

NAMI NJ Dara Axelrod Expressive Arts 2018 Mental Health Poetry Contest - 9th Place

Flirting With Suicide

By Edward W. Fashole-Luke

Show that face again, my hollow friend.
All I do is pretend you're not there
Smiling from the farthest nether of my mind, you grin...
You used to coerce a world of hurt 'til I wanted the lights dim.

No more.

Lurking behind, beside, and before like a midday shadow
I liked to toy with the idea of you like a displayed panel.
Although I'm barely holding on by a thread at times,
My sanity's tattered remains had me acting reckless with intrusive thoughts.

Pol- -arity.

Sometimes I would wonder if happiness was a virtue with which I was at a loss
Meandering through life, thinking I'm eternally cursed to move in a hearse, for better or worse
Considering myself a living regret, my existence cursed by the realization that self-medication is truly the worst.
I would laugh at myself, cry because of myself, lie to hide my true self, or try to die to escape myself.

Deeply flawed perfection.

Is this who you really are?
This lonely, malignant succubus who wants me from this planet evicted?
Yes, I was a victim. Depression, my guilty pleasure, I was a victim.
But I have come to the conclusion that I am deeply flawed perfection with flaws as designed intentions.

My self-portrait showed a man that systems of this world have tried to torture...and break.
Labeled with "disorders" like livestock branded before slaughter.
Now I'm sort of found. Joy within, I know the sound.
Drum beats in my chest. No system can take that next.

I now know I am by no means short of options.
We may flirt with each other from time to time,
But your flaunting will never haunt me.
Your love, or lack thereof, can't compare to a love once found for myse If, that can never be forgotten....

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I choose to flirt with Life and her myriad virtues, not vices, for the rest of time.