

Allegory Of The Cave: A Poem

A poem about depression through the lens of Plato's allegory of the cave.

the allegory of the cave:
our world, only shadows
cast against a wall,
the light from without
blinding us when we finally
venture forth,
and the dragging footsteps
of our inevitable return.

the cave: how heavy the world,
how thick the bars on this cage.
cracks in the earth woven
by saltwater and time.
the expectations swarming at
our heels, chaining us down.

the shadows: the empty & exhausted
sort of sadness of knowing where the ache
comes from and not being able
to tear it forth from your chest.
falling into darkness
looks like peace
from this far away. how the sun
seems to die in these fading
winter months.

the light: how much it hurts
to finally live. and the iron taste of fear
because when you climb,

you always risk the fall.
you've outrun all the demons you can
and still taste hellfire in the air.
but this world, illuminated
at last, spread before you
like the sun sinking against
the wide horizon, waves of luminance
like a lover's touch, like
the triumph of how it feels
to finally love yourself.

the return: there are always
those who sit in shadow. come back,
dance with death in the dark,
flirt fingertips against rough stone.
come back with spine of iron
and blood that whispers sunshine,
reach hands out to give back the light
to everyone lost.