# **The Cautionary Tale of Mr D**

This is the cautionary tale of, old Mr D,

Or depression, as he’s known to you and to me.

He squats beside ‘memories’, inside of your brain,

Silently waiting to cause sorrow and pain.

Old Mr D is a bullying tormentor,

Who feeds on bad memories right from the centre,

Of your brain; things long since forgotten,

He stacks them and stores them, he files and records them.

He lurks until times get a little bit tough,

Then like a snake, he sneaks out from the rough.

A toxic fog, he creeps through your brain,

Worming and squirming till you feel insane.

He throws out his seeds, they quickly take root,

Turning good into bad, and bright into soot.

He slows down your thoughts, makes everything dull,

Bad memories resurface, good becomes null.

Things that had been, that you’d rather forget,

He shows you the picture, then watches you sweat.

Humiliation, regret, guilt and shame;

Mr D grows fat on your feelings of blame.

What is the point? I’m stupid, I’m fat,

I’m ugly, pathetic, useless, a brat!

Things can’t get better, these facts, they are certain,

Nobody likes me, I’m a horrible person.

But these thoughts are not facts, they’re not even yours,

They belong to another; whose voice is a roar.

Mr D, he grows stronger, feeds on all that is bad,

Seeping through thoughts, twisting happy to sad.

*Is that the end of this sad tale, you wonder?*

*To tell of such sorrow, surely a blunder!*

*Mr D, I agree, he’s a spiteful, mean creature,*

*Why tell of a sorrow that makes life so much bleaker?*

It’s true that the tale I tell is most sad,

But not telling about him, makes Mr D glad.

If you don’t know he exists, his power is legitimate,

And leaves the sufferer in an awful predicament.

You see there’s an antidote to Mr D’s power,

But first you must see that it’s HIS thoughts that flower.

He’s wrong when he says that you’re stupid and fat,

You’re not, you’re not ugly, not useless, or a brat.

These thoughts make you want to hide, not to walk,

Tall with your friends, afraid people will gawk,

Afraid that they’ll guess, you’re a failure, a fraud,

But the antidote to Mr D’s power is to … TALK.

Keep Mr D’s thoughts to yourself and they’ll grow,

Leave you playing the villain, your true thoughts all froze.

But talk to your friends, they’ll tell you the truth,

Not perfect, they know, but his lies they’ll uproot.

If a friend’s not available, then talk to a teacher,

A parent, a doctor, a help line, a preacher.

The more that you talk, the more you will see,

The lies Mr D told are really quite beastly.

And as you talk, a curious thing happens,

Mr D starts to shrink, his grasp on thoughts slackens.

The fog that once had made thinking all fuzzy,

Slips softly away, the day break is sunny.

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