

Σssays

of the unspoken



by **Darlene M. Washington**

(Private Thoughts)
An Intimate Look at Suicide

The Hypocrisies
Meditation

Essays of the unspoken mind - Private Thoughts: An Intimate Look at Suicide by Darlene M. Washington

A fragile, but tantalizing group of essays and things on the experience of life as seen through perception, reality and abnormality.

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Σssays of the unspoken mind is an introduction to thought-provoking perception, reality and abnormality issues laid out in “fictionally true” circumstances. The essays and things written in this book are semi-autobiographical standpoints, which reflect observations of life surrounding individuals.

“Fictionally true” is implied in all bodies of fiction, where were it true, it could be someone’s reality. **Σssays of the unspoken mind** invokes the right to stir up the conscientious of society. A lack of compassion in the world *eventually* affects everyone.

- I. Preface
- II. Private Thoughts
- III. The Hypocrises

i. Preface

A. Perception

Per ● cep ● tion -1a: a result of perceiving: observation, **b:** a mental image: concept **2:** consciousness **3a:** awareness of the elements of environment through physical sensation, **b:** physical sensation interpreted in the light of experience **4a:** quick, acute, and intuitive cognition: appreciation, **b:** a capacity for comprehension

—*Merriam Webster's Collegiate Dictionary*
(Tenth Edition), p. 861

B. Reality

Re ● al ● i ● ty -1: the quality or state of being real **2a (1):** a real event, entity, or state of affairs (his dream became a ~> (2) the totality of real things and events (trying to escape from ~> **b:** something that is neither derivative nor dependent but exists necessarily — **in reality:** in actual fact

—*Merriam Webster's Collegiate Dictionary*
(Tenth Edition), p. 973

C. Reality Check

Reality Check: something that clarifies or serves as a reminder of reality often by correcting a misconception

—*Merriam Webster's Collegiate Dictionary*
(Tenth Edition), p. 973

D. Abnormality

Defining Abnormality Today

“How our understanding of abnormality is articulated depends on the beliefs that dominate in a culture and epoch. Historically, people have used animistic, physical, and psychogenic theories to explain disordered behavior. Today, biological and psychological levels of analysis are the two most viable approaches that continue to be offered to understand abnormality.”

The Elements of Abnormality

“The act of defining the word ‘abnormal’ suggests that there is some single property that all cases of abnormality, *must share*. Such a shared, defining property is called a *necessary condition*.

Moreover, a precise definition of ‘abnormal’ requires that there be at least one distinguishing element that only cases of abnormality share and that no cases of ‘normality’ share. This is called a *sufficient condition* of abnormality.

We will look at seven properties or elements that count toward deciding whether an action or person is abnormal. This analysis describes the way ordinary people and well-trained psychologists actually use the word. These elements of abnormality are:

- Suffering
- Maladaptiveness
- Irrationality
- Unpredictability and loss of control
- Rareness and unconventionality
- Observer discomfort
- Violation of standards

The more of these elements that are present, and the more clearly each can be seen, the more certain we are that the behavior or person is abnormal. At least one of these elements must be present for abnormality to exist.”

—*Abnormal Psychology* by Martin E.P. Seligman (University of Pennsylvania), Elaine F. Walker (Emory University) and David L. Rosenhan (Stanford University) (Fourth Edition), Chapter 1 p. 19-20

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E. Acceptance, Medicine for the Mind

The question may be asked, “How does one become mentally ill?” The answer is quite a journey to define with biological and environmental stimuli affecting the outcome. While acceptance, besides nutrition, shelter and warmth, remain amongst the key things that keep a human infant alive, as the child grows, environment defines acceptance within the household and in society. The rule is conform or be considered abnormal. Society has been conditioned to conform through education, politics, religion, the media and traditional family values, anything or anyone that is considered different than ourselves or majority rule, fits into the “weird,” “abnormal” or “other” categories.

Non-conformity threatens acceptance, *it's easier to agree*. Displacement emerges as an intangible self-object, individuals need acceptance so much that they displace their true feelings in order to conform and fit in. These feelings are rampant in any society, individualism suffers. Everyone wants to “copy” what’s already acceptable. (How do you get rejected, if everyone already likes what you’re trying to do?) This stigmatic induced, displaced anxiety (the unwillingness to be true to one’s self) forces minorities to be subliminally configured in the minds of others as abnormal or degenerative, because they are different.

Accepting difference or diversity becomes an issue that can be observed on an individual basis. *How can we truly become a diverse society, if we do not know and celebrate our very own individualism?* Acceptance is medicine for the mind - it promotes and stimulates positive feelings. Those who choose to express their individualism can become dejected and viewed by society’s normal eye as “weird,” “mentally unstable” or “other.” And indeed some of them may be. However, “normal” is redefined per individual based on society’s acceptable legal, social and mental health factors. Displacement in an individual forces them to become fearful, suicidal or violent in what they might term “a hostile and threatening environment.”

Today, we must truly embrace diversity in order to prevent false conformity, in order to prevent religious, social and political class displaced anxiety in the form of 9-11 and the Columbine Shootings; in order to make an equal and economically beneficial world for everyone. *Individualism* will save the innovators of the future; *true diversity* will make acceptance of people’s differences a normal and respectable facet in society.

—Darlene M. Washington

ii. **(Private Thoughts)**

An Intimate Look at Suicide

Don't ask, if you already know.

Where is grace, if not within?

Pain is the pathway to glory.

God is always watching.

Sinners sin for fun.

Seek love for peace of mind.

Terminate disappointment.

Make it happen.

Do or Die.

There's a saying for every day of the week, and even more well known sayings, and my own sayings, but there are none to fulfill a lover's dream to be loved back! No, none at all! Well, actually there probably are, but who gives a damn! It won't change the fact that you're not loved the way you want to be.

Eyes welled shut with tears, fears and vanilla ice cream melting in my favorite soup cup, the blade falls to the floor and accidentally stabs me in the foot. This is what I get for being lonely. Sadness, tears and blood!

Abstinence is a test to be failed! Ask anyone who's searching for love. Temptation constantly knocking at your door, the carnal force is not easily subdued.

Driving with a small hand towel rubber banded around my foot as blood drips to the floor is one way to die. Just think, now the beige interior imitates the fall scenery of leaves outside my window, somewhat anyway. Shears of pain run through my foot and up my right leg. Why not stab yourself in the driving foot accidentally on purpose? And tell everyone you didn't mean to do it. (Oh, and I hope you don't care about how I look, in terms of my life being important to you. What if I'm "Butt Ugly" with boogars running from my nostrils, and fat dripping from my beauty marks. Tell me you care, about my

life that is. Tell me my race, religion, sex or financial status doesn't matter. I am a fellow human being, you know.)

The blade was there to serve its purpose. It was entertaining my thoughts of suicide, becoming more tempting by the minute. Suddenly, one too many tears blinded me and my elbows missed the table and tipped the blade into a spin and it spiraled down into my foot, at least two inches of it.

It would have had to happen this way. 'Cause I couldn't do it! It wouldn't have been fair to the children. And God would have slapped me in the face, now wouldn't He. Somehow, sometimes it doesn't matter to me! Sometimes, I just don't give a damn! Satisfy my enemies! Disappoint my grandchildren! Shock my lovers! But still there would be no answers, no solutions. I'd be completely confused. I'd be standing around dead listening to all the people say, "She wasn't really like that. She really cared about this. She wouldn't do that. I thought she was stupid, but she was actually very smart. We used to party together, she was a whore! She wasn't even pretty." And on and on and on and on and on. I'd be thinking, how come nobody said these things to me then, so I could defend myself?! At least I could've known what they were thinking, instead of assuming and attacking them for their antics. How come it's too late to communicate with me now? Me, another human soul on this earth?!

And nobody would even care! And it would make Peoples' coffee and doughnuts taste even better in the morning. I could just see them drinking and chewing away thanking their lucky stars it wasn't them!

Death is not what anyone really wants anyway. They just want peace of mind. And how do you achieve this rare precious gift? Some people never know it; they never seek it. They live their lives in a perfect chaotic frenzy day by day by day. And

you just sit back and watch and wonder, what's wrong with that person. The answer is nothing; they're just accustomed to chaos, drama, action! That's their normality.

But I don't think other people really stop to think about what another person could be going through. It's more important to be right. To have your suspect feelings confirmed; it validates the ego. It makes the Mind Fuck better! Just like if I thought you were my friend, and I believed that with all my heart and soul. What could you do to change it? If I thought that friends fight, call each other names, but they make up. If I thought friends borrow money from each other and sometimes they pay it back. If I imagined that if you won the lottery, and since you're my friend, I'd get half the money, and then you won the lottery and I didn't get any of the money or another phone call from you again. I suppose I could still think you were my friend. I'd just think you were mad at me for some crazy reason and somehow I'd have to figure out a way to get you to talk to me again. So I'd follow you, and send you little notes of appreciation from our past, tell you how much you meant to me in every way. No not sexually, emotionally, like a crutch. And I'd never let our friendship go, to waste that is. I'd walk up to you and say things about our past and current relationship in the form of test sentences to see your reaction, and even though you spit in my face, I'd keep trying. I'd plant people around you that you didn't know that I knew and have them watch you and have them ask questions to see if you missed me or knew my heart at all. I'd keep trying until I found some way to prove that you were still my friend, and I just had to fix what I did to hurt you. Would the question ever come into my mind, about my possibly being wrong that you were still my friend? What if it didn't and I continued to think that you were my friend for the rest of my life, even though you never spoke to me again. Is my perception reality? Is it the truth, just because I think it so?

And then there's the way you're supposed to act. Acceptable that is, whatever that is. Acceptable becomes the operative word. It becomes what drives every

individual in the entire world. It becomes what forms cliques. It becomes what makes a friend. It becomes sex, shoes, water, kool-aid, pop, cereal, ice cream, Tylenol, Advil, Motrin, and on and on and on. It becomes "Pass me a Kleenex," or "Do you have a tissue?"

I finally realized, "It's okay." I'm acceptable to me. I know what I've been through. I know why I am who I am.

And then when God (if you believe in God) tells you to leave it alone, to have faith, but your faith isn't strong enough, and you hate religion with the same passion that you love sex, you breathe a whisper of uncertainty. You're afraid! You're insane! Possibly evil even with hypocrisy lighting your background! And you drive the car with the same intensity that fuels your fear. You blame poverty! That damn childhood poverty!

The disease that poverty is, robbing innocent children of luxurious realities and necessities. Their creative minds turn nothing into something finding complicated ways to do simple things that the rich do with the press of a button. The poor mother and her children thinking one day they could sit at a table in a house that is theirs and have furniture, and windows with curtains, chairs that are proper and floors that are clean, and smiles that mean good health is not a dream, but a constant factor and always an achievable goal, as long as it can be bought. This disease that is poverty, it sickens the mind. It makes the weak, weaker, the strong, stronger, the unacceptable, more acceptable.

I was that poor child. I was that lost little girl with hunger in her stomach, and dirt on her feet, we mopped that floor and mopped that floor, but it was still dirty. It was a dirt floor....and I was that hurting soul wondering about the existence of the love of humanity. And it was a trick in my head. Because for a moment, I believed that no one cared, that no one, absolutely no one wanted to see me happy. I believed it, till I

needed love so bad that I prayed. And I prayed. And I prayed and I tell you, I wasn't in a church. No never a church, no never a preacher or a priest or a reverend or anyone to speak my words of pain to. Because I felt they didn't care, and just wanted a membership, another perception gone wrong. So I had to find someone who did. And my mother had given me a Bible; and I began to read some pages. I began to wonder if anything in that Bible was true. That if I followed God's word, people might love me back. I could be someone that people might adore, instead of the poor dirty little girl that I was, living in the ghetto with rats and roaches everywhere, which is not how I saw myself, but is how I thought the world viewed children from the ghetto. (Okay, show me all the *nice* people waiting to be friends with the poor. I thought it was hopeless.) Of course, you may get help, but the people who help you really don't want you at their dinner table. The real feat is to grow up to be a desired guest, and realize the value of RSVP.

Meanwhile, in the ghetto, they laugh, they taunt you. They pick on you until you fight back. Until you finally believe, "Yeah there is a God, but he didn't say stand there and get your ass kicked! Or did he?" You're so poor and tired of the beatings, you don't even know! You just want a damn cracker with cream cheese and jelly!

I'm not always like this, but sometimes it's just gotta come out. Sometimes I feel like I can journal the sadness away. No doubt I, you, me, we suffer from some kind of depression. Or is it these horrible day by day events that I speak of which depress me. Then that would make it your fault, right? Oh come on! You're depression is my fault, too! It's the old Action/Reaction Rule. Be rude to someone in Cincinnati, and they'll get on a plane and take it to New Mexico, and then someone in New Mexico will board a ship and take it to Japan and on and on. I don't really know why people fall into hopelessness; it's a different reason for everyone.

Hey, you're probably almost done with your coffee and doughnuts by now, but don't take another bite until you hear this.

It is you, the reader, the writers, the producers, the sales people, the car manufacturers, the food preparers, the church people, the presidents, the congress people, the all of you who ignore pain and suffering and go on with your observations, accusations and labels without consequence to yourselves. One must ask, "Is it ignorance or evil?"

This is just a moment's worth of depression. A noted pause in time, similar to the time that churchgoers claim to give to God, the beliefs that liberals believe makes them morally superior, the people that create and take life, and shape it into a dollar figure. I find that it's better when you don't look at your past to the point that it envelopes you and makes you handicap. Just think, why would someone spend their time in misery? No. Not Because Misery Loves Company, and not because of a chemical imbalance that can't be helped without medicine. Without the imbalance and maybe possibly with the imbalance, it's a spiritual degradation, a soul trapped in a mindless dungeon of negativity. I know, you know this as well, because the medications don't always work. The soul is forced to choose, To Give A Damn or Not To Give A Damn! To let God handle it, or to give him a hand, simply by letting go.

Yes, I'd like to meet the person who created all living things, so I could ask Him to fix this hell on earth. Wouldn't you like to meet this supernatural individual who looks like you and me?! Surely, this person has a first and last name. Surely, they were born to a family of superiority. Surely, they have the answers to all the questions in the universe. And rest assured, it's a MAN! It's A White...African American...Hispanic...Asian...Native American Man! Just pick a man! It doesn't matter what YOU BELIEVE, what I think is always right! Someone on this earth is God

or the Creator and they're playing a trick on us! They won't share the magic wand that makes the pain disappear!

What's so amazing is that I accept that I could be completely wrong about what someone thinks, their behavior, their motivations, etc. Just because we think someone thinks something, doesn't mean that's what they're thinking. But some people are willing to cause life threatening scenarios in another person's life, just because they want to be right about what they think about someone. This is the kind of stuff that makes you wanna cry, that makes you wanna grab a person and just slap the shit out of 'em a couple hundred times. And then you'd probably hear them say, "Oh I thought you liked me!" revealing further the constant ambiguity of communication.

This is how the right to privately believe what one wills without harm, disrespect and oppression of others gets murdered by assumptions, and egos, and finger pointing, and heel biting, and ass kissing, and condescending expectations, and trickery, and lies, and greed, and envy, and jealousy, and anger, and hatred, and delusional misconceptions and on and on and on.

I'm finally at the hospital, getting the help I need. But all I'm really saying is "Keep on living!" Don't make people's coffee and doughnuts taste better in the morning. And if you're the one having breakfast, "Don't ever think that this (depression, anger, suicide, loneliness, bitterness, hopelessness, this spiritual degradation) could never happen to you!"

iii. The Hypocrisies

Meditation

The hypocrisy is being a thirty year old grandmother having to tell her grand children to wait for love and marriage before having children of their own.

The hypocrisy is showing up for church every Sunday while Monday through Saturday you openly practice blasphemy.

The hypocrisy is collecting food and money for Hurricane Katrina victims and pocketing as much as possible of the cash for self.

The hypocrisy is loving someone and letting them go to please others.

The hypocrisy is knowing the truth about something, but sharing in a lie for pleasure and profit.

The hypocrisy is headlining the United States with negativity and not wanting to leave it without the required passport.

The hypocrisy is spelling hypocrisy "You" instead of "I".

The hypocrisy is making fun of the obese when you're mother, father, and other siblings weigh even more.

The hypocrisy is being a doctor pretending to help people.

The hypocrisy is a best friend/enemy.

The hypocrisy is ignoring God's intangible gifts to individuals while claiming to believe.

The hypocrisy is acting as if you care, when you created the problem.

The hypocrisy is taking a rain check for something that doesn't matter to you.

The hypocrisy is painting a pretty picture on an ugly piece of paper.

The hypocrisy is belonging when you don't want to.

The hypocrisy is bleeding all over a red carpet and not cleaning it up.

The hypocrisy is debauchery claiming to be in love.

The hypocrisy is randomly selecting purposeful targets.

The hypocrisy is living someone else's life.

The hypocrisy is apologizing for hurting someone knowing you intend to do it again, very soon.

The hypocrisy is the witch hunt.

The hypocrisy is anal retentive oral and written rhetoric disguised as rules, intended for oppression.

The hypocrisy is becoming foster parents for the extra money.

The hypocrisy is time spent doing nothing claiming to be bored.

The hypocrisy is lending money for control.

The hypocrisy is making a steak dinner for a vegetarian.

The hypocrisy is breaking down the broken down.

The hypocrisy is savoring gossip like gravy.

The hypocrisy is not accepting your own hypocrisies, while ignoring the hypocrisies of everyday life.