

“In Therapy”

by Theresa C. Treadwell

In therapy, I am understood.

In the rest of the world, I am not

And it's exhausting trying to fit in every day.

It is acceptable to be an incest survivor these days

But no one wants to hear the rest of it.

Because it's not okay to be a ritual abuse survivor,

a child pornography survivor, and a child prostitution survivor.

It's okay that I got hurt badly for a long time

But it's not okay for any of the damage to show.

It's not okay to have multiple personalities,

And no one seems to understand the

PTSD with its out-of-time recollections and emotions.

So I feel nuts caught between the truth

And the fairytale.

“Recovery”

by Laura Yudof

It starts as a word

It then plants a seed

Growing into plans, and then into deed

Recovery

A personal journey

A movement that's growing

Some steps seem hidden, some are more showing

Recovery

Is walking a path

Each night and each day

And learning the route along our way

Recovery

A not so straight path

And problems to solve

And surely requires extensive resolve

Recovery

I'm walking a path

Whose route is not clear

But I'll stay along it, pursuing what's dear

Recovery

“Renewed”

by Mackenzie Rose Blithe

All of this time I've never realized why.
But now I've changed, I've said goodbye.
I'm different.
I'm whole again.
I'm free from my brokenness.

For so long I let myself be controlled.
I let myself fall into a mold.
I conformed to things unlike myself.
I've been trying to be somebody else.
I feel like I'm home again.

I'm not saying I'm perfectly fixed.
I was shattered and my emotions were dismissed.
I was betrayed by the people I thought loved me most.
Unfortunately, their love was just a hoax.
I'm free from the hold they had.

The things I've been told made me insecure;
They left me broken and longing desperately for more.
They've taken my confidence and knocked me down.
They've robbed me of my happiness and stripped me of my crown.
All of this time they've just made me mad.

People left me so confused,
But now I'm thankful that I'm bruised.
I'm thankful that I'm scarred;
My scars remind me that I've fought hard.
I've learned from my past breaks.
I'm grateful that I've made mistakes.

I'm so thankful for my newfound confidence.
I'm still hurting, but through all I'm grateful to be learning.
Now I don't think I need to worry.
Occasionally, I'll peek around just in case you come to attack.
But I've also learned that it's okay to laugh.
I smile;
I have my life back.

“Wanda’s Journey to a Brighter Future”

by Wanda Garbett

My Journey started at a local medical center for a few days,
then I Journeyed to another hospital for two weeks, but there I
learned that I needed more time for healing.

So, my Journey took me to another medical site for a six week
stay of healing.

Now my Journey of healing continues at an adult program.

I had many dedicated medical and non-medical staff members,
who helped me on my road to recovery.

The food service at my day program serves healthy food, which
helps me a lot.

The workshops are excellent and I am learning mental health life
lessons from my daily group discussions.

My healing Journey is an ongoing endeavor.

Good stress is knowing my limitations.

Bad stress is not having good coping skills in my daily life.

My family supports me on my Healing Journey.

“What are the words you speak?”

by Antoinette Wadley

I talk with a demeanor.

Seems as if demons eagerly await to escape my breath

I don't understand what are the words you speak?

I do apologize if my demeanor isn't recognizable

I do apologize if my face doesn't seem to recognize a face in the mirror

I'm only human

What are the words you speak?

Can I become your analogy in ways that don't suffer my personality or make me regret even half of me?

What do you speak?

I overheard a conversation that spoke, injustice to my soul

Spirits like I don't get to wonder off to often

Please... please

Speak to me

How awkward does this have to be? In order for you to just speak to me

With love, no indecency

I repent for God knows what repeatedly, repeatedly

And once more for my illnesses sake

Now here you are in my presence and I didn't realize I haven't heard a word you've said, but yet I've heard I didn't deserve

I only want you to understand, what you are misinterpreting

I understand now

What are the words you speak meant, I became familiar with the temporary fact that with you, as this is no ordinary circumstance

So in response to the mirror in your mind

Instead can you remain determined with me

Please just simply ask...

What are the words you seek?