**First Place: Five Senses**

**Author: Sumayya Ashath Al Kindy**

It sounds like loud deafening silence
Like constant ringing in your ears,
But the source of it is not to be found.

It looks like a faceless dark shadowy figure;
No matter if your eyes are closed you can still see it
And sometimes you can see it better.

It smells like a burnt down village
The ash burning at your lungs;
It makes you cough and cough and until it hurts--
It always hurts.

It tastes so ghastly
Like metallic warm blood,
So thick that you choke on it.

Its like something is clawing its way at your throat,
But you feel numb to it.
You can't do anything without it feeling wrong
Without feeling like you are wrong

Depression for me
Is the shivers that i get for no reason in a warm room with warm friends;
Is the itch in my throat i can't clear no matter how hard i try;
Is the feeling that I’m always in danger even if I know for a fact that i am not.

I'm so angry at myself, so much so that
I can't hear reassurances because i deserve it.
I can’t breathe a full unshaken breath and i deserve it.
I can't see past my own flaws and i deserve it.
I can't taste the sweat of the hard work I’ve put in because i deserve it.
I can't feel anything because i deserve it.

Depression to me is everything I deserve.