

# Ennui

*by* Lena Vanelslander

I've done the math, it didn't count.

All the days and years of endless boredom. Of waiting for the next best thing, trapped inside your mind like a lifetime prison sentence. Maybe one day we'll be free, maybe one day we won't feel so oppressed. But when does that day come? Tell me ...

As a kid I enjoyed life, with an endless imagination, dreaming away to far off places and far off worlds. A place to hide, a place to be free. Where your mind can whirl into the strands of life's enjoyment, into the best thing. Instead of having to settle for the rest. But when you're young it's called 'imaginative', when you're an adult they often call it 'psychosis'.

What if that ultimate reward they always promise you doesn't come? What if life just really sucks like it actually does? No wonder the depression struck.

But I had my reward, so I've accepted those years of suffering. But I can't help wondering: what if? How do people handle it, how can they handle it, if that reward doesn't show up? I've only accepted, because I had my damn reward. What about you?

