

# The Soul's Pain

By Luiz Carlos Batista da Silva

What should we say to someone who carries the weight of fear; so broken by the weight of carrying insecurities around; so frightened by the horrendous ghost of panic; so despaired confronted with the insecurities of a solution?... What to do then, when the vigor within us ceases and we stop smiling and dreaming; when cries are replaced by smiles; when all the fears emerge and take a disproportionate size; when the simple art of living becomes something so hard to do?...

It is possible, if one has never felt this way, to advise:

'Take a vacation; go on a trip; try to relax; go to the movies; go to the theater; go for a leisure walk; go window shopping; go out.' Others, not so sensitive, might use phrases like this: don't be silly; this is nonsense; you are so young; there is no reason for you to feel this way: it is stupid; it is just tantrums; it is idleness; it is the illness of wealthy people...

The poor cannot afford to have stress...they have no time to feel 'this things' nor money to pay a psychologist... therapy is the luxury of the rich. There will be plenty of people to prescribe herbal solutions: mix sugar and water to drink; eat lettuce; passion fruit is soothing; before bedtime drink tea: chamomile; verbena, orange flower, apples with cinnamon...

You will get better...

And the person feeling so sad, so frightened, so defenseless, so humiliated, so helpless, so unhappy... Listen in silence, head down, totally lost, without direction; the voice cracks, a tear rolls down, uncontrollable, nothing comforts, no words, nothing to say. Weeping her own cry, alone in a corner, feeling in one's skin the most profound frustration. No one understands her, everyone gives their opinion, and the religious ones suggest prayers. Nothing works; the illness continues, the fear increases; panic takes place; despair invades her and incapacitates her.

Incapable of smiling, of dreaming, of living... Incapable of going out, going to work, and even incapable of believing.

She doesn't know what she has... But she knows she has something. She is conscious of her fears, but cannot control them. She knows what she feels, even though the reason is unknown, she feels what she says. She has a wound that hurts and hides deep down in her soul, no one can see, no one can touch. Only the ones that know about the pain can feel... Only the ones that feel know that they have it.

It doesn't deserve any credit, it doesn't move anyone. It is sheer nonsense...t doesn't hurt on anyone.

It is like this the emotional illnesses... doesn't draw any blood. It is not concrete. Clinical exams cannot detect them, the most sophisticated machines, CT scan, MRI, cannot diagnose; most people ignore them; ... the majority of doctors don't acknowledge..., but not because of that they are less painful. Emotional pain causes deep suffering and is not less real than the pains of the flesh and it is enhanced by the prejudice of the ill informed ones, a lot of them inside their own families. It is important to be conscious that any emotional illnesses - like any other illnesses - deserve respect and adequate treatment, with specialized competent professionals. It is good to highlight, that this is a democratic illness...it doesn't choose gender, age, social class, faith or profession, anyone, even doctors and psychologists, can be succumbed by psychiatric illnesses.

To finalize a friendly word to the patients suffering from depression, panic attacks, anxiety and mood swings, for the ones that lived the illnesses in its most intense form: 'Do no ever let yourself disbelieve, because it is possible to be cured and to live is the best that one can have and always will be. There will be moments of uncertainty and despair during treatment, but the most important thing is to conquer them and to stick to meditation, prayer, and therapy, to fight is worthwhile and the cure is the reward.

Translated by Eliane Kostek