

I AM NOT A POET

A BOOK OF POETRY

POEMS BY LINDSAY WINCHERAUK

A Poem: Depressed

DEPRESSED

I know you.

My family when secrets were uncovered, disappeared.

The company when the pandemic hit, reduced me to \$-signs and left me wallowing in silence

My friend(s) who never reached out to ask if I'm okay?

My boss saying, "*You're not the only one,*" as if I thought →

A person on the street walking toward me, forcing me to stop.

I'm invisible

Money + stuff, I hate you for that.

Me.

When I snap at love.

I need to know you →

To control you.

May I get you something to eat?