

NAMI NJ Dara Axelrod Expressive Arts 2018 Mental Health Poetry Contest - 10th Place

**My song (2)
By Jaime Chaifetz**

Sick, I was
better
came running down the stairs
just to tell Grandma
funny hat and quirky face
the jokes are now alive today.

A rose,
never received
he was in love, but for me
a shower was better
so I cut his love story short
continued on my path of
being me.

Love,
for yourself,
will always come first
and the others will follow
and somehow the magic
comes
when you accept yourself
and just become happy to be wherever you are.

Me,
a wizard, captain hooks
right hand gal,
a genie,
parts I've played and parts of myself.

The pages have listened
to my destiny
I come from water
them from a tree.

From the dust grows
the branch that sits out my windowsill
forever still
the sunlight splashing on my face
riding a '98 Elantra
hand out the window
just me...

pouring my soul onto a tree.