

MANIC DEPRESSION (BIPOLAR DISORDER)
THE GOOD STUFF
By Valerie Ryan

Because of the depths
I appreciate more the heights
Because of the heights
I know I have the might

Not the might like in Maybe
But the Bolt like in Tight
The might to prevail
The heights tell me: Go Sail

Not the heights like in Everest
But more like the Poconos
Some call them hills, bumps in the road
I call them wills
Like I Will; I Won't just Try
I can reach for the sky

So the ups and downs
They may not be my friends understand
They are not me
They are part of who I am

I am proud nowadays
In recovery I can say
Wellness is mine
Most of the time

And if I slip up, set back, fall down
I know I'll get up
And go out on the town

I see more, I feel more
I intuit more, I know myself
I'm aware, I'm mindful
I CARE

It's a gift
In a way, experienced every day

NAMI NJ Dara Axelrod Expressive Arts 2016 Mental Health Poetry Contest - 8th Place

And as Lady Gaga said
“Baby, I was born this way!”