

“Today”

By David Bracewell

Today I have a mental illness you see; where I live on anguish and strife.
But the message I tell my brothers and sisters here they should remember the rest of their life.

The doctor says I am not content in paying society's due

It's easier to render to Hitler, I say; than to have me messing with you.

I know that my anger will fly out of hand for I am just human you see

Then I asked myself and Jehovah to forgive the unashamed when bending on my knee

Many long years it has been since I had the message my family has shown

And though I was with them only a while, their message has pointed me home

Yes, today I have a mental illness you see;

And, I saw to my disbelief

The works of my message...

My wonderful message, shown the face of a thief.

“What Recovery Means to Me”

By Michael Fazio

R is for reaching a goal, not a dream.

E is for eyes that see clearly ‘round.

C is for courting one’s own truth everywhere

O is for opening doors to these truths.

V is for many volumes of healthy thinking.

E is for equally humble to all.

R is for recovery and its resounding trumpets.

Y is for yearning to live in recovery, not falsity.

“Stigma”

By Jason Insalaco

Falling down,
Engulfed with pain,
Wish away my one last stain.
Envisioning freedom,
Take away the fear.
The rain-washes away, my dried out tears.
Feeling deprived,
Not like myself,
Hiding my self,
From the world itself.
Letting stigma define,
Which causes my fear,
This is who I am,
Year after year.
Afraid of opinions,
Of who I should be.
This is who I am
My choice is to be,
Free!

Stigma

“EGO”

By George Kidney

Time flies and ego cries
Mind sighs and reality dies
Delusion takes and mind escapes
Time slows and delusion grows
Ego flies and time dies
Reality gives and ego lives

“The Peacock”
By Phil Avila

They tried to poison
The peacock
With coins
And arrows
And digital clocks
And the many labels
Of mental illness.

But she survived
In all of her glory.

The grace of simple colors
Reflected in the sunlight:

Crowns are not forged
Of gold
But rather blow in the wind
Like feathers.

Catch on and you will see
That you will not
Be harmed
Nor do harm to others.