

A Fugue on Meditation

By Eileen Fisher

I

How often I breathe and sit--
Exhale smoke, inhale light
And hope this mood lifts
How often I breathe and sit--
Think nothing or not then quit
I sit again—hope I do it right
How often I breathe and sit--
Exhale smoke, inhale light

II

I sit again—hope I do it right
How my past begs for this
But, it's like looking into deep night
I sit again—hope I do it right
Can't be done! Memory blocks my sight.
Life moment, by, moment must be bliss
I sit again—hope I do it right
How my past begs for this

III

Life moment, by, moment must be bliss,
The present full of freedom and wonder
What is it like to fully engage like this?
Life moment by moment, must be bliss
I yearn to engage fully in a kiss
Free of every worry, I ponder...
Life moment, by, moment must be bliss
The present full of freedom and wonder

IV

Free of every worry I ponder
The tug of despair and hope.
The hope, the bliss fade yonder
Free of every worry I ponder
Zap! The tug that pulls me under
I sit again—just to cope
Free of every worry I ponder
The tug of despair and hope.

V

How often I breathe and sit--
Exhale smoke, inhale light

And hope this mood lifts
How often I breathe and sit--
Think nothing or not then quit
I sit again—hope I do it right
How often I breathe and sit--
Exhale smoke, inhale light

Longing for Peace

By Patricia Urban Korsak

Oh God, I struggle.
Help me pull myself through the dark.
Let me acknowledge the melancholy
And move past it.

Support me in my pain
Wash away my tears
Let me glimpse the opposite of sorrow
Into the light.

Smile at me with other's lips
Speak to me with others' words
Encourage me with others' examples
Give me some hope.

I beg for peace
To live in the present
And not dwell on what might be but on
What is here now.

Alleviate my worries
Lessen my obsessions
Let me know that I am not alone in my fears
Quiet my mind.

Flow me the healing
That I humbly ask for
Help me reach that meditative state
Silent and calm.

Overcoming Mental Illness *(inspired by Coldplay's Amsterdam)*

By Jasmine Mathai

Trying hard to battle your brain
Wanting only one thing
Actions with different meanings
Pulled in a million directions.
“My Star is fading and I swerve out of control.”

Trying hard to fight
Screaming thoughts swimming in your head
“If I'd only waited. I'd not be stuck here in this hole.”
Hoping that it all goes away
Knowing that you are stronger.

talk. talk. talk.

Stirring a pot full of sadness and anger
Outlets of praise – speaking out like angels
Halleluiah today
Resounding silence prevails
“Why am I here? How am I important?”
“There are people who love you! People who know that you are capable of overcoming all obstacles.”
Camping out – the fear taking over

NO.
Find Friends.
Make fear run and hide in the shadows.
Strength and Guidance resonating from those around you.
Restless arguing.
Disillusioned by society.
Basking in all your brightness and glory.
Fight your BRAIN or Fight your HEART!
CHOOSE A SIDE.
NO Need – The choice has been made.

TALK. TALK. TALK.

One word makes all the difference.
“Time is on your side. It's on your side now.”
Find your outlet!

To Share

By Robert H. Haveson

So I'm sure I know you know how life
Has a whole lot of those twists and turns.

It also has many of those ups and downs
And you look out for those ins and outs.

If everything is great don't fly up so high.
And don't mourn the sad sour days gone by.

Happiness is to have more than one love.
Work, and a friend, goes hand and glove

But as I count my rings within my trunk
I now have fewer friends than I had thumk.

Sometimes I say to whom I can share
A friend is one whom I know does care.

It helps so much to forget your woes.
Think of other's needs in front of your nose

As it can be with some people, what I do
When I can walk, I find friends, anew,

Who when they share with me it's so fine
On the street with their feet next to mine.

No matter how very lame brain the sound
Write some words and pass them around.

Help your tension rise up to the sky
Like helium dissipates ever so high

Take your choice from a list of walks.
Alone sometimes no need for talks.

Then there's the friend you like to view,
When the four legs are nicer than two.

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The friend on fours always seems to care.
And listens well to our story not so rare.

It helps me more, I think, the older I get
To listen to stories that others tell yet.

When the Lights Flicker

By Gary Micco

As the world turns beneath my feet, keeping my balance is no walk in the park
Especially when the lights flicker, and my world sets in the dark
With darkness comes uncertainty; the tribulations of a troubled heart
First the depression gnaws at your sanity, and then it can tear you apart
From these shadows my demons emerge, unleashed from the dark recesses of my mind
Malicious in nature and merciless with torture; weary as my vision goes blind
I desperately reach for a perch, stumbling as I struggle to stand
I know all too well that I'm alone, yet I plead for a helping hand
Soon my weak knees quiver, then my abdomen trembles
In the dark where there is no picture, my most dreaded fear assembles
The misery is crippling; I cannot bear any more
To my knees I collapse, asking what I'm living for
Will I achieve my goals? Will I find peace in my soul?
Will I fulfill my destiny before its final chapter unfolds?
When their future is cast into doubt, many no longer seem to care
How could I see light when morbid, black soot pollutes my air
But through dark times, inside me a fire burns
For I use misery as motivation, and failure to help my mind learn
Suddenly I recall my passions, when my talents showcased so great
Then I acknowledge my dearest friends, who stood close through struggle and hate
My proud foundations; some abstract, some concrete
Even through my darkest hour, they help my heavy heart beat
In these truths I place my faith; in a world of wonder, they are all that is certain
Hoping they help me see the light before my life closes its curtains
Once this cherishment is renewed, the lights return to shine
Alleviating the trepid darkness for a mere stint in time
However, it was not my doing – the bulbs lit up on their own
But the heat of my passion guided me through the gloom, and in turn I have grown
The next time the lights flicker and dim, I shall immerse myself in the shade
A challenge both humbling and empowering; my only regret -- to have been afraid
And though physically, I feel drained, my vision is clearer; mind introspective and sound
The storm roared, intent on destruction; against all odds I stood my ground
It seems as if the darker the room, the more my bloodshot eyes can see
My sorrow is my adversary, yet a motive within -- and once more, I am free