



Where the lizard used to sun himself on the warm rocks
lies a cold shadow cast by the birch tree above.
Mornings are fumbling darkness,
while evenings are spent turning on light after light
to compete with the deepening black outside.
Winter is coming,
and with it, the self-perpetuating thoughts and the old nightmares,
feeling exhausted but unable to sleep at the same time.
Each step I take is like walking through tar,
until the sticky stuff defeats me and I stay curled up in my bed all day,
eyes open,
feeling uneasy about I don't know what.
In the summer, I complain of the heat,
as sweat trickles down my neck and my old car heats up like a large oven.
But now I am ashamed of my frivolousness,
and I crave light.
A black squirrel scurries around outside my window,
gathering nuts in the ever-lengthening shadows.
I wish I could do the same: store up that extra sun in some old glass jars,
keep them in a cupboard in my kitchen.
Then on December nights,
when my illness becomes too much,
I will pull a jar out,
let the light spill across the kitchen,
and suddenly, without ever really understanding why,
feel better again.

Terrell Nabseth Stevenson, MD

S.A.D.ness