

*Depression is a gift*

*If you have the courage to survive*



*Depression is a gift*

*If you have the courage to survive*



Dear people,

I write this book for all people who are or have been depressed or know someone who is in depression.

It gives you an idea about what people feel during depression, but also about healing and how to handle it positively.

The purpose of this book is to clarify that having a depression is not something to be ashamed of.

You're definitely not alone.

If people could talk about depression the world would look so much better for them, and that's why I made the first step by writing this poetry book.

I hope it helps, enjoy reading.

*Acknowledgments:*

A special thanks to the people who believe in me:

Ilonka Modderkolk

Monique Vredenberg

Zeynep Yurtsev

Michelle Schiphorst Cushion

Thanks for all the support,

Love you guys!

I am not just a poet, I am a survivor.

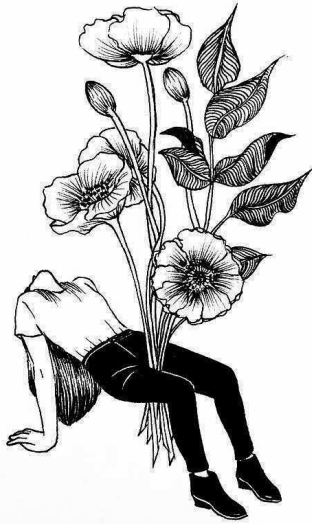
I dare you to survive too.



*Contents:*

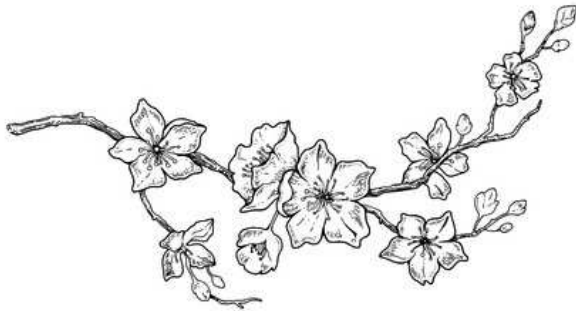
The hurting.....	10
The healing.....	76
Stories.....	140
My story.....	146





# *The hurting.*

'Let it hurt'.



*I hate myself.*

I hate depression.

I hate suicidal thoughts.

I hate that I find myself worthless.

I hate that I have achieved nothing.

I hate that I always fail.

I hate my debts.

I hate my limited living space.

I hate being so perfectionistic.

I hate having high expectations of myself.

I hate not understanding myself.

I hate being sensitive.

I hate my vulnerability.

I hate my aggression attacks on myself.

I hate being alone in my room with my cat every day.

I hate friends not being there for me.

I hate not being able to leave people.

I hate that I have too many expectations of my environment.

I hate that they abandon me.

I hate youth care.

I hate my childhood.

I hate the time I spent without family.

I hate my mistakes.

I hate to never be happy.

I hate to hurt people.

I hate when people don't understand depression.  
I hate it when people don't take me seriously.  
I hate everyone looking at me like I'm sick.  
I hate the anti-depressants that I take.  
I hate to know so much about life, to have read so many books, but still fail.  
I hate having to prove myself twice as hard in this society as a native Dutch.  
I hate that people confuse Islam with terrorism.  
I hate having to justify myself as a Muslim.  
I hate terrorism and war.  
I hate attacks.  
I hate IS.  
I hate right-wing extremists.  
I hate how this world works.  
I hate to see the rich getting richer and the poor getting poorer.  
I hate that the bad people always win, and the good people lose.  
I hate having to live together in such a dirty, corrupt world with hatred.  
I hate that I hate life.  
I hate myself.

I love my cat.  
I love my friends.  
I like the small things that makes me happy.  
I love it when someone thinks of me.

I like it when people support me without asking.  
I like surprises.  
I like money, but not too much.  
I love animals.  
I love every person who has good intentions  
regardless of origin or color.  
I love my faith Islam.  
I love my room.  
I love my dark curtains.  
I love the night.  
I like to write and read books.  
I love psychology and documentaries.  
I love people with a story.  
I love everyone but myself.

*I see no light.*

Depression kills you while you are alive.  
You see nothing,  
No white light,  
Only a big black empty nothing.



*Hypocrite world.*

The funny thing about this world is  
that when you have a broken leg everyone spoils  
you and is there for you.

But when you have a broken brain everyone runs  
the other way.