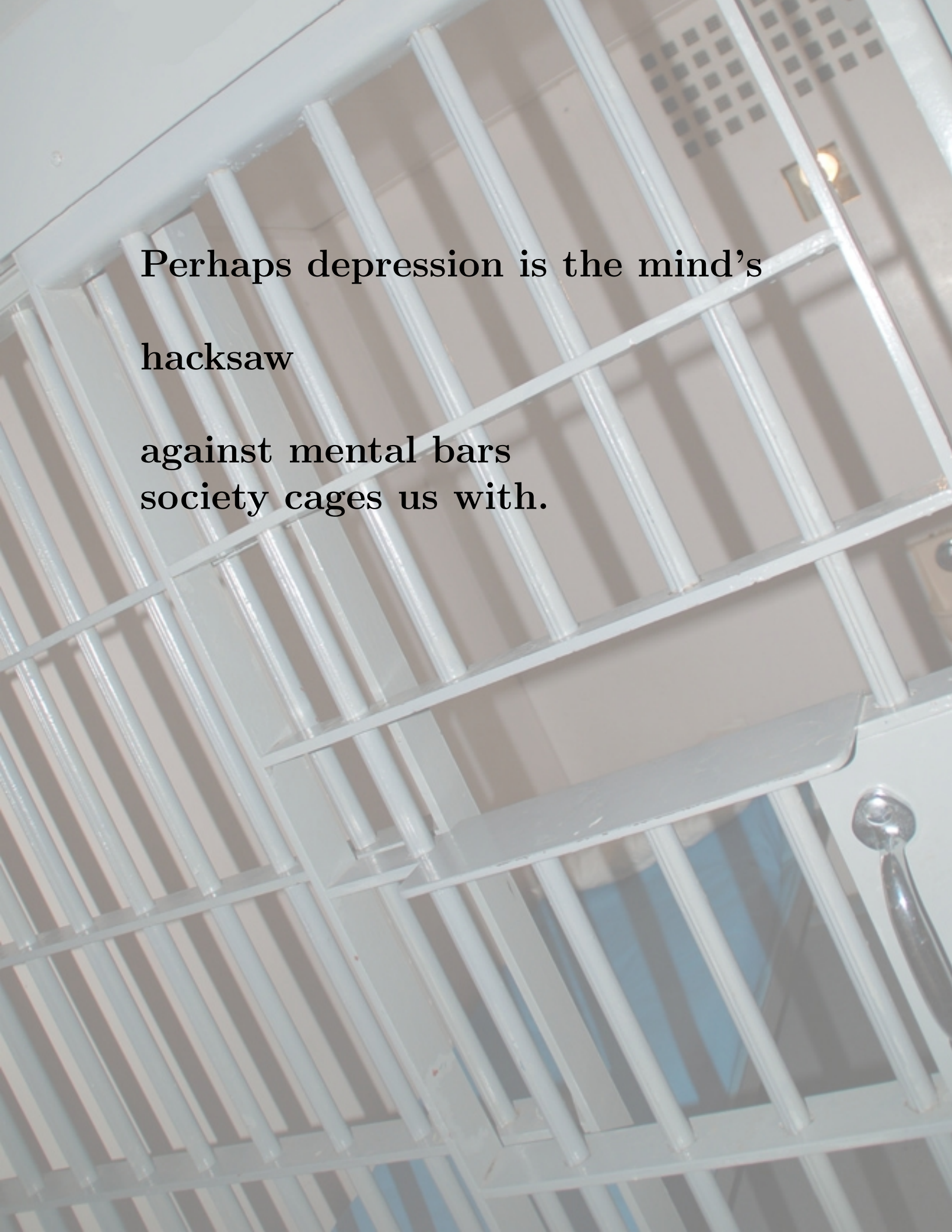
No one cares.

I don't care.

I should be dead.

Crying.

Sleeping.



Perhaps depression is the mind's
hacksaw
against mental bars
society cages us with.

watching the world

from inside

a glass box

84500

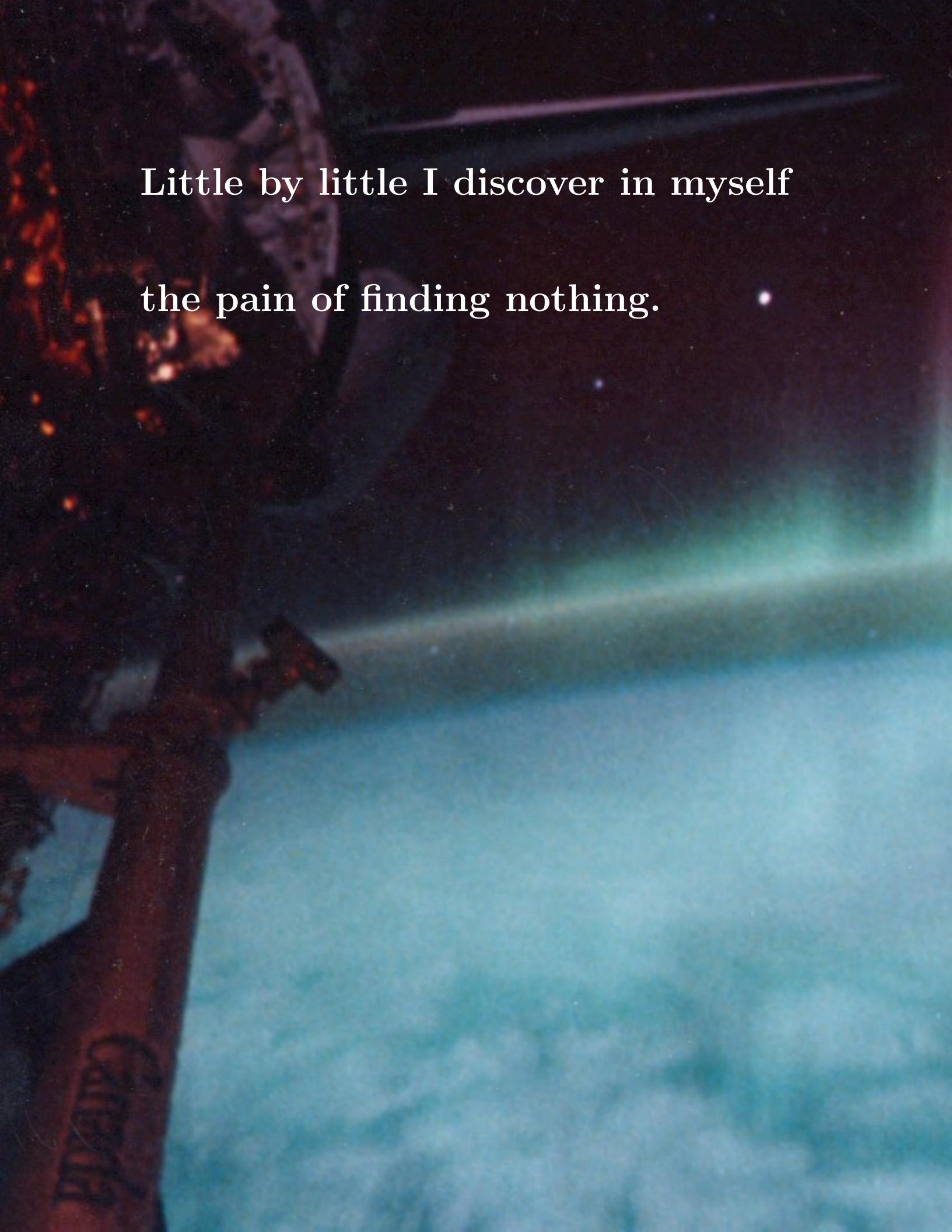


the inability to take any action



or even imagine how or even why to

do it at all

A photograph of a person on a boat at night, looking out at a glowing aurora borealis over the ocean. The person's arm and hand are visible in the foreground, holding a camera or binoculars. The aurora is a bright, greenish-white light that stretches across the horizon, with some faint stars visible in the dark sky above. The water is dark and calm.

Little by little I discover in myself
the pain of finding nothing.



Everything is awful, even if it's not.

Reality goes out the window.



Neurotic,

universally-applied pessimism

coupled with

social anxiety/paranoia,

lethargy,

and occasional appreciation for

emotional intensity.

A blurry background image showing a person with long blonde hair, wearing a red shirt and a blue jacket, sitting at a table. A silver bowl is visible on the table in the foreground. The overall scene is out of focus, suggesting a candid or intimate moment.

i want to vomit

each new breath of air

my body forces upon me

if only i had the strength

An open, empty cardboard box is shown from a top-down perspective, lying flat on a blue carpet. The box is made of brown cardboard and is completely empty. The text is overlaid on the box's surface.

depression tastes like cardboard.

the best moments are those before

you realize you are awake,

then uncomfortably numb all day.



Hating my useless self

No sense of humour

Fearing everyone

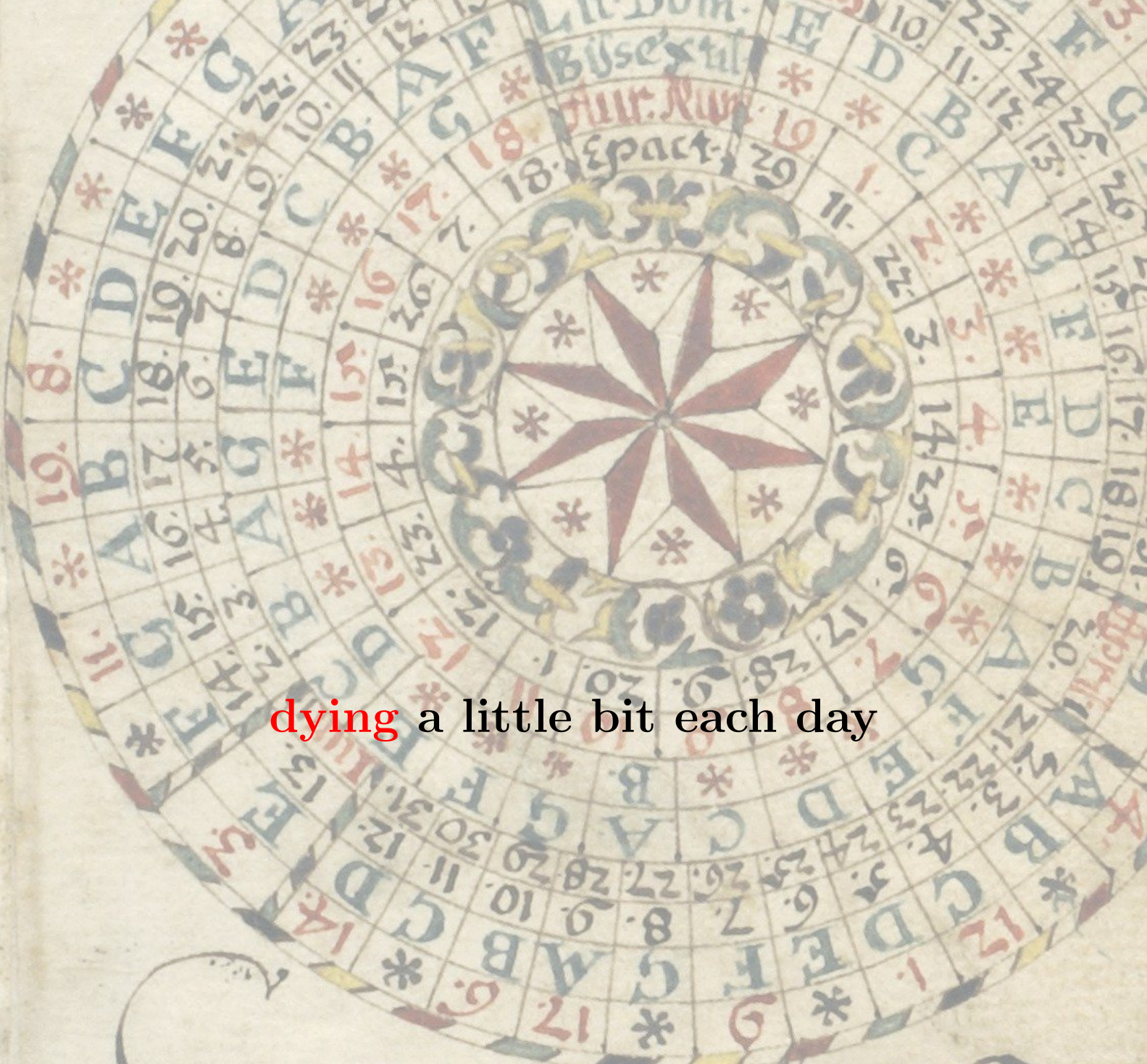
They think I'm faking

Happiness forbidden

Guilt forbidden

Pointlessness forever

CALENDARIUM PERPETUUM



dying a little bit each day



umainsa No. 1690.

A group of people are sitting on a blue couch in a room, appearing to be at a party. They are laughing and talking. A woman on the right is laughing heartily with her hands near her face. A man in the foreground is looking down. The background shows a window with blinds and a shelf with various items.

meeting your clone at a party...

... and thinking what a
boring uninteresting soul dead dork
with no spark of life

the desire to change everything

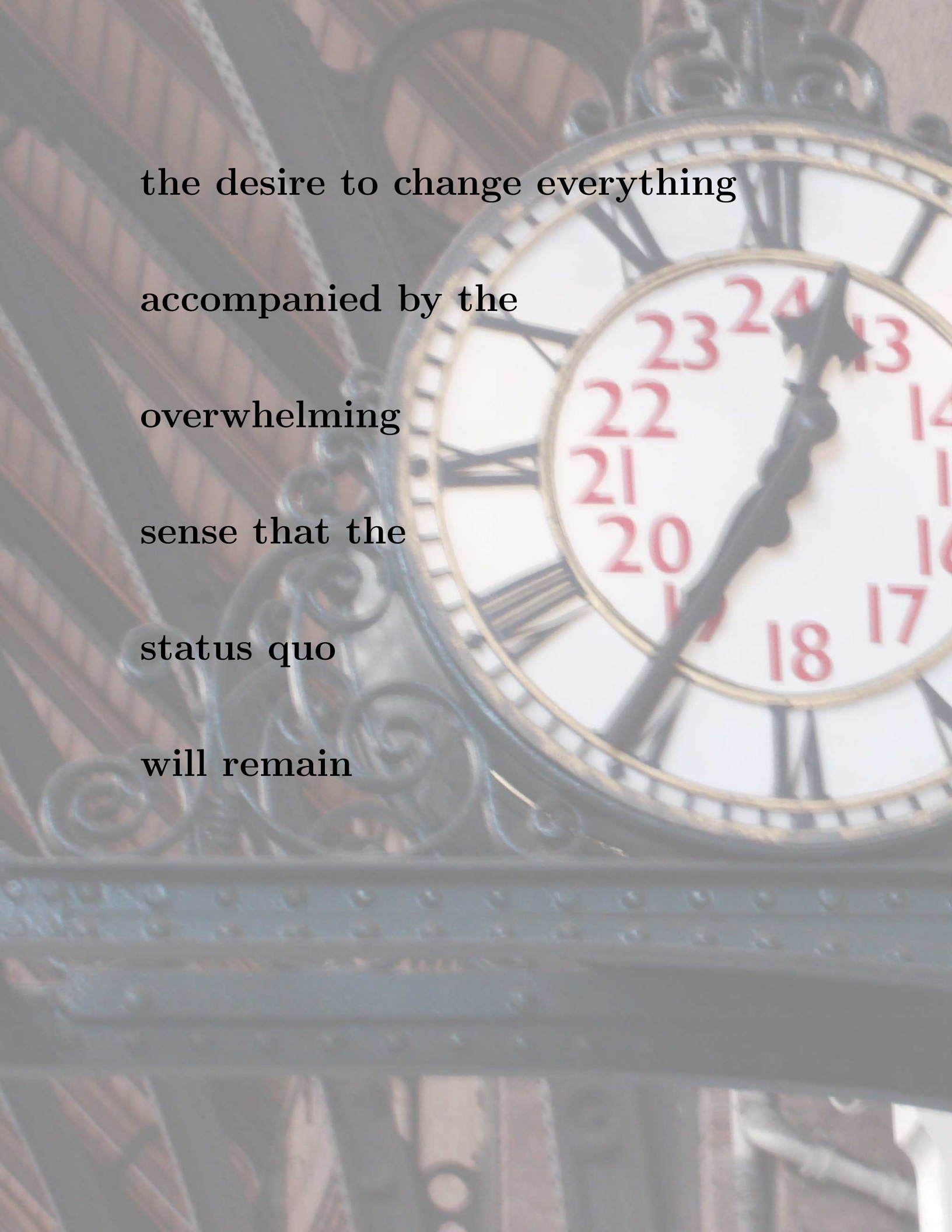
accompanied by the

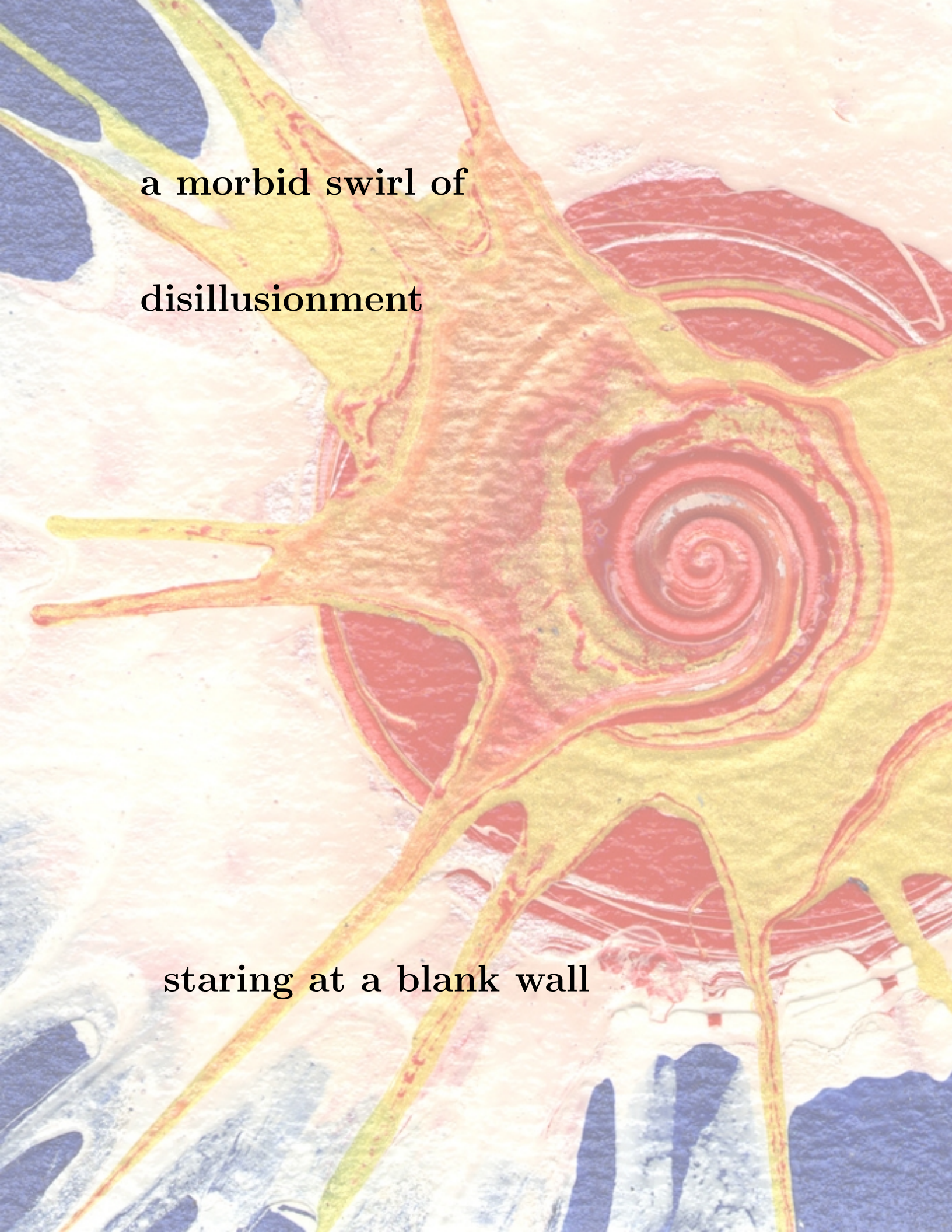
overwhelming

sense that the

status quo

will remain





a morbid swirl of
disillusionment

staring at a blank wall



total loss of

meaning

in a

tiny,

completely overwhelming,

and forever

impossible

world

The image shows a dense, chaotic pattern of white foam and bubbles against a dark, teal-green background of water. The foam is highly textured and appears to be in motion, creating a complex, organic-looking pattern. The lighting is somewhat diffused, highlighting the white of the foam against the darker water.

d r o w n i n g

A black hole is depicted on the right side of the image, showing a dark central region surrounded by a glowing accretion disk with purple and blue hues. The background is a vast field of stars and a galaxy with a spiral structure.

There is this

hole

in your chest,

people reach inside it,

but their hand doesn't

come back out.

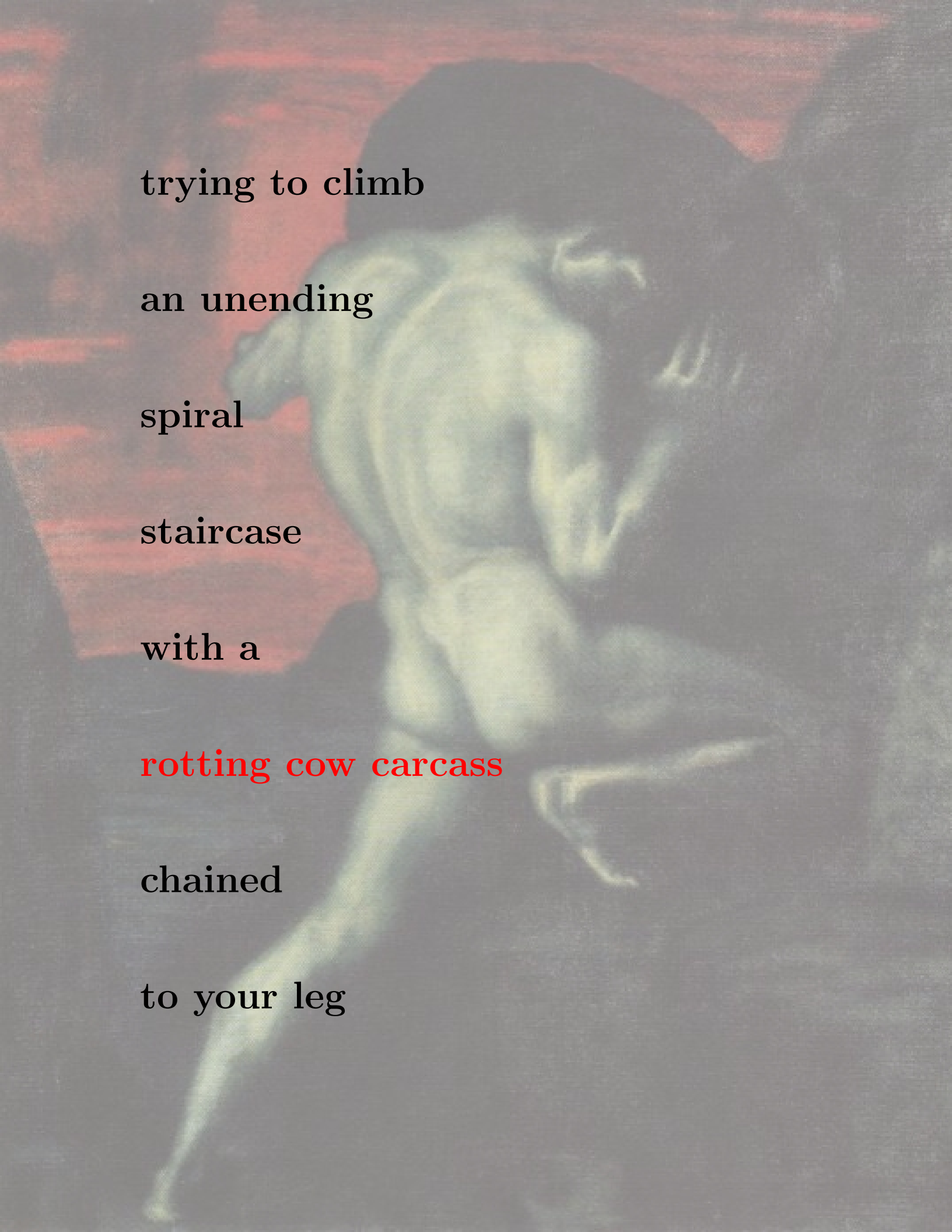


the angels are
walking in the streets

rinsing the

blue

out of the sky



trying to climb

an unending

spiral

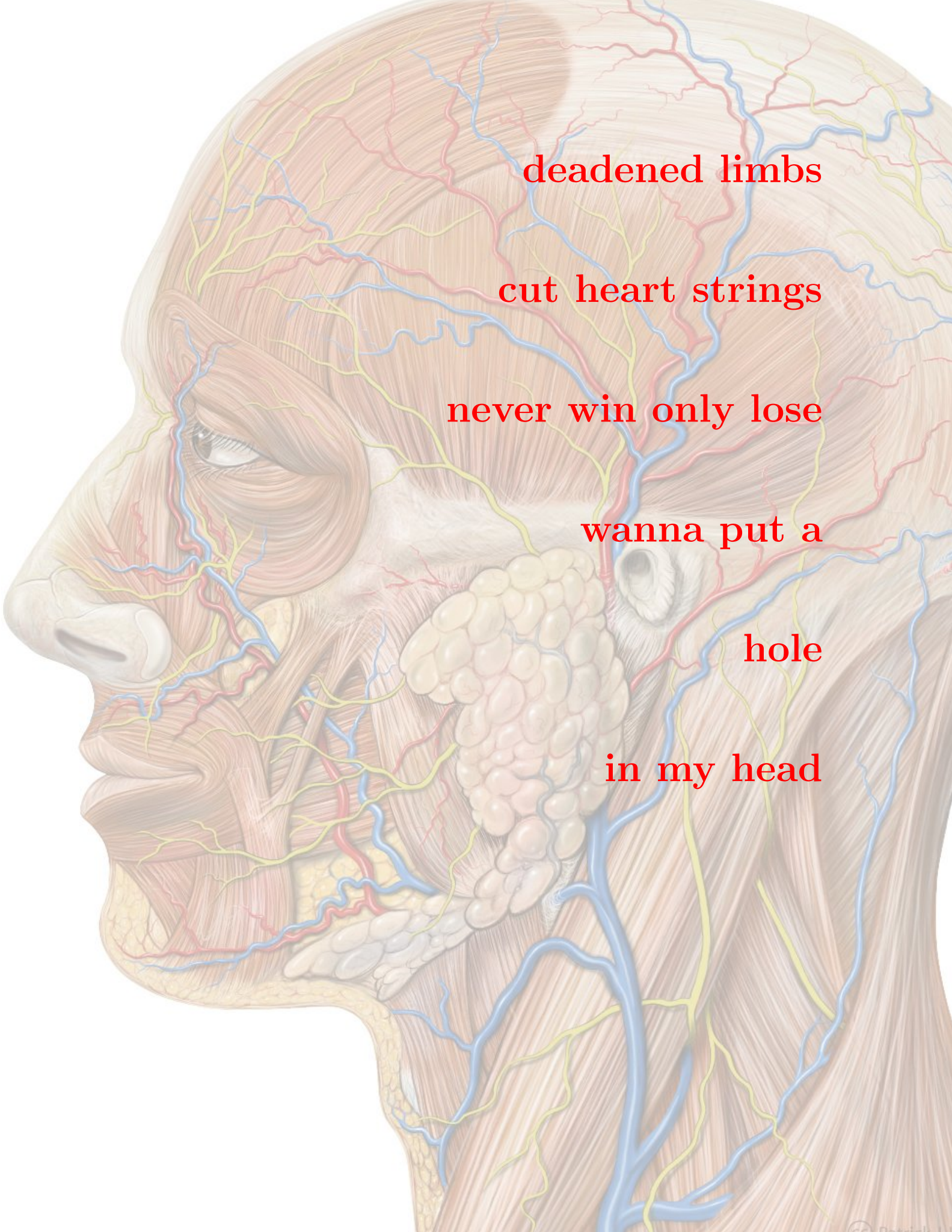
staircase

with a

rotting cow carcass

chained

to your leg



deadened limbs

cut heart strings

never win only lose

wanna put a

hole

in my head

thief



of **life**

A grayscale photograph of a concrete bunker or structure. A chain-link fence runs across the top of the frame. A metal rod or pipe is positioned vertically on the right side, extending from the top of the bunker down to the ground. The bunker has a rectangular opening in the center. The ground is covered with grass and some debris. The overall scene is dimly lit, creating a somber and desolate atmosphere.

worse than death

my ribcage

holds a

cold

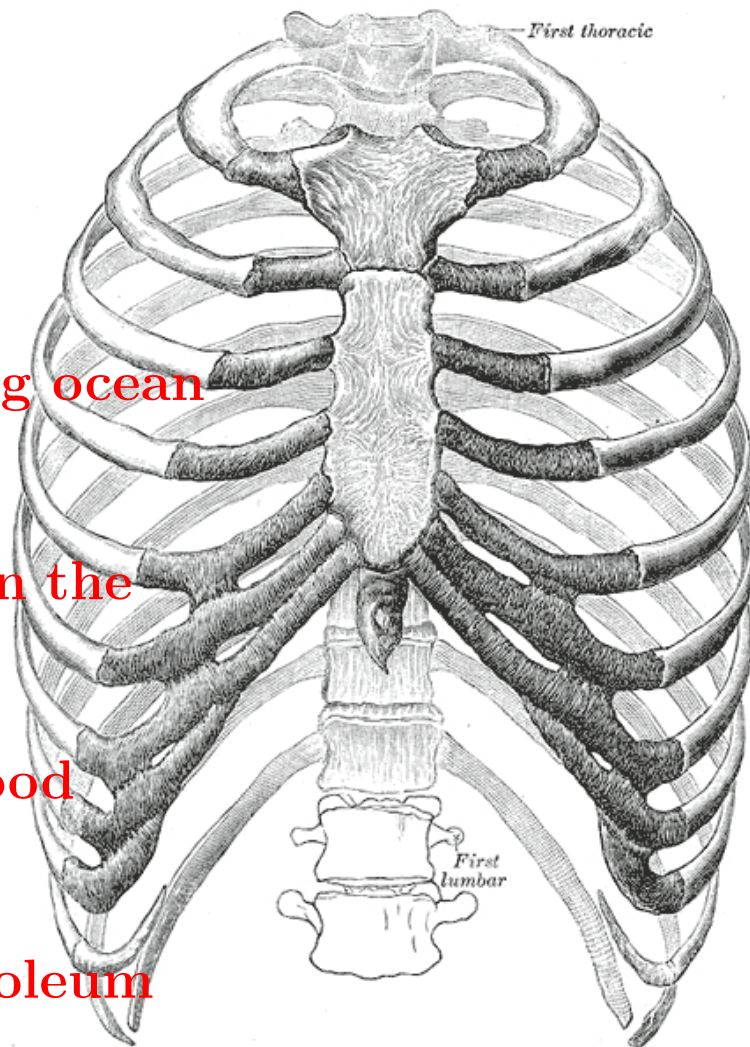
crashing ocean

I sink in the

salt blood

of petroleum

and antifreeze



earth's



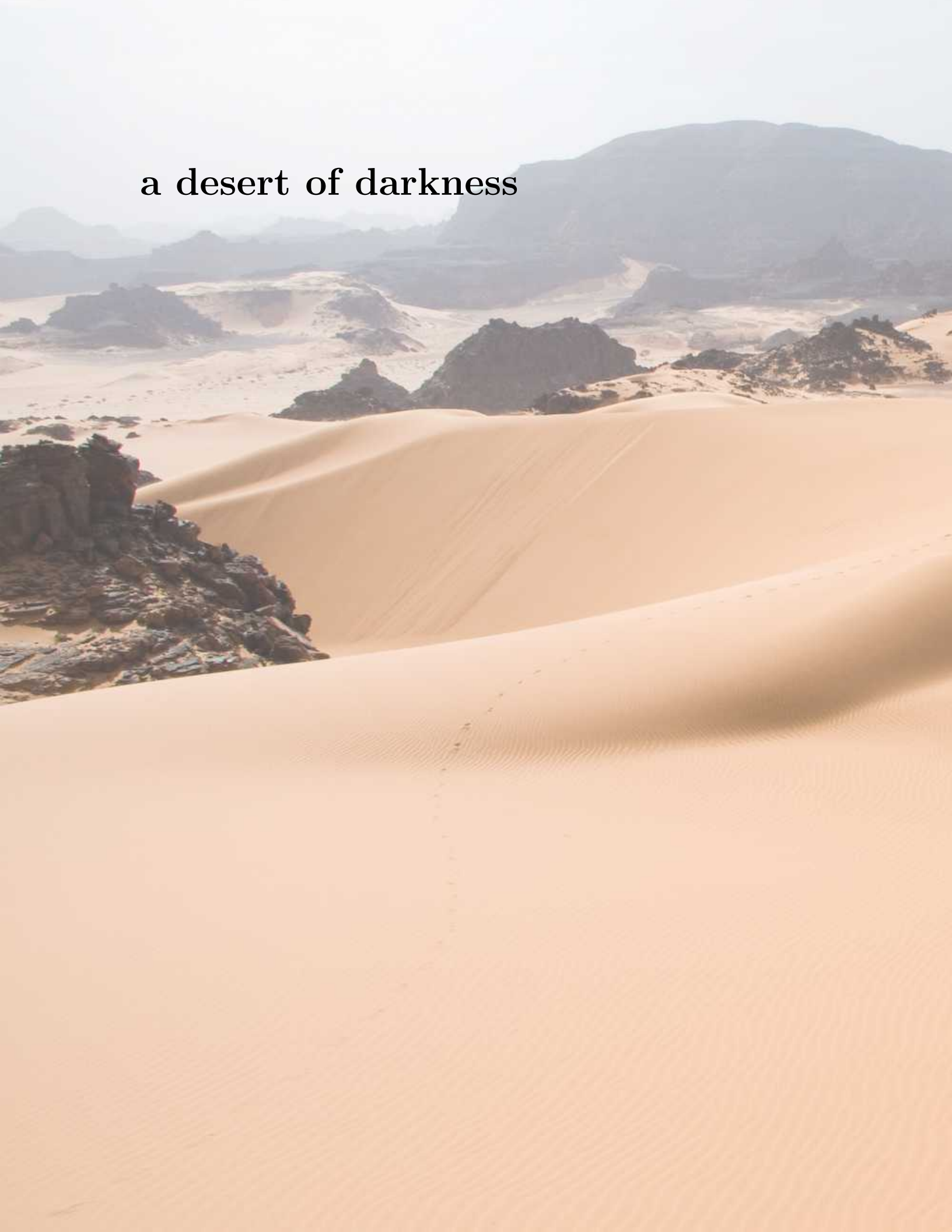
having your

soul

raped

by the devil

a desert of darkness

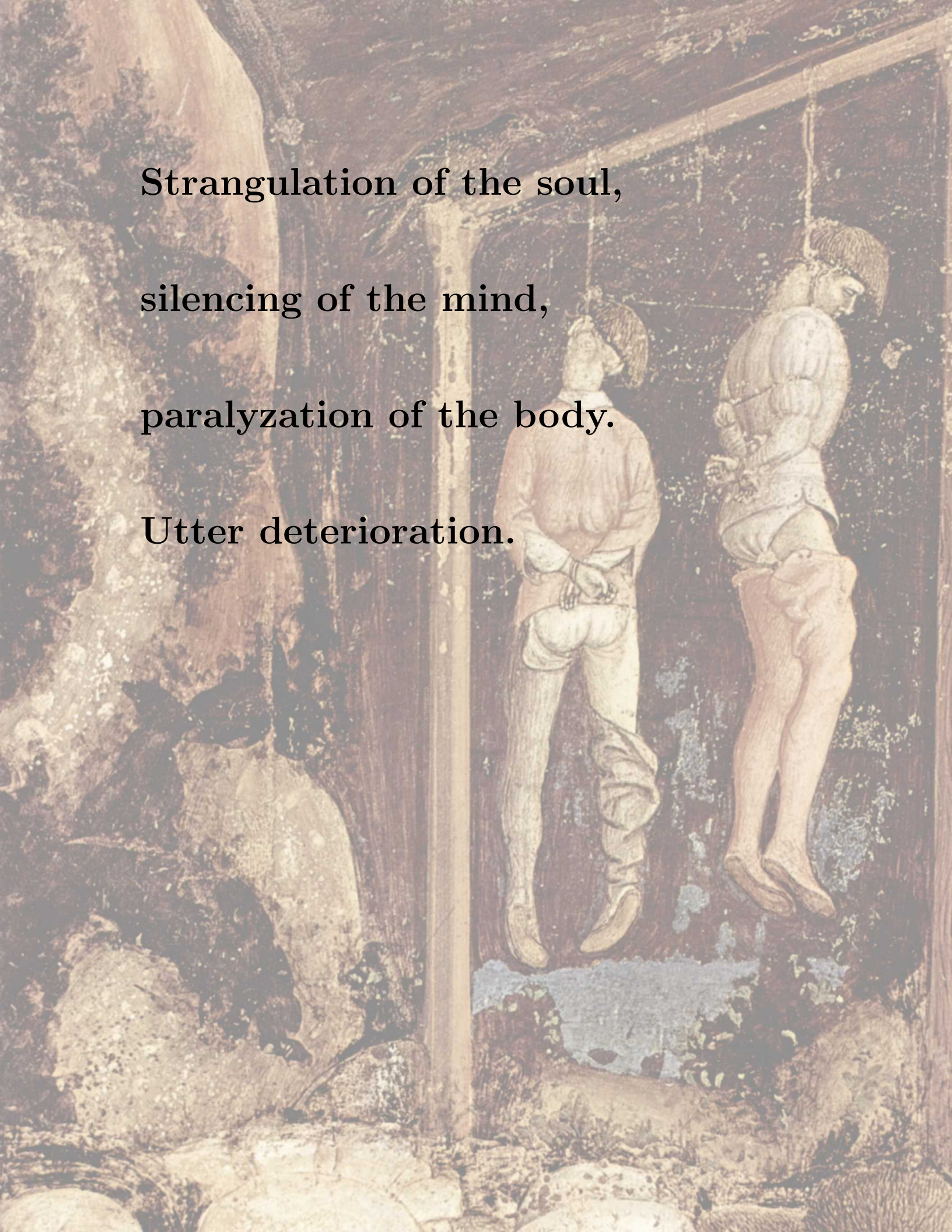


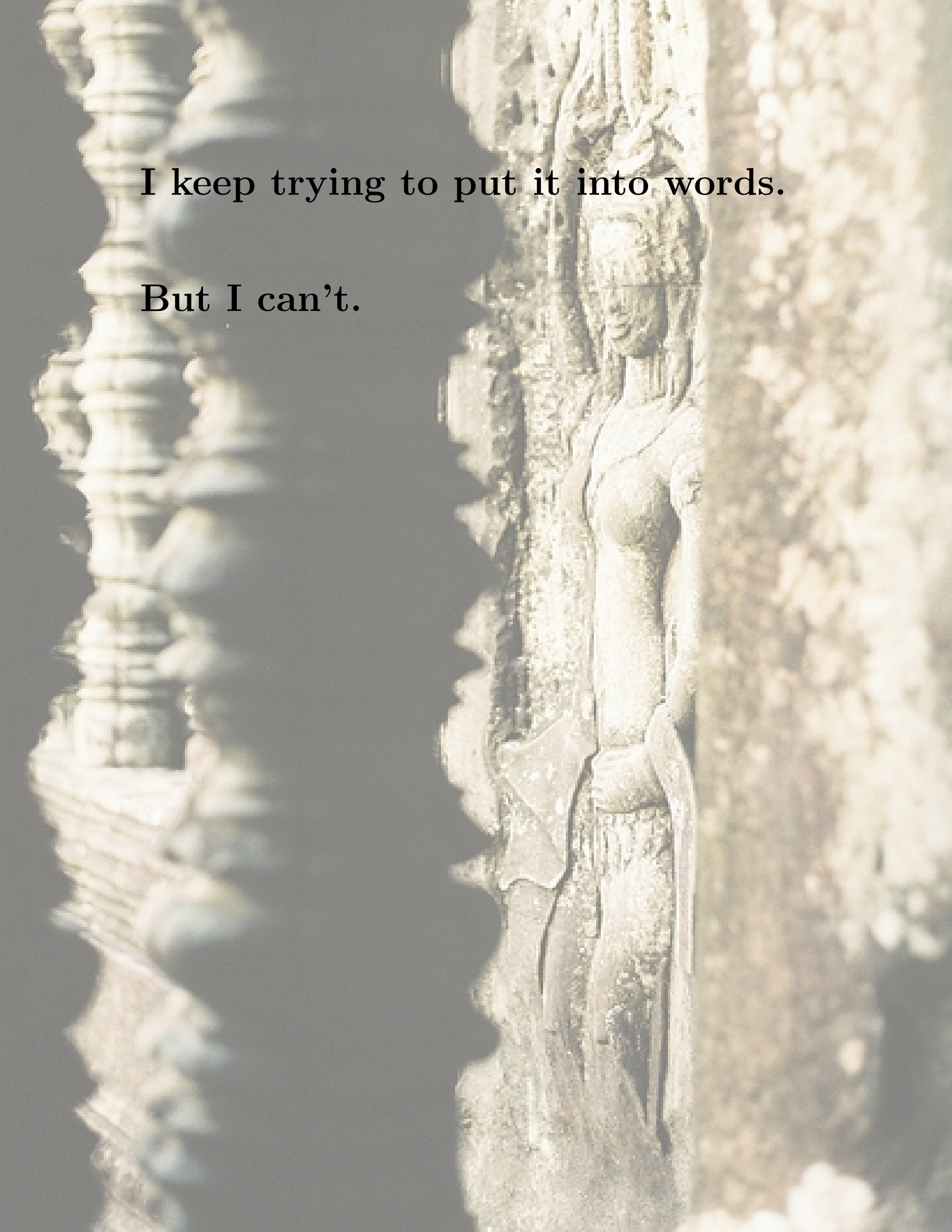
Strangulation of the soul,

silencing of the mind,

paralyzation of the body.

Utter deterioration.





I keep trying to put it into words.

But I can't.

trapped within a void

in a darkness so complete

there is no escape

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