

Someday
By Lopamudra Bhattacharyya

Every sunrise is a beginning,
If I will be smiling or paining.
If my head will be throbbing,
Or my heart will be pounding.
Mom says, my life has a deep meaning,
Someday, it will be there for my reaching!

I love to dance and sing,
And not battle my mood swing.
The unhappy thoughts so strongly cling,
I wish them to be all far fling.
No matter how many bells in my head go ding,
Someday, my life will be a zing!

Love everything and everyone of my family,
From my little brother to my granny.
I know not always to make them happy,
My attempts at times get a little messy.
Dad says, love is both hard and funny,
Someday, I will unravel that for many!

Who are my friends and my foes?
Everyday my confusion grows.
Adults in white coats with kind words,
Their help rises and ebbs.

Some give me tears, some give me smiles,
Someday, they will all be my pals!

Is hope good or bad?
Or is it just a fad?
I wish to end all things that are sad,
As I write to myself daily on my pad.
Hope is what I have always had,
Someday of my dream makes me glad!

I am thankful for
By Saket Bolisetty

I am thankful for my family
My sister, mom, and dad
Whenever we are together
Nothing bad happens.

I am thankful for my friends
Who I love to hang out with
Whenever I am sad or upset
My friends are always there for me.

I am thankful for my doctors
Who help me stay healthy
My doctors and my dentists
Who help me when I am hurt or sick.

I am thankful for my teachers
Who help me be smart
Whenever I make a mistake
They give me another chance.

I am thankful for my coaches
Who help me win sports
Whenever I lose
They are never mad at me.

I am thankful for my interests
And my hobbies too
Whenever I am bored
I have these things to keep me busy

Constellation of Synapses

By Ysabel Y. Gonzalez

Distraught little beast,
 organ mapped
in mischief,
 squishy deprived
hub of lawless wild—
 God hacked in pretty good
threading fake fabric
 to memory, seducing
forgetfulness. Mania
 diagramming moments
which never happened.
 Every moment lost
or made up,
 begs a brain
to be forgiven.
 Except layered lobes
never beg— they lie
 lavish like royalty
cozied up to skull
 knowing their folds
are permitted fantasy
 and deceit.
Tales told to busy the mind's
 stars, protect them from
quiet which cuts so loudly.

Underneath it all
By Dana Hunter

If you flow
Flow.

If you crash
Crash.

If you rage, hold it in.

Destruction is not an option.

There is a thin line, a pale skin covering a breaching whale.

He pushes and nudges and pokes.

But can't break surface.
I can not allow it to break surface.

Everyday, I walk the street,
Calmly blending with other forms.
Breathing the air and enjoying life's blessings.

But I can feel it, and it scares me.
Sometimes.

I fear it as much as you do.
The mad breaching whale underneath a thin membrane of medication

Med magic.

Pharmaceutical protection from the mentally ill.

And I am grateful for it
Because its nothing I can control.

It has a will of its own
And there are times I will not remember its passing.

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So, underneath it all is a violent, turbulent sea.

But I am safe. You are safe.

As long as I remember and am aware of its existence,
Underneath it all, I am fine.

A Million Mistakes Only Make Me Normal

By Carey Anne Uhlig

A million mistakes only make me normal
In a school that enforces being formal
Old lounge was a continuous waste
The kids just weren't my taste
Danger bells started to proceed
Though I kept a strong lead
It just wasn't enough
Just too much stuff
Kind of getting rough
Oh, and to my forever friend
Out of sight, out of mind
She's no longer my kind
To help my growing success
I transform to my blonde jokes
Sooner or later I must confess
They weren't funny to my folks
I shall take the road to higher heights
Tag along, place my sights
On which I wish to achieve
For what I receive, only if I believe