

Inherit the Earth
By Deborah von Arnold

People regard themselves as caring, loving.
They sight see in the daylight, show anger in the night.
Children may suffer in the silence, or become enraged.
The night is cold, restless wind never stops blowing.
The seed of ignorance become indifferent to what they see.
Where did the rainbows go
Stomping in a light falling rain.
Laughter is in the air.
The world is the devils playground and children are puppets being pulled by strings
Where did strength go, courage, insight, compassion?
When will we wake up and know our souls.
No one is above or below.
We all bleed red.
Past, presents, or future we all experience what we inherit.
We pass along to our children what we dream.
Maybe taking time out and focusing not on one another.
Teach our children so they inherit the earth.

Out of Nowhere!
By Harkness Glee

Driving along
Beautiful day
Windows down
Arm hanging out

Out of nowhere!
Something tickled the palm of my hand
I giggled--it felt weird
Encouraged, it laced through my fingers
Wrapping itself tightly around my dangling extremity
Not intrusive, it felt rather nice while holding my hand

Out of nowhere!
It jerked me out of my safe world
Took me down, beyond sanity
Took me down, beneath the imaginable
Took me down, outside my control
Took me down, to a world I dare not see
I wriggled, I shook my hand, but could not escape its grasp

Out of nowhere!
I wavered on the edge of light and dark,
Good and evil, life and death
It's grasp loosened lightly
It was going to leave me there, alone
Certain it had an incumbent, it unraveled from between my fingers
Tickling my palm again on its departure

Out of nowhere!
It left
I was victorious!
And things were, as they were...

Driving along
Beautiful day
Windows down
Arm hanging out.

Poem for Adam Lanza

(written on December 22, 2012, in the days following the Newtown tragedy)

By Aashish Kumar

I heard you wore the same clothes to school everyday.
I read you were quiet, flying low.
Way low, did your eyes record a fish-eye
World, bent at the edges, Unknown to those
Who sat across from you, unmindful of patterns
Inert in your mind, permutating.
Were there scripts waiting to unscroll,
Jigsaws floating in a sea of combat green?
I heard you wore the same clothes to school that fateful day.

The Blessings, They Whisper
By Michael Loberfeld

the blessings, they whisper
like the spring whispers in the cold
a word getting slightly louder
a light getting slightly brighter
that's how the blessings approach
they are still whispering, gentle, fair, when you find them
by grace, you slowly learn to listen
when you have mental illness
the key is to listen, connect to the blessings

What have been my blessings?
for one, learning about love
that true love and worth shines in good times and bad
I am equally blessed and loved for my challenges as I am for my talents/ successes.
and in the same way you need to be alone to know friendship
hardship makes one See so much life
there are blessings on every road
and souls I would never have met if not for my struggles.
above all, I have gained compassion
where I now believe that others can wake from their pain, sorrow, and loneliness
to true spirit, as I have done, even as it continues to be tough
with abundant dignity, I reach out to others
as a grateful experienced volunteer

for all these reasons, recovering from mental illness is a 'struggle of life'
for we experience so much life in our struggle

Yesterday ME

By Ewelina Romanowska

Delusion of my Happy Days
Illusion of Better Tomorrow
Pushed down to the ground
By depression spell

My Body is Boiling
MY mind is Screaming
Anger outburst waste all my inner Energy
Consequences Triggers my Suicidal Sister

Sweat drips down my pale skin
I jump yelling out loud in pain
ughhh...
IT was a dream
horrifying dream

I sat down on my bed
I'm in better place
more peaceful place
Breathe of relieve
release my tight for so long chest

deep in my heart
I know I'm doing better now
acceptation of New me
Independent me
have Closed chapter
of pain and suffering
embarrassments and hatred

Not controlled anymore
by Evil voices
Vivid hallucination
Toxic illusion
Distortion of Reality

MY mind went insane
tested to maintain
new life Style

NAMI NJ Expressive Arts - Poetry Showcase - July 2016

I escaped from yesterday
I survived
Half of My Life
Being a PRISONER
in Own SKIN.