

Bipolar Is Not My Name

By Barbara Mitchell

Bipolar is not my name.
Even though I behave the same.

Mania and depression and crashing into physical exhaustion,
Thinking everything will go wrong, it's over generalization.

Racing thoughts and paranoia and fear,
Nothing of my symptoms ever changes over the years.

Restlessness every day and I can't sit still,
Doing treatment plans according to their will.

Moody, irritable and cranky or mad,
Looking back in the past at all the old diagnoses I had.

Setting up a relapse prevention plan,
Fighting my symptoms and warning signs as much as I can.

Taking meds as prescribed every day,
Keeping me stable makes me feel fine and okay.

So I told you bipolar is not my name,
But no matter what, my behavior is always gonna be the same.

Oh Black Child
By Charnelle Cleveland

Oh black child
Why? Your skin's so brown
Why? Your hair nappy
Is it made out of wool is it made out of animal fur
Oh black child
Why your words seem so deep
Why you hiding everything so neat
Is it because you in pain
Or is it because you are ashamed
Oh black child
Please be happy
Of the color of your skin
Because you can be what you want to be
If you set your mind to it
Oh black child
You're beautiful in each and every way
Don't let anybody take that away
Oh black child
Do you know you are smart
Do you know you could learn
Oh black child
Do you know you are free to be you
That you can do whatever you want to do
Do you know you can work
Do you know you can dance
Do you know you can speak
Oh black child you can do whatever you want to do
You can learn whatever you want to learn
Oh black child
Please be happy
And do what you want to do!
It is really up to you!

Passion for Living

By Margaret (Maggie) Angelino

Do I have a passion for living?
Before I rise, after I open my eyes
I thank our omnipotent creator
For another gracious day on this good earth.
I go about my business, preparing for the day ahead
The air is invigorating, the water is refreshing
The food is delicious and quite nourishing.
I am a creature of habit, but I must have variety
Each day must be as unique as each individual
I love people, places, and things
Others being the most important of the three.
I try to fill each day with as many hours as I can,
The more hours I have, the more fulfilled I feel,
But all creatures must get rest, too.
After I return home, I prepare for bed
Focus on obligations and things to do tomorrow
As I prepare to retire, I thank my creator once again for yet another day
And ask him to take my soul if I do not rise tomorrow.

**The Gifts
By William A.**

After
Several
Pits
Everlasting,
Realizing
Gifts
Enrich
Reality.
Slept

Over
Countless
Dreams

'Bout
Incredible
People
Offering
Love
All
Right

These gifts of mental illness have inspired my days, not only in a positive manner but, in many ways.

Yes Aspergers, Bipolar and OCD
have turned me into who i want to be. Me.

**You are not your illness
By Laina Cadet**

You are not your illness it's just that you are going through hard time

You can always get back on your feet and start changing your life around, and make it fun even if you feel down. Life is a beautiful thing just live it to the fullest.

Things are going to be good for you and your loved one. When you know you are going through depression just keep your head up high and don't back down at all just keep on moving with yourself. If you can't just remember everyone that surrounds you will keep supporting you like all the time if needed.