

VICTORIAN NOSE DROP

HASSAN MUNHAMANNA

Ponzi schemes and Freud's dreams,
Mr Alan had suffered from a shrink flop,
From voodoo nymphs and herbal creams
He mixed a Victorian nose drop.

It gleamed like gold, his build quite bold,
He took to street this Potion.
And squawked past nine his juice divine,
Its magical cure to cold.

It sold in droves, this treasure trove
That Alan had found in chance.
But to his chagrin, a traitor shagged in
And laundered it out of his hands.

Down and in grief, Alan's belief
That the world was truly his oyster
Had fallen apart, before it could start
Towed away in his own little hoister.



ONLY TRUE FRIEND

MOHUA MOULI

Depression is the only true friend. I have finally come to embrace it. I truly would rather be eternally depressed instead of being caged by the fallacies of affiliation. I am not understood just like everyone else, but I refuse to live in denial. I am not a happy person just like many others and I refuse to be in denial.

I will only smile at you because I have muscles around lips that can curl in a way that appeals to you. Because, if you find something to be appealing about me, it will help you digest the less appealing truths about me. You liking my smile is one the few authentic yet good things you can give to me. It can hardly ever come in the form of your superficial compliments. Instead, it will be expressed from the brightness in your eyes while you reciprocate my smile.

And yet some of you will fail to reciprocate that brightness and will also fail to have anything purely truthful, yet good to say about it. From your kind, I only expect the truth as harsh as it may be. The truth about my crooked tooth perhaps, would upset me, but I will not fear it. I will not be in denial of it, nor should you indulge me with that lie. I have no fear of the truth about my smile because I am already friends with depression.

Depression is the only true friend. I have known her for some time now. You could perhaps presume I am a little too attached to her. But it is only so because she is the only one who truly knows me. She doesn't force me to be happy when I am not. She doesn't sulk when I refuse to put in an effort in being your predefined idea of a healthy person. My sadness does not make me unhealthy. But your saccharine

infused giggle is what festers like a throbbing wound under my skin. I would rather laugh at my misfortunes and challenge the universe to throw all it can at me in hysteria than laugh at another one of your terrible jokes just to feel like I belong.

Depression is the only true friend. She is vastly misunderstood. She is the haircut your mom always made you get, which you hated all your life, only to grow up to realize it was the only one that ever really suited you. She is your secret but embarrassing talent, which you tried to escape all this while, only to find out that no one is quite as good at it like you. Depression becomes a part of the psyche in such a way that only a handful can accept it. But in truth, your body rejects toxins faster than it rejects depression. No amount of denial can change how easy it is to make it your own.

You might think I am glamorising depression, but then would you have me glamorise our redundant friendship? Would it help if I only ever say nice things about every single person we know because positivity is the shiniest ornament to wear, even if it is a fake like the semi-precious gems on your necklace, or worse, a fake Louis Vuitton?

Depression is the only true friend. Because I would rather live with depression for the rest of my life, than choose to be happy when there is so much misery in this world that it becomes selfish to live in denial of it. Depression is the truest friend there ever will be. It's the only fuel that can power my constant drive for finding peace.

