

“Popcorn Machine”

by Robert Marshall Pflug

This is the craziest house I've ever seen
If you were here you'd know what I mean
Oh please Mr. Psychiatrist
I don't want to be a popcorn machine!
I've got a hole in my head
And my brain is upset
My mother-in-law drives me crazy
And I'm 10,000 dollars in debt
I got nowhere to turn and no one on whom to lean
Oh please Mr. Psychiatrist
I don't want to be a popcorn machine!

I've talked and talked with doctors with degrees
And they've come to the conclusion I have a
psychiatric disease
I'm manic depressive with psychotic episodes
And I don't pay attention to societal codes
Well, when I think about the communists
It just makes me scream
Oh please Mr. Psychiatrist
I don't want to be a popcorn machine!

They said I was
too formal
and
gave me a pill to be more normal

They
gave me an EEG and ECT
Now I think I'm being chased by the NYPD
If only I had known what schizophrenia would all mean
Oh please Mr. Psychiatrist
I don't want to be a popcorn machine!

There's only one solution
Let me out of this institution
I'm able to cope
With some help from good folks
No, Mr. Psychiatrist
I'm no fiend
I just don't want to be
A Popcorn Machine!

“Spirit Light”

by Sandra Lynn Lightfoot

Hiya Scooch,
They didn't know.

Small, inner child, not protected, hurt, lost, and betrayed, the cost.
They questioned.
What's happening with our child?

Your child has psychomotor seizures. We are prescribing her Dilantin and Tegretol.

Ill equipped, rough, tough lipped, flipped, let slipped by, time flies, and crows crackle, cry and die.

Scoochie, blonde hair, blue eyed smile died despondent.

The witch roared with laughter and her knife gleamed bright from the only crack of light available.

The demon groom advanced and he gyrated, contorted, snarled, and attacked.

Horrified, shocked, and locked in a box, wed to demon Drake, domestic violence at the gates of hell.

All American, red, white and blue gingham dress, the flames licked at her heels and scorched her body.

The Angels in heaven cried blood that day and Jesus Christ would proclaim to set her free.
God saw her coming a long way off. Like Job, she would sit on a pile of ashes.

Cat crap in the sand box provided a clue, a catatonic state induced, and a ketogenic diet new.
Like clockwork come, two years would pass, epileptic fits outgrown, yet psychogenic shadows shone along the spooky road.

Tick tock, church bells chime in time; our stomping feet made the walls of Jericho come crashing down!

Sandy, have you accepted Jesus as your Lord and Savior?

How do I do that?

Just ask him to come into your heart.

Oh, okay. Jesus, come into my heart, okay?

Cult, fanatical, fringe, unhinged, settle on solid, stable, traditional, able, method.

Sondra, you don't seem to want to talk.....

Shut down, shut up, shut out, shut in, shuttered, and stuttered.

Silence is golden, so they say, but trickery is a game the devil likes to play.

And how does all this make you feel Sandra? These “attacks” you have, how do they feel?

I feel evil.....I just feel utter evil.

Sativa Indigo, west coast love, lurking and undercurrents of dark crystals, needles, and shattered glass.

A gazebo wedding and a cross country road trip, a new chapter.

Sandra Lynn, Your disease, Psychogenic Non Epileptic Seizures is progressing.
You are medication resistance. 75% of people with your condition don't fully recover.
I'm not saying that you won't. I'm saying that you have a hard road ahead of you.

Change! Let go of the Duality! I choose to let the Living Word live in me!

Thumping, bumping, bruises, scars, broken, marred, scared NO MORE!
IN CHRIST I TRUST.

Once upon a bathroom closet, not remembered, but absorbed, and
the evil that was haunting is now DONE dauntingly taunting
this tiny, young, innocent girl, child of God.

In Christ,
Amen.

“Untitled”

by Kelly Brennan

Some days I marvel at my life now,
I liken it to my skin
No longer full of cuts and scars
Covering the pain from within
How smooth and unblemished
It appears upon first glance
Yet the scars still leave their mark
Made better with time and not by chance
My journey towards healing has been such a gift
and truly a reward for righting my life once set adrift
I've brushed your dust of depression from my feet
Stepped off sadnesses street
I've made peace with my mind
I'm now able to sleep
This journey was long
And while I have miles to go
Here are some things I've learned on this long ragged road
You'll never heal if you don't let go
Of that old life that you used to know
You'll never heal if you don't change your ways
Just repeating the cycle, always the same
You'll never heal if you don't start anew
And embrace the long beautiful life that's ahead of you
You'll never heal if you don't forgive
Not only others but yourself, just live and let live
You'll never heal if you don't take that first stride
Soon all good things will come along for the ride
So let go of that life
Forgive those who've wronged
Break the cycle
Stand up and be strong
And take that first step
Towards the long happy life
You so justly deserve
Having suffered through the strife
Breathe deeply and smile, reach out and feel
Your own smooth skin, it's truly there
Healing is real

“What do you see?”

by Yvonne Davis

“Sometimes when you look in the mirror what do you see?
Do you see a beautiful person or do you see an ugly beast?
Do you see yourself as a peasant or a queen bee?
Do you see yourself as a successful person or as nothing?
Sometimes when I look in the mirror I see a beautiful person.
Other times I see a successful person and sometimes I see an ugly beast.
Now what do you see when you look in the mirror?
No one is an ugly beast or a peasant or a nothing.
We are something.
We are successful, beautiful, queens and kings.
We are what we want to be.
No one wants to be an ugly beast or a nobody or a peasant.
We are successful and never forget that.”

“What makes me in my recovery?”

by Shanetta Manning

I like to sing many different songs
As I take a long walk home
I gaze at the stars with popcorn and ice-cream
Give me time for no one but me
Expressing myself gives me hope
I also dance sometimes, and that keeps me fit
Born in Jersey, I have made new friends
I am a likeable person says my five kids
Both girls and boys. I love them so much
Baking helps me stay in control
Having a healthy and open mind
Helps me become a mature woman
I try to balance my life with laughter and fun
God play a big part in my daily routine
By giving him thanks for everything
Apples and oranges are my favorite snacks
I attend a program everyday
By sharing my thoughts
It helps my journey to heal
I am trying to stop smoking
It's my new goal
Sharing my struggles with my peers
And asking for help along with my meds
It helps me to cope.