

**Cracks**  
**By Marie Berry**

If one could look into the cracks of a wall;  
it is certain they'd be fed up with it all.

If one could live to survive what has past;  
then would come the destiny to finish the task.  
That life forbid survival to fittest ---  
let there be no bones.

It's a constant play to put one down,  
Consider your source, don't wear a frown.

The smiles of elation are somewhat forbidden,  
But, the inner goddess is somewhat hidden.

To balance a human, you need good advice,  
A Psychiatrist can be your alter ego  
Your ID, Your AD, Your Eum; can't be your Te Geo.

As a Schizophrenic, one must beware,  
Reality, total commitment, awareness ---  
Show you care!

**Depression**

**By Elizabeth Marmelejos**

Have you ever fell in a black hole while being wide  
awake?

Have you ever felt the pain in your heart breaking just  
a little that even your breath goes away for a quick  
second?

Well for those who have never experienced  
depression yet, it's like you are living in a deep zoned-  
out dark place in where it takes a lot within you to  
awaken from your past back into reality.

Depression is always going to seem like a life with no  
live colors, always in black and grey something that  
has nothing to live for.

Depression feels like having a grey cloud following  
you around like a lost puppy.

Everywhere you go it will be over your head becoming  
even more stronger unless you control it and make it  
become into a fluffy white cloud with a shining  
rainbow across it.

Depression kills time and it can kill you.

**Not Defined**

**By Susan Sawler**

My mental illness doesn't define me  
It has taught me to appreciate  
All I would have missed  
If I let it  
Small things like...  
The sounds the leaves make on a windy cool spring evening  
When the sky turns pink as the sun starts to settle for the night  
The scent of a newly washed baby's head  
Sharing my story to help someone who is where I was  
Conversations between two lovers overheard  
Achieving even the smallest goal  
A beautifully written song  
The first bite of a perfectly cooked dish  
Watching the sun's rays glisten off the water's surface  
Crunching leaves under my feet  
The hug of another person  
Laughter of children  
Empathy that comes from my heart for another  
Sounds coming from crashing waves  
Surprise smell from freshly cut grass  
Goose bumps appearing when stepping into a hot shower  
That flicker of light appearing on a face as I am misunderstood  
The touch of a snowflake on my eyelid  
Removing fresh warm linen from the dryer  
A chain reaction from a simple smile  
Time alone driving on an empty highway  
Meeting and learning from new people  
When the phone rings and a long time friend's number appears  
Experiencing light rain in the springtime  
And the list grows  
On and on  
I am grateful for my illness  
Because without it  
I would never understand  
How wonderful  
The small things in life  
Are really the biggest

**STAY IN THE LINE**  
**By Richard Friedman**

I thought I was destined for fame  
And soon realized this was not a game  
I was on a special line for many a year  
And moving quickly from the rear  
Then over a period of time  
I stepped off the line, it wasn't a crime  
I didn't realize what the line meant  
But later I realized it caused a dent  
The line should have been made more clear  
I couldn't be more sincere  
If I continued to follow this line  
It a good way, I believe you would  
See a better day  
So think positive  
Follow that line my friend  
And there is no doubt  
Everything will work out

**Yet I choose**

**By Karen A. Johnson**

I am made old these days  
but still play with toys  
such toys of child hood  
of sparkler's joys.

Toys were fun so many years ago  
childhood sport  
but soon they changed  
when so did I.

A see-saw, carousel, Ferris wheel  
to balance to spin to touch  
so high a sky  
to wonder and to feel.

Now signs of self they are  
of moods that swing  
less balance left  
and too much spin.

I ride a Ferris wheel  
it takes me up  
but I know that now  
and so I choose.

The carousel  
a slower spin  
but I know that now  
so I can choose again.

The carousel  
a slower spin  
but I know that now  
so I choose again.

Though now made old  
I choose the toys  
They bring me back  
My childhood joys.

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They bring me magic  
I touch the sky  
I wonder, feel  
But now know why.

I can  
I do  
I know this, too  
And so I choose.