

NAMI NJ Expressive Arts - Poetry Showcase - August 2016

I am invincible
By Andi Coupe

There is no place I haven't been
No mountain I have not climbed,
No sea I have not been pulled to the bottom of.
I have survived hurricanes and droughts,
Twisters and the aching stillness of calm
And I have faced Pestilence, War, Famine, and almost
Death
And if I can stare into the abyss and
Step away when it stares back,
There is nothing I cannot do.

I used to think it was a weakness;
Struggling to walk where others ran,
To jump where others flew,
To exist while others *lived*.
I thought my demons made me lesser,
A disgrace,
An albatross for others to eventually leave behind.

But when the day is done and the dust is cleared,
I have survived.
Against all odds,
I have survived.
And if my own mind cannot kill me,
What can?

I am invincible.

My Hope Rope
By Eileen Steenweg

My moods are like dough,
dipping and rising.
Cool then warmed,
in an oven.
My incubator,
is my program.
It takes a fragile,
Imperfect person
And gives me,
A validating one.
When down,
it pulls me up,
by a fishing pole.
When manic,
it calms.
Like a soothing brook.
The case managers know me by my fingerprint,
they touch my soul.
And with insight,
move confusions.
And turn the driving wheel of my heart,
that resides within my mind,
to act safe and smart.

The Middle
By Fabio Tellez

Every day is not really the same. Going through my days is not something that is done in large segments but in small sections. Sometimes I am up, sometimes I am down. Sometimes left, sometimes right. Sometimes fast, mania; sometimes slow, depressed.

Wherever I am...I am always somewhere in the middle. The middle. This is bipolarity.

It is not just up and down. It is all over the place.

I just have to remember that I am sensitive and melodramatic. This way I can let many things slide and not get caught up with all the noise that exists in the world.

It is about learning to relax and relaxing all the time. "Things are good" this is what I tell myself and in the grand scope of things, having this perspective helps with my smile.

After all, I have to let people know that I am ok, things are good.

The Monsters Within

By Angel Harrison

He was so young.
He was winning the battles,
but he eventually lost the war.
He tried so hard to control the monsters within.
He had trials and errors with meds on and off,
he was constantly in and out of hospitals.
You could tell by looking at him,
he was getting tired of the battles with the monsters within.
He had the same monsters within as I did,
I felt bad and guilty, because of that.
I was stable for a long time,
he was stable for short periods of time.
He finally couldn't handle it anymore,
he lost the war.
My nephew Kristofer is now with the lord.
All I can say is don't give up,
the battles you win could eventually lead you to win the mental illness war.

Untitled

By Michele Zaccone

I have come so far (with my mental illness),
that I can reach a star
I had a lot of help over the years (and still getting help),
which gives me happy tears.
I live independently on my own,
and I like to eat an ice cream cone.
I love the Spring weather,
so I can shoot hoops in a sweater.
I fight my Bipolar and physical illnesses every day,
but I always bounce back (I am resilient I was told).
There is a full moon tonight,
which is out of sight.
I write a lot of poems for every holiday and every season,
that is a good reason
I like writing poems because they are all positive,
and poems don't have to rhyme because that is my prerogative.
My counselor keeps some of my poems on her office wall,
which makes me proud and stand tall.
It was a nice day today,
and I am grateful for what I have and grateful for this beautiful day.